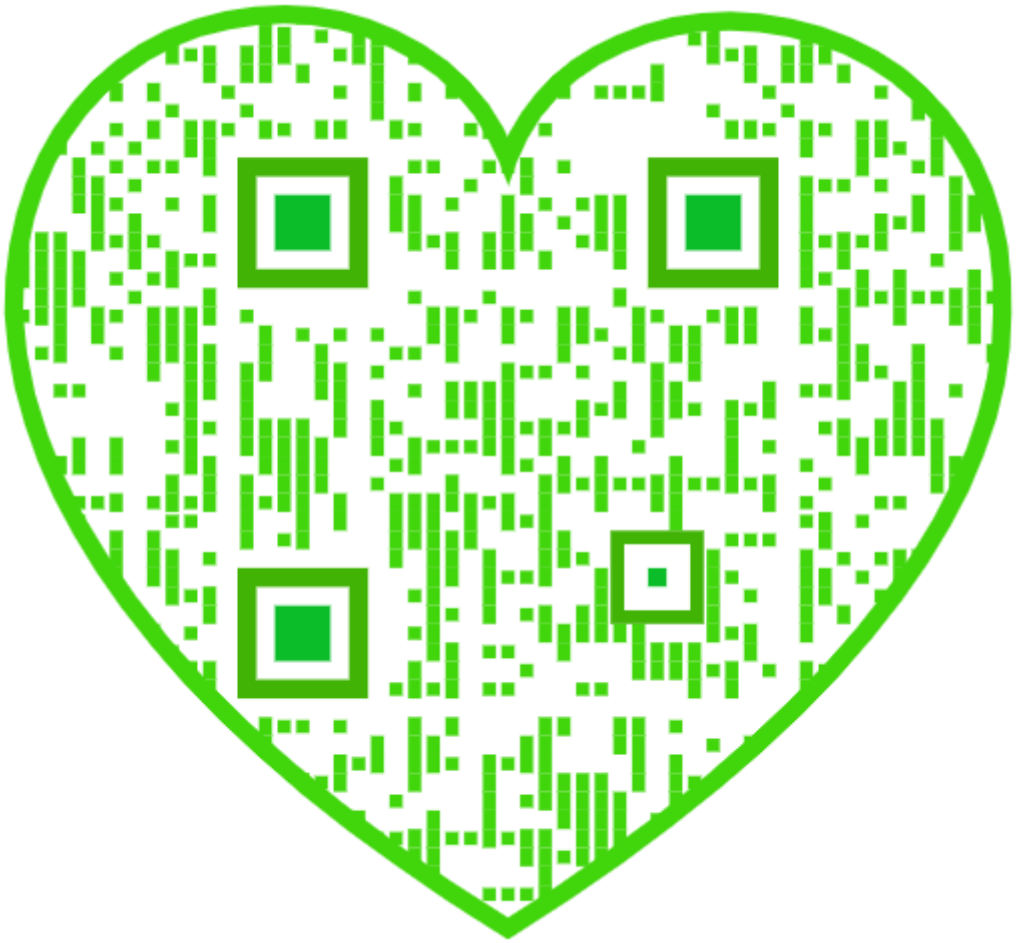

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LIVES

OF

DISTINGUISHED SHOEMAKERS.

"LET us learn to regard MANUAL TOIL as the true discipline of a man. Not a few of the wisest, grandest spirits have toiled at the work-bench and the plow." CHANNING.

PORTLAND:
DAVIS & SOUTHWORTH.
1849.

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PREFACE.

Coleridge has said, that the Shoemakers' trade has been followed by a greater number of eminent men than any other branch of mechanical employment. It was this remark which led to the preparation of the following sketches, upon which much diligent inquiry has been expended, and not a little labor. Wherever we have found anything to aid us in our undertaking, we have gladly availed ourselves of it, and turned it to the best use we could. We have descended into the labyrinths of biographic lore, and brought up whatever of value to our purpose we could find; and, of course, acknowledge our deep indebtedness to the literary world, generally; but the cutting out, stitching together, and fitting for use, are ours.

As this is a work of true narration, and deals in things which have actually existed or happened, it is not expected to be very flowery or poetic in its composition. Imagination is compelled to be fastened, like a horse to a crow-bar, and feed around in a limited circle. Our object has not been to create, but to collect what has been widely scattered, and condense what has been greatly expanded, into a compact and available form, for the benefit of readers whose access to extensive libraries, as well as opportunities for reading, are necessarily limited.

We have made shoes — we hope to make many more — and are aware that the craft is looked down upon by many, who, did they know the state of the case, would be compelled to look up. We hope the following pages will disabuse their innocent minds of this foolish prejudice, and lead all to judge more as men and brothers — less as artisans — less as inferiors.

As for the critics, we expect to be made game of by them, and have made no provisions against their attacks. We have been "truthful and free," and said what we intended, without being flattered by hope, or kept back through fear; — so our anxiety on that score is small. We consider the tribe as a necessary evil. The North has its wolves and foxes — the South has its buzzards and carrion crows — Literature has its critics — all very good in their places.

We have written to do good — to elevate the aims and aspirations of a great and influential class, who have powers, if developed and wielded aright, for incalculable benefit in their day and generation. Should our endeavors, feeble though they be, induce one individual to form a nobler conception of life — of the greatness of the intellectual gifts conferred upon him, and of the almost infinite capacities of the soul lodged within him; should they lead but one individual to view himself as something nobler and better than a "digesting machine"— to feel that the *man* is superior to the workman — that, to enlarge, instruct and develop the mind, to labor for the benefit and advancement of the race, to do something for the future, in order to cancel our debt to the past, is more important than carving leather neatly and making money fast; — the writer will be abundantly satisfied.

We have confined ourselves entirely to such as have passed from the stage of life, without attempting to speak of the many distinguished characters, who are now acting in their various spheres of usefulness and honor. With such, poets, philosophers and statesmen, who are writing out their lives, from year to year, on the tablets of history, we have nothing to do at present. They, together with others whose history we have been unable fully to arrive at, remain for a succeeding volume, should public patronage indicate the fitness of the present undertaking.

TO THE

SHOEMAKERS

OF

THE UNITED STATES;

Whose services are so necessary to the comfort and convenience of all, from the cradle to the grave — a rough, stony, icy, thorny, and often protracted journey;

Whose handiwork is the "Platform" on which the whole American People stand and act — which also bears up the enterprizing Yankee, not only in his own dear Yankeedom, but in his characteristic peregrinations in all lands yet heard-of or discovered;

Which prevents our SOLES from becoming too *deeply* involved in EARTHLY MATTER, and keeps them WARM; and which is the favorite alike of kings and of beggars; —

IN A WORD,

TO AN HONEST, INDUSTRIOUS, USEFUL AND INTELLIGENT CLASS OF HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS,

THESE PAGES ARE

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
SAINT CRISPIN,	9
JAMES LACKINGTON,	12
TIMOTHY BENNETT,	40
ROGER SHERMAN,	42
WILLIAM CAREY,	77
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,	105
SIMON ANTOINE,	137
HANS SACHS,	164
WILLIAM GIFFORD,	166
THOMAS HOLCROFT,	198
THOMAS HARDY,	221
CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL,	228
GEORGE FOX,	246
JAMES WOODHOUSE,	272
JACOB BEHMEN,	279
NOAH WORCESTER,	299
JOHN POUNDS,	331

DISTINGUISHED SHOEMAKERS.

ST. CRISPIN.

The patron saints of the Shoemakers are certainly entitled to a first notice in a book like this — and they shall have it, though they have left but a scanty record of their deeds in the legends of the church. There appear to have been two of this name, who lived and died at the same time, and were probably brothers. Their birth is put down as happening about the year 303 of the Christian Era, at Rome, then the capital of the world. They were, indeed, brought into being in dark and troublous times; for never has there been a period, when persecution raged with more destructive violence and wasting fury. It seemed as though all the powers of darkness had consented, for a time, to forget their discordant interests, and leagued together for one united effort to crush the Christian religion at a blow. The Roman Emperor, Galerius, issued his edicts for the utter extirpation of the Christian faith, against which he harbored the most malignant hatred and ferocious opposition. Its professors were forced, either to abjure their belief and sacrifice to the thousand deities of Roman adoration, or submit to undergo the most painful and ignominious death. The Christian writings were burned, wherever found; churches and towns were leveled with the ground; thousands perished by the severity of infernal tortures;

men, women and children were grasped in the same sweeping edict, and experienced the same terrible doom; and had not Heaven interposed in mercy to his chosen, the very footprints of Christianity would have been washed from the earth in blood and tears.

It was in a time like this, that the young Crispins spent their childhood in the streets of Rome; and, notwithstanding imperial prohibitions, and dungeons, and crucifixes, they became members of the hated sect; though, perhaps not till after the victorious Constantine had ushered in a better and a brighter day — for they were only about ten years of age when that emperor commenced his glorious and benignant reign. Be this as it may, they became converts to Christianity, and set out on a mission of peace and good will, to the remote regions of France, which, under its ancient name of Gaul, had been, for more than three centuries, a Roman province. To the idolatrous inhabitants of this distant country, among whom the arts and vices of civilized life had been spread by their conquerors, they went — not as Papal emissaries — for the Christian faith had not then been wedded, in unholy alliance, with the senseless forms and superstitious rites of paganism — no Pope raised his mitered head above the prostituted body of the church of God — but they went as the humble advocates and teachers of the pure doctrines of Christianity to their benighted fellow-men. In the discharge of their mission, that they might be chargeable to no one, but might freely dispense that gospel whereby Christ makes his children free, they worked at their trade of making shoes; and in this way obtained a livelihood. This was Christian, and independent, and very far from making merchandise of the Word of Life, as is, perhaps, chargeable upon the clergy of the present day. Our Sav-

ior himself was a carpenter, and doubtless labored at his trade as he went about doing good. But now, in these days of the more perfect division of labor, preaching is erected into a profession — furnishing mouths for other hands to feed, and backs for other hands to clothe.

How long these missionary-shoemakers continued to teach the natives, and follow their occupation for support, has not come down to us. But finally the spirit of persecution arose. They were seized as preachers of a new religion, and being condemned by the bloody code of paganism, administered by the cruel hands of pagans, they perished as martyrs to the faith they loved and left kindred and home to promulgate. Their festival is celebrated on the 25th of October, which is hence called St. Crispin's day.

JAMES LACKINGTON.

I was born at Wellington, in Somersetshire, on the 31st of August, 1746. My father, George Lackington, was a journeyman shoemaker, who had married a maiden in humble life, named Joan Trott, the daughter of a weaver in Wellington. My grandfather, George Lackington, had been a gentleman-farmer at Langford, a village two miles from Wellington, and acquired a pretty considerable property. But my father's mother dying when my father was but about thirteen years of age, my grandfather, who had two daughters, bound my father apprentice to a Mr. Hordly, a master shoemaker in Wellington, with the intention of setting him up in business at the expiry of his time. My father worked a year or two as a journeyman, and then having given displeasure by marrying, he was left to shift for himself. I was born in my grandmother Trott's poor cottage; and that good old woman carried me to church, and had me baptized. My grandfather's resentment at the marriage having worn off, he set my father up in a shop, which soon proved a failure. My father had contracted a fatal habit of tipling, and of course his business was neglected; so that, after several fruitless attempts to keep him in trade, he was, partly by a large family, but more particularly from his habitual drunkenness, reduced to his old state of a journeyman shoemaker. Yet so infatuated was he with the love of liquor, that the endearing ties of husband and father could not restrain him; by which baneful habit him-

self and family were involved in extreme misery. I may therefore affirm that neither myself, my brothers, nor sisters, are indebted to a father for scarcely anything that can endear his memory, or cause us to reflect on him with pleasure. But to our mother we are indebted for every thing. Never did I know a woman who worked and lived so hard as she did to support eleven children; and were I to relate the particulars, they would not gain credit. I shall only observe that, for many years together, she worked nineteen or twenty hours out of every twenty-four. Whenever she was asked to drink a half-pint of ale at any shop where she had been laying out a trifling sum, she always asked leave to take it home to her husband, who was always so mean and selfish as to accept it.

Out of love to her family, she totally abstained from every kind of liquor, water excepted; her food was chiefly broth (little better than water and oatmeal), turnips, potatoes, cabbage, carrots, &c. Her children fared something better, but not much. When I reflect on the astonishing hardships and sufferings of so worthy a woman and her helpless infants, I find myself ready to curse the husband and father that could thus involve them in such a deplorable scene of misery and distress. It is dreadful to add that his habitual drunkenness shortened his days nearly one-half, and that, about twenty years since, he died unregretted by his own children. Although dropping a tear over his grave, we felt a degree of thankfulness that the cause of our poverty and misery was at length taken out of the way.

While my father was still a careful, hard-working man, I was put two or three years to a day-school, kept by an old woman, by whom I was taught to read in the New

Testament. But my career of learning was at an end, when my mother became so poor that she could not afford the sum of twopence per week for my schooling; besides, I was obliged to supply the place of a nurse to several of my brothers and sisters. The consequence of this was, that I soon forgot what I had been taught, and was exposed to mischievous habits among the loose boys of the neighborhood. From this kind of life I was rescued by being employed by a baker to cry and sell pies through the streets. My manner of crying pies, and my activity in selling them, soon made me a favorite of all such as purchased halfpenny apple-pies and plum-puddings, so that in a few weeks an old pie-merchant shut up his shop. I lived with this baker about twelve or fifteen months, in which time I sold such large quantities of pies, puddings, cakes, &c., that he often declared to his friends that I had been the means of extricating him from embarrassing circumstances which had pressed upon him.

I was fourteen years and a half old when I was taken to Taunton to be placed with a shoemaker, George Bowden, who took me as an apprentice without any premium, and engaged to find me in everything. I was accordingly bound apprentice to George and Mary Bowden, as honest and worthy a couple as ever carried on a trade. They carefully attended to their shop six days in the week, and on the seventh went with their family twice to an Anabaptist meeting-house, where little attention was paid to speculative doctrines, but where sound morality was constantly inculcated. The two sons of Mr. Bowden having joined the Wesleyan Methodists, who were at that time making many converts, I was led to join the same sect. The enthusiastic feelings which I now imbibed, and the desire which I had to talk on religious subjects, many of

which were beyond my depth, answered one valuable purpose — it caused me to embrace every opportunity to again learn to read, so that I could soon peruse easy parts of the Bible, and Mr. Wesley's hymns; and every leisure minute was so employed. In the winter I was obliged to attend my work from six in the morning until ten at night. In the summer half year I only worked as long as we could see without candle; but notwithstanding the close attention I was obliged to pay to my trade, for a long time I read ten chapters in the Bible every day. I also read and learned many hymns; and as soon as I could procure some of Mr. Wesley's tracts, sermons, &c., I read them likewise. I had such good eyes, that I often read by the light of the moon, as my master would never allow me to take a candle into my room.

In the fourth year of my apprenticeship my master died, by which event I gained a little more liberty in attending the meetings of the Methodists, who certainly never had a more unscrupulous proselyte. In my excitement, my memory became very tenacious, so that every thing I read I made my own. I could have repeated several volumes of hymns; when I heard a sermon, I could have preached it again, and nearly in the same words; my Bible had hundreds of leaves folded down, and thousands of marks against such texts as I thought favored the doctrines which I had imbibed. My religious exercises at length suffered interruption. The election for two members of parliament was strongly contested at Taunton just as I attained my twenty-first year (1767), and being now of age, the six or seven months which I had to serve of my apprenticeship were purchased of my mistress by some friends of two of the contending candidates, so that I was at once set free amidst a scene of riot and dissipation. Having a vote, and being possessed of a few ideas above

those of my rank and situation, my company was courted by some who were in a higher sphere; and in such company I soon forgot my former connexions, and ran into the extreme of intemperance. My condition was deplorable; for when the election was over, I had no longer open houses to eat and drink at free cost, and having refused bribes, I was nearly out of cash. However, I did not sink quite so low as I might have done, but in general worked very hard, and did not spend all I earned in dissipation.

Wearied with this mode of life, and wishing to see more of the world, I shortly after went to Bristol, where I procured work, and fell into a course of reading, which occupied my leisure hours. In the course of my reading, I learned that there had been various sects of philosophers amongst the Greeks, Romans, &c., and I well remembered the names of the most eminent of them. At an old book-shop I purchased Plato on the Immortality of the Soul, Plutarch's Morals, Seneca's Morals, Epicurus's Morals, the Morals of Confucius the Chinese philosopher, and a few others. I now can scarcely help thinking that I received more real benefit from reading and studying them and Epictetus, than from all other books that I had read before, or have ever read since that time. I was only twenty-two years of age when I first began to read those fine moral productions, and they made a very deep and lasting impression on my mind. By reading them, I was taught to bear the unavoidable evils attending humanity, and to supply all my wants by contracting or restraining my desires —

> "To mend my virtues, and exalt my thought,
> What the bright sons of Greece and Rome have wrote
> O'er day and night I turn; in them we find
> A rich repast for the luxurious mind."

It is now twenty-three years since I first perused them, during which time I do not recollect that I have ever felt one anxious painful wish to get money, estates, or anyway to better my condition; and yet I have never since that time let slip any fair opportunity of doing it. Be contented, says Isocrates, with what you have, and seek at the same time to make the best improvement of it you can. So that all I mean is, that I have not been oversolicitous to obtain anything that I did not possess; but could at all times say with St. Paul, that I have learned to be contented in all situations, although at times they have been very gloomy indeed. Dryden says —

> "We to ourselves may all our wishes grant,
> For nothing coveting, we nothing want."

The pleasure of eating and drinking I entirely despised, and for some time carried this disposition to an extreme; and even to the present time I feel a very great indifference about these matters: when in company, I frequently dine off one dish when there are twenty on the table. The account of Epicurus living in his garden at the expense of about a halfpenny per day, and that, when he added a little cheese to his bread on particular occasions, he considered it as a luxury, filled me with raptures. From that moment I began to live on bread and tea, and for a considerable time did not partake of any other viands; but in those I indulged myself three or four times a-day. My reasons for living in this abstemious manner were in order to save money to purchase books, to wean myself from the gross pleasures of eating and drinking, &c., and to purge my mind, and to make it more susceptible of intellectual pleasures; and here I cannot help remarking that the term Epicure, when ap-

plied to one who makes the pleasures of the table his chief good, casts an unjust reflection on Epicurus, and conveys a wrong idea of that contemplative and very abstemious philosopher; for although he asserted that pleasure was the chief or supreme good, yet he also as strongly asserted that it was the tranquility of the mind, and intellectual pleasure, that he so extolled and recommended. "This pleasure," says he, "that is the very center of our happiness, consists in nothing else than having our mind free from disturbance, and our body free from pain; drunkenness, excessive eating, niceness in our liquors, and all that seasons good cheer, have nothing in them that can make life happy; there is nothing but frugality and tranquility of mind that establish this happy state; it is this calm that facilitates our distinguishing betwixt those things that ought to be our choice, and those we ought to shun; and it is by the means thereof that we discard those notions that discompose this first mover of our life." St. Evermont, in his vindication of Epicurus, says, "Ignorant men know not his worth. Wise men have given large and honorable testimonies of his exalted virtue and sublime precepts. They have fully proved his pleasures to be as severe as the Stoic's virtue; that to be debauched like Epicurus, a man must be as sober as Zeno. His temperance was so great, that his ordinary diet was nothing but bread and water. The Stoics and all other philosophers agree with Epicurus in this — that the true felicity of life is to be free from pertubations; to understand our duty towards God and man, and to enjoy the present without any anxious dependence upon the future; not to amuse ourselves either with hopes or fears; to curb and restrain our unruly appetites; to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is content wants nothing."

I continued the above self-denying life until I left Bristol, which was on Whitsunday, in 1769. I had, for some time before, been pointing out to a young friend, John Jones, some of the pleasures and advantages of traveling, so that I easily prevailed on him to accompany me towards the west of England; and in the evening we arrived at Bridgewater, where Mr. Jones got work. He was employed by Mr. Cash, with whom he continued near twelve months, and in the end married his daughter, a very pretty and amiable little woman, with some fortune. When my friend was offered work by Mr. Cash, I prevailed on him to accept of it, assuring him that I had no doubt of my being able to get work at Taunton: but in that I was disappointed; nor could I get a constant seat of work until I came to Exeter, and of that place I was soon tired; but being informed that a Mr. John Taylor, of Kingsbridge (forty miles below Exeter), wanted such a hand, I went down, and was gladly received by Mr. Taylor, whose name inspires me with gratitude, as he never treated me as a journeyman, but made me his companion. Nor was any part of my time ever spent in a more agreeable, pleasing manner, than that which I passed in this retired place, or, I believe, more profitable to a master. I was the first man he ever had that was able to make stuff and silk shoes; and it being also known that I came from Bristol, this had great weight with the country ladies, and procured my master customers, who generally sent for me to take the measure of their feet; and I was looked upon by all to be the best workman in the town, although I had not been brought up to stuff-work, nor had ever entirely made one stuff or silk shoe before. Nor should I have presumed to proclaim myself a stuff-man, had there been any such workmen in the place; but as

there were none, I boldly ventured, and succeeded very well; nor did any one in the town ever know that it was my first attempt in that branch.

During the time that I lived here, I, as usual, was obliged to employ one or other of my acquaintance to write my letters for me. This procured me much praise among the young men as a good inditer of letters. My master said to me one day, he was surprised that I did not learn to write my own letters; and added, that he was sure I could learn to do it in a very short time. The thought pleased me much, and without any delay I set about it, by taking up any pieces of paper that had writing on them, and imitating the letters as well as I could. I employed my leisure hours in this way for nearly two months, after which time I wrote my own letters, in a bad hand of course, but it was plain, and easy to read, which was all I cared for; nor, to the present moment, can I write much better, as I never would have any person to teach me; nor was I ever possessed of patience enough to employ time sufficient to learn to write well; and yet, as soon as I was able to scribble, I wrote verses on some trifle or other every day for years together.

I came to this place in but a weak state of body; however, the healthy situation of the town, together with bathing in the salt water, soon restored me to perfect health. I passed thirteen months here in a very happy manner; but the wages for work being very low, and as I had spent much time in writing hymns to every song tune that I knew, besides a number of love verses, letters, &c., I was very poor; and, to complete all, I began to keep a deal of company, in which I gave a loose to my natural gaiety of disposition, much more than was consistent with the grave, sedate ideas which I had formed of a religious

character; all of which made me resolve to leave Kingsbridge, which I did in 1770.

I traveled as far as Exeter the first day, where I worked about a fortnight, and saved sufficient to carry me to Bridgewater, where I worked two or three weeks more. Before I arrived there, Mr. John Jones had gone back to reside at Bristol; but as soon as he heard of my being in Bridgewater, he and his brother Richard sent me an invitation to come to Bristol again and live with them. Finding that I did not immediately comply, they both came to Bridgewater, and declared their intentions of not returning to Bristol without me; so that, after a day or two, I yielded to their solicitations, and lived very comfortably with them, their mother, and sister.

When residing at Taunton, I became acquainted with a young woman of good character and charming manners, with whom I afterwards kept up a correspondence; and I had not been long in Bristol before I wrote to her. I informed her that my attachment to books, together with traveling from place to place, and also my total disregard for money, had prevented me from saving any; and that, while I remained in a single unsettled state, I was never likely to accumulate it. I also pressed her very much to come to Bristol to be married, which she soon complied with; and married we were, at St. Peter's church, towards the end of the year 1770. We kept our wedding at the house of my friends the Messrs. Jones, and retired to ready-furnished lodgings, which we had before provided, at half-a-crown per week. Our finances were just sufficient to pay the expenses of the day; for the next morning, in searching our pockets (which we did not do in a careless manner), we discovered that we had but one halfpenny to begin the world with. It is true we had laid

in eatables sufficient for a day or two, in which time we knew we could by our work procure more, which we very cheerfully set about, singing together the following lines of Dr. Cotton :—

" Our portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few ;
In this the art of living lies :
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do."

At this time my wages were only nine shillings a-week and my wife could get but very little, as she was learning to bind shoes, and had never been much used to the needle. Being pressed for a debt of forty shillings due to Mr. Jones, I paid it off in two months, which greatly lessened our comforts. What we had to spend on provisions was not more than four shillings and sixpence a-week. Strong beer we had none, nor any other liquor (the pure element excepted) ; and instead of tea, or rather coffee, we toasted a piece of bread ; at other times we fried some wheat, which, when boiled in water, made a tolerable substitute for coffee ; and as to animal food, we made use of but little, and that little we boiled and made broth of. During the whole of this time we never once wished for anything that we had not got, but were quite contented ; and, with a good grace, in reality made a virtue of necessity.

In a few days after we had paid the last of the debt claimed by my friend Mr. Jones, we were both together taken so ill as to be confined to bed ; but the good woman of the house, our landlady, came to our room, and did a few trifles for us. She seemed very much alarmed at our situation — or rather for her own, I suppose, as thinking

we might in some measure or other become burdensome to her. We had in cash two shillings and ninepence, half-a-crown of which we had carefully locked up in a box, to be saved as a resource on any extraordinary emergency. This money supported us two or three days, in which time I recovered, without the help of medicine; but my wife continued ill nearly six months, and was confined to her bed the greater part of the time, which illness may very easily be accounted for.

Before she came to Bristol, she had ever been used to a very active life, and had always lived in the country; so that, in coming to dwell in a populous city, she had exchanged much exercise and good air for a sedentary life and very bad air; and this, I presume, was the cause of all her illness from time to time, which at length, as unfortunately as effectually, undermined her constitution. During the first six months' illness I lived many days solely on water-gruel. "What nature requires," says Montaigne, "it is so small a matter, that by its littleness it escapes the gripes of fortune;" for as I could not afford to pay a nurse, much of my time was taken up in attendance on her, and most of my money expended in procuring medicines, together with such trifles as she could eat and drink. But what added extremely to my calamity, was the being within the hearing of her groans, which were caused by the excruciating pains in her head, which for months together defied the power of medicine. It is impossible for words to describe the keenness of my sensations during this long term; yet as to myself, my poverty, and being obliged to live upon water-gruel, gave me not the least uneasiness.

At length my wife partially recovered, but yet continued in a very bad state of health; and her constitution

having suffered such a dreadful shock, I thought that no means could be used so likely to restore it as a removal to her native air. Accordingly, I left my seat of work at Bristol, and returned with her to Taunton, which is about seven miles from Petherton, her native place. But in Taunton I could not procure so much work as I could do; so that, as soon as I thought she could bear the air of Bristol, we returned thither, where she soon relapsed, and we again went back to Taunton. This removing to Taunton was repeated about five times in little more than two years and a half.

But at last finding that she had long fits of illness at Taunton also, as well as at Bristol, with a view of having a better price for my work, I resolved to visit London; and as I had not money sufficient to bear the expenses of both to town, I left her all the money I could spare, and took a place on the outside of the stage-coach, and the second day arrived in the metropolis, in August 1773, with two shillings and sixpence in my pocket. Having procured a lodging, I was fortunate in immediately getting work from Mr. Heath in Fore Street. In a month I saved money sufficient to bring up my wife, and she had a tolerable state of health: of my master I obtained some stuff-shoes for her to bind, and nearly as much as she could do. Having now plenty of work, and higher wages, we were tolerably easy in our circumstances, more so than ever we had been, so that we soon procured a few clothes. My wife had all her life before done very well with a cloth cloak, but I now prevailed on her to have one of silk. Until this winter, I had never found out that I wanted a greatcoat, but now I made that important discovery. This requisite article of attire I purchased at a second-hand clothes-shop for half a guinea.

About the end of November I became heir to the sum of ten pounds, left by my grandfather; and so totally was I unacquainted with the modes of transacting business, that I undertook a long journey in the heart of winter, and suffered various hardships before my return to town with the cash, one-half of which was consumed in getting it. With the remainder of the money we purchased household goods; but as we then had not sufficient to furnish a room, we worked hard, and lived still harder, so that in a short time we had a room furnished with articles of our own; and I believe that it is not possible for any one to imagine with what pleasure and satisfaction we looked round the room and surveyed our property. I believe that Alexander the Great never reflected on his immense acquisitions with half the heartfelt enjoyment which we experienced on this capital attainment.

After our room was furnished, as we still enjoyed a better state of health than we did at Bristol and Taunton, and had also more work, and higher wages, we often added something or other to our stock of wearing apparel. Nor did I forget the old book-shops, but frequently added an old book to my small collection; and I really have often purchased books with the money that should have been expended in purchasing something to eat; a striking instance of which follows. At the time we were purchasing household goods, we kept ourselves very short of money, and on Christmas eve we had but half-a-crown left to buy a Christmas dinner. My wife desired that I would go to market and purchase this festival dinner, and off I set for that purpose; but in the way I saw an old book-shop, and I could not resist the temptation of going in, intending only to expend sixpence or ninepence out of my half-crown. But I stumbled upon Young's Night

Thoughts, forgot my dinner, down went my half-crown, and I hastened home, vastly delighted with the acquisition. When my wife asked me where was our Christmas dinner, I told her it was in my pocket. "In your pocket?" said she; "that is a strange place! How could you think of stuffing a joint of meat into your pocket?" I assured her that it would take no harm. But as I was in no haste to take it out, she began to be more particular, and inquired what I had got, &c.; on which I began to harangue on the superiority of intellectual pleasures over sensual gratifications, and observed that the brute creation enjoyed the latter in a much higher degree than man; and that a man who was not possessed of intellectual enjoyments was but a two-legged brute. I was proceeding in this strain: "And so," said she, "instead of buying a dinner, I suppose you have, as you have done before, been buying books with the money?" I confessed I had bought Young's Night Thoughts. "And I think," said I, "that I have acted wisely; for had I bought a dinner, we should have eaten it to-morrow, and the pleasure would have been soon over; but should we live fifty years longer, we shall have the Night Thoughts to feast upon." This was too powerful an argument to admit of any further debate; in short, my wife was convinced. Down I sat, and began to read with as much enthusiasm as the good doctor possessed when he wrote it; and so much did it excite my attention, as well as approbation, that I retained the greatest part of it in my memory.

Some time in June 1774, as we sat at work in our room, Mr. Boyd, one of Mr. Wesley's people, called and informed me that a little shop and parlor were to be let in Featherstone Street; adding, that if I were to take them, I

might there get some work as a master. I without hesitation told him that I liked the idea, and hinted that I would sell books also. Mr. Boyd then asked me how I came to think of selling books? I informed him that until that moment, it had never once entered into my thoughts; but that, when he proposed my taking the shop, it instantaneously occurred to my mind that for several months past I had observed a great increase in a certain old book-shop, and that I was persuaded I knew as much of old books as the person who kept it. I further observed that I loved books, and that if I could but be a bookseller, I should then have plenty of books to read, which was the greatest motive I could conceive to induce me to make the attempt. My friend on this assured me that he would get the shop for me, which he did; and to set up in style, he recommended me to a friend, of whom I purchased a bagfull of old books, chiefly divinity, for a guinea.

With this stock, and some odd scraps of leather, which together with all my books, were worth about five pounds, I opened shop on Midsummer-day in 1744, in Featherstone Street, in the parish of St. Luke; and I was as well pleased in surveying my little shop with my name over it, as was Nebuchadnezzar when he said, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?"

Notwithstanding the obscurity of the street, and the mean appearance of my shop, yet I soon found customers for what few books I had, and I as soon laid out the money in other old trash which was daily brought for sale. At that time Mr. Wesley's people had a sum of money which was kept on purpose to lend out, for three months, without interest, to such of their society whose characters were good, and who wanted a temporary relief. To

increase my little stock, I borrowed five pounds out of this fund, which was great service to me.

In our new situation we lived in a very frugal manner, often dining on potatoes, and quenching our thirst with water; being absolutely determined, if possible, to make some provision for such dismal times as sickness, shortness of work, &c., which we had been so frequently involved in before, and could scarcely help expecting not to be our fate again. My wife foreboded it much more than I did, being of a more melancholy turn of mind. I lived in this street six months, and in that time increased my stock from five to twenty-five pounds.

This immense stock I deemed too valuable to be buried in Featherstone Street; and a shop and parlor being to let in Chiswell Street, No. 46, I took them. This was at that time, and for fourteen years afterwards, a very dull and obscure situation, as few ever passed through it besides Spitalfields weavers on hanging days, and Methodists on preaching nights; but still it was much better adapted for business than Featherstone Street.

A few weeks after I came into this street I bade a final adieu to the "gentle craft," and converted my little stock of leather, &c., into old books; and a great sale I had, considering my stock, which was not only extremely small, but contained very little variety, as it principally consisted of divinity; for as I had not much knowledge, so I seldom ventured out of my depth.

I went on prosperously until some time in September, 1775, when I was suddenly taken ill of a dreadful fever; and eight or ten days after, my wife was seized with the same disorder.

"Human hopes now mounting high
On the swelling surge of joy,
Now with unexpected wo
Sinking to the depths below."

At that time I kept only a boy to help in my shop, so that I fear, while I lay ill, my wife had too much care and anxiety on her mind. I have been told that, before she was confined to her bed, she walked about in a delirious state; in which she did not long continue, but, contrary to all expectation, died on the 9th of November. She was, in reality, one of the best of women; and although, for about four years, she was ill the greater part of the time, which involved me in the very depth of poverty and distress, yet I never once repented having married her.

My recovery was slow; and what added to my misfortune, I was in the hands of nurses, who robbed my drawers, and kept themselves drunk with gin, while I lay unable to move in bed. My whole stock in trade would also have gone, had the shop not been prudently locked up by two friends, who took an interest in my affairs.

On fully recovering, and resuming business, I found it necessary to resume the married state. Fortune threw in my way Miss Dorcas Turton, an amiable young woman, daughter of Mr. Samuel Turton of Staffordshire, a gentleman in reduced circumstances, who was supported by her industry. She cheerfully submitted to keep a school, and worked very hard at plain work, by which means she kept her father above want. The old gentleman died about this time; and being partly acquainted with this young lady's goodness to her father, I concluded that so amiable a daughter was very likely to make a good wife. I also knew that she was immoderately fond of books, and would frequently read until morning. This turn of mind in her was the greatest of all recommendations to me, who, having acquired a few ideas, was at that time restless to increase them; so that I was in raptures with

the bare thoughts of having a woman to read with, and also to read to me.

I embraced the first opportunity after my recovery to make her acquainted with my mind; and as we were no strangers to each other's characters and circumstances, there was no need of a long formal courtship; so I prevailed on her not to defer our union longer than the 30th of January 1776, when, for the second time, I entered into the holy state of matrimony.

> "Wedded love is founded on esteem,
> Which the fair merits of the mind engage,
> For those are charms that never can decay;
> But time, which gives new whiteness to the swan,
> Improves their lustre."

I am now, in February 1776, arrived at an important period of my life. Being lately recovered from a very painful, dangerous, and hopeless illness, I found myself once more in a confirmed state of health, surrounded by my little stock in trade, which was but just saved from thieves, and which, to me, was an immense treasure. I had never taken a fair estimate of the world, or looked with a kindly eye on man's condition. My mind now began to expand; intellectual light and pleasure broke in and dispelled the gloom of fanatical melancholy; the sourness of my natural temper, which had been much increased by superstition (called by Swift "the spleen of the soul"), in part gave way, and was succeeded by cheerfulness and some degree of good-nature; I began to enjoy many innocent pleasures and recreations in life; and saw, for the first time, that true religion was no way incompatible with, or an enemy to, rational enjoyments. I now likewise began to read with great pleasure the rational and moderate divines of all denominations; and a year or two after, I began with metaphysics, in the intri-

cate, though pleasing labyrinths of which I have occasionally since wandered, nor am I ever likely to find my way out. After this I did not long remain in Mr. Wesley's society.

My new wife's attachment to books was a very fortunate circumstance for us both, not only as it was a perpetual source of rational amusement, but also as it tended to promote my trade. Her extreme love for books made her delight to be in the shop, so that she soon became perfectly acquainted with every part of it, and, as my stock increased, with other rooms where I kept books, and could readily get any article that was asked for. Accordingly, when I was out on business, my shop was well attended. This constant attention and good usage procured me many customers, and I soon perceived that I could sell double and treble the quantity of books if I had a larger stock. But how to enlarge it I knew not, except by slow degrees, as my profits should enable me; for as I was almost a stranger in London, I had but few acquaintances, and these few were not of the opulent sort. I also saw that the town abounded with cheats, swindlers, &c., who obtained money and other property under false pretences, of which the credulous were defrauded, which often prevented me from endeavoring to borrow, lest I should be suspected of having the same bad designs. I was several times so hard put to it for cash to purchase parcels of books which were offered to me, that I more than once pawned my watch and a suit of clothes, and twice I pawned some books for money to purchase others. In 1778 I was relieved from this pinched state of affairs, by entering into partnership with a worthy man, Mr. John Dennis, who was possessed of some capital. This partnership existed two years, under the firm of J. Lacking-

ton and Company ; and while it lasted, we issued a catalogue of our books, which included twelve thousand volumes. In 1780, the partnership was dissolved ; and as Mr. Dennis had more money in the concern than myself, he took my notes for what was deficient, which was a great favor done to me. We parted with great friendship, and I was left to pursue trade in my own way.

It was some time in the year 1780 when I resolved, from that period, to give no person whatever any credit. I was induced to make this resolution from various motives. I had observed that where credit was given, most bills were not paid within six months, many not within a twelvemonth, and some not within two years. Indeed many tradesmen have accounts of seven years' standing, and some bills are never paid. The losses sustained by the interest of money in long credits, and by those bills that were not paid at all ; the inconveniences attending not having the ready money to lay out in trade to the best advantage, together with the great loss of time in keeping accounts and collecting debts, convinced me that, if I could but establish a ready-money business, without any exceptions, I should be enabled to sell every article very cheap —

> "Let all the learned say all they can,
> 'Tis ready money makes the man."

When I communicated my ideas on this subject to some of my acquaintances, I was much laughed at and ridiculed ; and it was thought that I might as well attempt to rebuild the tower of Babel, as to establish a large business without giving credit. But notwitstanding this discouragement, I determined to make the experiment, and began by plainly marking in every book, facing the

title, the lowest price that I would take for it; which being much lower than the common market-prices, I not only retained my former customers, but soon increased their numbers. But it can scarcely be imagined what difficulties I encountered for several years together. I even sometimes thought of relinquishing this my favorite scheme altogether, as by it I was obliged to deny credit to my very acquaintance: I was also under the necessity of refusing it to the most respectable characters, as no exception was or now is made, not even in favor of nobility; my porters being strictly enjoined, by one general order, to bring back all books not previously paid for, except they receive the amount on delivery. Again, many in the country found it difficult to remit small sums that were under bankers' notes (which difficulty is done away, as all post-masters receive small sums of money, and give drafts for the same on the post office in London); and others, to whom I was a stranger, did not like to send the money first, as not knowing how I should treat them, and suspecting, by the price of the articles, there must certainly be some deception. Many, unacquainted with my plan of business, were much offended, until the advantages accruing to them from it were duly explained, when they very readiy acceded to it. As to the anger of such, who, though they were acquainted with it, were still determined to deal on credit only, I considered that as of little consequence, from an opinion that some of them would have been as much enraged when their bills were sent in, had credit been given them.

I had also difficulties of another nature to encounter. When I first began to sell very cheap, many came to my shop prepossessed against my goods, and of course often saw faults where none existed; so that the best editions

were, merely from prejudice, deemed very bad editions, and the best bindings said to be inferior workmanship, for no other reason but because I sold them so cheap; and I often received letters from the country to know if such and such articles were *really* as I stated them in my catalogues, and if they *really* were the best editions, if *really* in calf, and *really* elegantly bound, with many other *reallies*. I was afraid, for some years, that I should be really mad with vexation. But these letters of *reallies* have for years happily ceased; and the public are now really and thoroughly convinced that I will not assert in my catalogues what is not *really* true. But imagine what I must have felt on hearing the very best of goods depreciated, on no other account whatever but because they were not charged at a higher price!

It is also worth observing that there were not wanting among the booksellers, some who were mean enough to assert that all my books were bound in sheep; but many other unmanly artifices were practiced; all of which, so far from injuring me, as basely intended, turned to my account; for when gentlemen were brought to my shop by their friends to purchase some trifling article, or were led into it by curiosity, they were often very much surprised to see many thousands of volumes in elegant and superb bindings. The natural conclusion was, that if I had not held forth to the public better terms than others, I should not have been so much envied and misrepresented.

> "To Malice, sure, I'm much obliged,
> On every side by Calumny besieged:
> Yet, Envy, I could almost call thee friend."

So that, whether I am righteous or not, all these afflictions have worked together for my good. But my temporal

salvation was not effected without "conditions." As every envious transaction was to me an additional spur to exertion, I am therefore not a little indebted to Messrs. Envy, Detraction, and Co., for my present prosperity; though I can safely say this is the only debt I am determined not to pay.

In the first three years after I refused to give credit to any person, my business increased much; and as the whole of my profit, after paying all expenses, was laid out in books, my stock was continually enlarged, so that my catalogues in the year 1784 were very much augmented in size. The first contained twelve thousand, and the second thirty thousand volumes. This increase was not merely in numbers, but also in value, as a very great part of these volumes was better; that is, books of a higher price.

When I was first initiated into the various manœuvres practiced by booksellers, I found it customary among them (which practice still continues), that when any books had not gone off so rapidly as expected, or so fast as to pay for keeping them in store, they would put what remained of such articles into private sales, where only booksellers are admitted, and of them only such as were invited by having a catalogue sent them. At one of these sales I have frequently seen seventy or eighty thousand volumes sold after dinner, including books of every description, good, bad, and indifferent: by this means they were distributed through the trade.

When first invited to these trade sales, I was very much surprised to learn that it was common for such as purchased remainders to destroy one-half or three-fourths of such books, and to charge the full publication price, or nearly that, for such as they kept on hand; and there was

a kind of standing order amongst the trade, that in case any one was known to sell articles under the publication price, such a person was to be excluded from trade-sales; so blind were copyright-holders to their own interest.

For a short time I cautiously complied with this custom; but I soon began to reflect that many of these books so destroyed possessed much merit, and only wanted to be better known; and that, if others were not worth six shillings, they were worth three, or two, and so in proportion, for higher or lower-priced books. From that time I resolved not to destroy any books that were worth saving, but to sell them off at half or a quarter, of the publication prices. By selling them in this cheap manner, I have disposed of many hundred thousand volumes, many thousands of which have been intrinsically worth their original prices — greatly of course to the dissatisfaction of the trade.

It may be supposed I could not carry on this large business, in which I had frequently to write catalogues, without some knowledge of literature. This knowledge I gained by dint of application. I read extensively in all branches of literature, and in order to obtain some ideas in astronomy, geography, electricity, pneumatics, &c., I attended a few lectures given by the eminent Mr. Furguson, the very ingenious Mr. Walker, and others; and for some time several gentlemen spent two or three evenings in a week at my house, for the purpose of improvement in science. At these meetings we made the best use of our time with globes, telescopes, microscopes, electrical machines, air-pumps, air-guns, and other philosophical instruments.

My thirst was, and still is, so great for literature, tha

I could almost subscribe to the opinions of Herillus the philosopher, who placed in learning the sovereign good, and maintained that it was alone sufficient to make us wise and happy. Others have said that "learning is the mother of all virtue, and that vice is produced from ignorance." Although that is not strictly true, yet I cannot help regretting the disadvantages I labor under by having been deprived of the benefits of an early education, as it is a loss that can scarcely be repaired in any situation. How much more difficult, then, was it for me to attain any degree of proficiency, when involved in the concerns of a large business!

> "Without a genius, learning soars in vain,
> And without learning, genius sinks again;
> Their force united, crowns the sprightly reign."

To reading and study I added a gradually increasing knowledge of mankind, for which I know of no school equal to a bookseller's shop. A bookseller who has any taste for literature, may be said to feed his mind as cooks and butchers' wives get fat by the smell of meat. If the master is of an inquisitive and communicative turn, and is in a considerable line of business, his shop will then be a place of resort for persons of various nations, and of various capacities and dispositions. To talk to these different inquirers after books has given me much pleasure and instruction, so that I have sometimes compared my shop to a stage.

In my progress from penury to wealth I had occasion to make many discoveries. I by and by found that lodging in town is not so healthy as it is in the country. Gay's lines were then repeated —

> "Long in the noisy town I've been immured,
> Respired in smoke, and all its cares endured."

The year after, my country lodging, by regular grada-

tion, was transformed into a country-house; and in another year, the inconveniencies attending a stage-coach were remedied by a chariot.

"My precious wife has ventured to declare,
'Tis vulgar on one's legs to take the air."

For four years Upper Holloway was to me an elysium; then Surrey appeared unquestionably the most beautiful county in England, and Upper Merton the most rural village in Surrey; so now Merton is selected as the seat of occasional philosophical retirement. In these various improvements in my means and position, it was unpleasant to find that I was pursued with envy and malevolence; but I consoled myself with the observation of Dr. Johnson, that "it is no less a proof of eminence to have many enemies than many friends." All sorts of stories injurious to my reputation were circulated by those who envied me my success. Whatever was said as to my means of attaining opulence, I can affirm that I found the whole of what I am possessed of in — *small profits*, bound by *industry*, and clasped by *economy*.

In conducting my business, I have ever kept an exact account of my profits and expenses, and regulated my mode of living accordingly. In 1791, the profits of my shop amounted to four thousand pounds, since which time they have yearly increased. My business being large, and branching into different departments, in 1793 I sold to Mr. Robert Allan, who had been brought up in my shop, a fourth share of the business; and as the trade is constantly increasing, I suppose I shall be obliged to take another partner very soon; for we now sell more than one hundred thousand volumes annually. The time also approaches when I must retire, on account of the bad health which both Mrs. Lackington and myself labor under.

In these latter years, while still in trade, I have made several professional tours into Scotland and various parts of England. One of my most amusing excursions has been to Bristol, Exbridge, Bridgewater, Taunton, Wellington, and other places, where I called on my former masters, and astonished them by pretending to seek employment as a shoemaker, while sitting in my carriage. On telling them who I was, all appeared to be very happy to see me, and they enjoyed the humor of my address. Among a great number of poor relations I distributed means of comfort.

Lackington here closes his memoirs, which bring his life down to 1793, when his business, one of the largest in London, was conducted in a shop of very large size, called the "Temple of the Muses," at the corner of Finsbury Square. The memoirs abound in severe, and we have no doubt most unjust, remarks on the Methodists, both as to life and doctrine, and these Lackington afterwards repented having written. Uniting himself again to the Wesleyan society, he endeavored to obviate the injustice of his sarcasms by publishing a confession of his errors. Much of what he had stated, he acknowledged to have taken on trust; and many things he now discovered to have been without a proper foundation. These "Confessions," which appeared in 1803, never altogether accomplished their purpose; so difficult is it to recall or make reparation for a word lightly spoken. In sincere humiliation of spirit, Lackington retired to Budleigh Sulterton, in Devonshire, where he built and endowed a chapel, and performed various other acts of munificence, and spent the conclusion of his days. He died on the 22d of November 1815, in the seventieth year of his age.

TIMOTHY BENNETT.

This enterprising shoemaker resided in the village of Hampton-Wick, near Richmond, in Surry. The first passage from this village to Kingston-upon-Thames, through Bushy Park (a royal demense), had been for many years shut up from the public. This honest Englishman, "unwilling," as he said, "to leave the world worse than he found it," consulted a lawyer upon the practicability of recovering this road, and the probable expense of a legal process. "I have seven hundred pounds," said this honest patriot, "which I should be willing to bestow upon this attempt. It is all I have, and has been saved through a long course of honest industry." The lawyer informed him that no such sum would be necessary to produce this result; and Timothy determined accordingly to proceed with vigor in the prosecution of this public claim. In the mean time Lord Halifax, ranger of Bushy Park, was made acquainted with his intentions, and sent for him. "Who are you, Sir," inquired his lordship, "that have the assurance to meddle in this affair?" "My name, my lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker, of Hampton-Wick. I remember, an't please your lordship, when I was a young man, of seeing, while sitting at my work, the people cheerfully pass by to Kingston market; but now, my lord, they are forced to go round about, through a hot sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burdens, and I am unwilling [it was his favorite ex-

pression] to leave the world worse than I found it. This, my lord, I humbly represent, is the reason of my conduct." "Begone; you are an impertinent fellow!" replied his lordship. However, upon more mature reflection, being convinced of the equity of the claim, and anticipating the ignominy of defeat — "*Lord Halifax*, the *Nobleman*, nonsuited by *Timothy Bennett*, the *Shoemaker*," — he desisted from his opposition, and opened the road, which is enjoyed, without molestation, to this day. Timothy died when an old man, in 1756.

"Such an instance of disinterested public virtue is highly worthy of being recorded; and though it may not be in the power of every one to suggest valuable improvements, or confer lasting benefits on posterity, yet each may, like the patriotic Bennett, endeavor at least not to leave the world worse than he found it."

ROGER SHERMAN.

The history of a great man, who has taken part in public affairs, is the history of the times in which he lived. In fact, all history derives its interest and variety from men of superior talents and influence in their respective generations. The multitude, in history, play the part assigned them by their leaders, whether that part lead them to freedom and its advantages, or to tyranny and its chains. Every thing, therefore, of peculiar interest in the past — every great achievement that has produced commotion or change, that has overthrown old systems or established new ones — every great movement that has aroused nations from the slumber of ages, and called forth new energies and awakened new and powerful ideas — all can be learned in the lives and characters of the great men of the past, and no where else; for they belong to them — they attach themselves to, and go to make up their characters, and cannot be separated from them.

The glory of Greece, in arts, eloquence, and arms, is wrapt up in the lives of her Aristides, her Themistocles, her Phocion, Cimon, Sophocles and Demosthenes. Rome, for centuries the mistress of the world — the proud ruler of an hundred and twenty millions, may be studied in all her dazzling splendor, in the characters of her Cincinnatus, her Regulus, Cato, Cæsar, Pompey, Cicero, Virgil, and a host of such men. So of all

countries and all great events, both in ancient and modern times. Is a throne to be overturned? A Cromwell unites the agitated elements, directs them according to his own will, and by the might of his own mind, compels a nation to acknowledge him sovereign. So when America has to be severed from a powerful Monarchy, and stand forth in the grandeur of a free Republic, — the wisdom that directed and the energy that executed this grand achievement, may be found in Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Sherman and their contemporaries in council and in field.

It is gratifying to the author, to be able to present to that class of readers for whom this little volume is especially designed, a brief narration of so distinguished, so noble a man as ROGER SHERMAN, one of the first men of his times; and as a statesman and patriot, second to to none of his contemporaries but Washington.

He was a native of Newton, Massachusetts. His ancestors came from Dedham, in England, about the year 1635, and settled at Watertown, near the place of his nativity.

The father of Roger Sherman, was a respectable farmer, but too poor to afford his son a liberal education; he obtained his early education, therefore, at a common parish school, which possessed very limited advantages. At an early age, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, at which occupation he labored some five or six years. Having an uncommon thirst for knowledge, neither the limited means of his schools, nor the long hours of his daily toil, could prevent him from making valuable acquisitions. What though he had but few books and no experienced teachers? He had an inquiring mind, and the volume of Nature was spread out before him, full, and plainly written. To one who is de-

termined to educate himself, every incident, every event, every word, and especially every man, is fraught with instruction. "Whoever thinks he can, *can*," is an ancient proverb, and accords with our more modern one, "Where there is a will, there is a way," and the truth of both is exemplified in young Sherman. Born in poverty, with all its attendant evils upon him, he aspired to a higher state, determined to beat down every obstacle in his way, and make himself a *man*. Nobly did he do his duty, and great was his reward. He was often found with a book open before him when at his work; and when it permitted him, he would catch a sentence from the page. We may well suppose that a youth of such habits and desires, passed no idle hours. His idle hours were his most laborious.

His father died in 1741, leaving a numerous and dependent family to his care alone, his older brother having previously removed to New Milford, Connecticut. This was a serious and responsible trust to be committed to one only nineteen years of age; yet the duties of a father and counselor, he performed with great kindness and sagacity. Toward his mother, who lived to see her son honored and respected, he ever manifested the most filial affection and regard; he also assisted his two younger brothers in obtaining a liberal education, who were afterwards able ministers in Connecticut.

In 1743, he judged it expedient to remove the family to New Milford, where his elder brother resided; he accordingly disposed of the farm and took up his residence in that town in the same year. Here he commenced business as a shoemaker, but did not continue in it long—preferring to go into trade in company with his brother. This probably, promised to be more lucrative than shoe-

making, which was a great consideration to him, with an expensive family. Another inducement, no doubt, was the prospect of getting more time to read and improve his mind, which was ever a paramount object with him.

Mr. Sherman was already distinguished in his county, for his great, and almost (considering his circumstances) incredible attainments. He was particularly fond of the science of Mathematics, and was so skillful in it, that at the early age of twenty-four, he was appointed county surveyor. He had also made himself quite a master in Astronomy, and in 1748, supplied the astronomical calculations for an Almanac published in New York city, and continued to do so for several succeeding years.

Knowledge, like virtue, is its own reward. The peculiar pleasure experienced in cultivating the mind, the calm and undisturbed peace which brings no pang after it, and the noble aspirations it excites in the soul — these are more than an equivalent for the sacrifices and restraints which it requires.

But there is another reward which by the multitude is thought the only one, and into this reward we see young Sherman early entering.

How little did this true lover of learning think of or expect the promotion and patronage which he experienced in after life, when he was so industriously pursuing his studies in his youth? He sought knowledge for its own sake.

In 1749, Sherman was married to Elizabeth Hartwell, of Stoughton, Mass., being about twenty-nine years of age.

How often are changes and important results produced by the most trivial causes! A silent thought — often how big with future events! A word — what revolutions

has it originated! An occurrence unnoticed by you and me, to another, perhaps, is the herald of a new life — a new destiny. A little incident produced in Sherman's mind a total change of aim and prospect. The result of it was, that he was admitted to the bar as an attorney at the age of thirty-four. While yet a young man and a shoemaker, he had occasion to visit a neighboring town on business for himself. A neighbor of his had previously become involved in difficulty, in settling the affairs of a deceased person, and was in need of legal advice. He stated the case to young Sherman, and desired him to consult upon it with a lawyer who resided in the town to which he was going. Sherman perceiving the case to be somewhat difficult, committed it all to paper, which he handed to the lawyer on his arrival at the office. We can imagine that we see the young man in the office of the grave lawyer, explaining the case to him, assisted by a frequent reference to his manuscript. The lawyer notices his use of his paper, and requests him to leave it, as it will furnish him with data with which to draw up a petition to court on the subject. The modest shoemaker blushes at so unexpected a proposal. "The paper," says he, "was only drawn by myself to assist my memory." He complied reluctantly with the request, and the lawyer, upon reading it, was surprised to find it a clear and concise statement of the case. He told Sherman that it would be as good a petition as he himself could frame, with some slight verbal alterations. Upon this the lawyer inquired of him what his occupation was, and being told he was a shoemaker by trade, he advised him to give his attention to the profession of law. This must have been an interesting moment to Sherman. He was pleased, no doubt, with even the *thought* of entering

upon a career which would call forth his strongest powers, and at the same time afford him a fair remuneration; yet that glad day must have appeared distant to him, burdened in his youth with the care of a needy family, and engaged as he then was, in a branch of industry which would not support him, without close and continued application. This suggestion, however, was not lost upon his practical mind. A new object was in view, and a new direction given to his thoughts. All his studies were now made to bear upon this one object, and he improved every opportunity to improve himself in whatever related to his chosen profession. So unabated was his perseverance, and steady his progress, that in 1754 he was qualified and admitted to the bar. His practical and sound judgment, combined with that inflexible integrity peculiarly his own, soon distinguished him as an able lawyer and judicious counselor, and he was consequently promoted to offices of trust and responsibility.

In 1755, he was appointed justice of the peace for New Milford, and was also elected a member of the Colonial assembly.

In 1759, he was appointed judge of the court of common pleas for the county of Litchfield. He discharged the duties of this station with distinguished ability, for two years, and gained himself an excellent reputation. At the expiration of this period, he removed to New Haven. His name and fame went before him, and he was very soon appointed justice of the peace, and sent again to the colonial assembly.

In 1765, four years after he removed to New Haven, he was appointed judge of the court of common pleas. About the same time he became treasurer of Yale College, which institution bestowed upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

In the following year the colony elected him a member of the upper house in the general assembly of Connecticut. The members of the upper house were called assistants, and they held their sittings with closed doors. No doubt he took a high rank among his compeers in that assembly, but little of their proceedings is known.

During the same year Mr. Sherman was again reminded of the estimation in which he was held, by his appointment to the office of judge of the superior court of Connecticut.

Thus we see this self-made man enjoying a full tide of prosperity and success. He had held the office of judge of the court of common pleas, in two counties ; had represented at different times, his towns, New Milford and New Haven, in the colonial assembly, and was at this time a member of the upper house, treasurer of Yale College, and judge of the superior court of Connecticut ; and all this in the brief period of twelve years from the time he was admitted to the bar. He continued to hold his seat in the upper house nineteen years ; at the end of this period the membership and judgeship being deemed incompatible, he resigned the former and retained the latter. He continued on the bench of the supreme court until 1785, when he resigned his seat, being elected to Congress, under the federal constitution.

Says one of his biographers : "It is uniformly acknowledged by those who witnessed his conduct and abilities on the bench, that he discovered, in the application of principles of law and the rules of evidence to the cases before him, the same sagacity that distinguished him as a legislator. His legal opinions were received with great defference by the profession, and their correctness was almost universally acknowledged." During

the last four years in which he was judge, the late Chief Justice Ellsworth was an associate judge of the same court, and from the period of his appointment in 1785, until the death of Mr. Sherman, a close intimacy subsisted between them. The elder President Adams remarks, that "It is praise enough to say that Mr. Ellsworth told me that he had made Mr. Sherman his model in his youth. Indeed, I never knew two men more alike, except that the Chief Justice had the advantage of a liberal education and somewhat more extensive reading."

We have thus far viewed Mr. Sherman as the self-taught scholar — the distinguished citizen of Connecticut. We are now to follow him into a broader field of action, to the halls of the Continental Congress, as a statesman and patriot of the American Revolution.

In order to understand the actual state of things at that eventful period, to know the justice of their cause, and the rectitude of the men who prosecuted it, we must go back to the beginning, and take a view of the history of the colonies up to the revolution, in reference to their relations with the mother country. We shall find in this interesting and instructive period, causes sufficiently numerous and powerful to produce the grand result. We would ask our readers not to turn away from this historical sketch, as if it were dry and uninteresting. It is not so. No period in our history is more interesting to an American, and there is none with which he ought to be more familiar. The alienation of an important branch of a splendid monarchy, its revolution, the birth of a new nation, which, in little more than half a century, stands second to none in power and the extent of its resources, and unrivaled in the general happiness and freedom of its people — a subject so deep and comprehensive is wor-

thy the study of statesmen and philosophers; and yet it is so plain, and the results so natural, that it may be understood by all.

It is the general impression, and we presume most of our readers have imbibed it, that the celebrated stamp-act, and tea-tax, and Boston Port Bill, those oppressive measures immediately preceding the revolution, were the sole cause of provoking it. This is entirely erroneous. These unjust measures were merely the last links in a chain extending back into the past a hundred years. The affection of the colonies for their native country resembled that of the child for its parent. They left there the graves of their fathers and the scenes of their ancestral glory. The name and fame of Old England they enthusiastically loved, and all the endearments of one's own native country bound their hearts to her altars. Though born in America, they were Englishmen; England's king was their king, and her glory theirs. Neglected, they murmured not, but struggled on; injured, they supplicated; oppressed, they remonstrated like men, yet loved like children! Attachment like this could not be destroyed by a single act of injustice. Natural affections are not so easily eradicated from the human breast.

This is not the place to give a minute history of the rise, progress, sufferings and calamities of the colonies. This would require volumes. All I shall attempt is, to state the more prominent facts in relation to their intercourse with England, thus showing in a continued narrative, her jealousy, injustice and oppression of the colonies.

The thirteen colonies were planted between the years 1607 and 1732, with three distinct forms of government —the charter, proprietary, and royal. In New England,

the charter governments were adopted. Under this form the people made their own laws, and were their own rulers. In the proprietary governments, the proprietor ruled with the *advice*, *assent* and *approbation* of the majority. The royal governments were composed of a governor and council appointed by the crown, and a legislature chosen by the people. Under these respective forms of government our fathers came out and settled the colonies. Here they found an unbroken wilderness, ravenous beasts, and a savage foe. Like men they labored, and like heroes they fought. They had strong hearts and strong arms. Neither the tomahawk of the savage, the withering gripe of famine, nor the blasting breath of pestilence could overcome them. In a few years their fields smiled with abundant crops — the reward of their industry. Nor were the energies of the colonies confined entirely to agriculture. From the diversity of wants and products, commerce and manufactures began to be early engaged in. This excited the jealousy of the merchants and manufacturers of England. They complained loudly that their business would be injured, and called upon the government to stop it. "The colonists," said they "are beginning to carry on trade, they will soon be our formidable rivals. They are already setting up manufactures — they will soon set up for independence. Accordingly, acts were early passed restricting the trade with the colonies, as well as with the other parts of the world, to English-built ships. This had to do only with the export trade. With this they were not long content; but in 1663, applied the same restriction to the import trade. Notwithstanding these acts, the trade between the colonies was free and briskly prosecuted. This was too great a privilege to be permitted by the selfish politicians and

monopolies of the parent country, for any length of time In 1672, the following products transported from one colony to another were subject to the following duties ; viz : white sugars, five shillings, and brown sugars one shilling and sixpence per hundred; tobacco and indigo, one penny, and cotton a half-penny per pound. These duties were not imposed for the purpose of raising revenue, but to render the trade between the colonies unprofitable, and to act as a prohibition. So the colonies understood it. Massachusetts entirely disregarded them for a long time, because they were a violation of her charter, and all the colonies declared them to be unconstitutional and unjust. Their disregard of these enactments called forth severe measures for their enforcement. Conscious of their rights as Englishmen under the English constitution, and that they had not forfeited them by their labors and hardships in founding their colonies and enlarging the dominion of the kingdom, they felt most keenly the gross injustice of these measures for crippling their rising commerce and trade. At length the infant manufactures of the colonies began to excite the solicitude of England in a very special manner. In 1699, Parliament began its system of restriction upon colonial manufactures, by an enactment " that no wool, yarn or woolen manufactures of their American plantations should be shipped there, or even laden in order to be transported thence to any other place whatever." In 1719, the House of Commons declared " that the erecting of manufactories in the colonies tended to lessen their *dependence* upon Great Britain." In 1731, the board of trade reported to the House of Commons, " that there are more trades carried on and manufactures set up on the continent of America northward of Virginia, prejudicial to

the trade and manufactures of Great Britain, particularly in New England, than in any other of the British colonies." About this time New England had engaged in the manufacture of hats, so extensively, it seems, as to be able to supply themselves and export considerable quantities to Spain and Portugal. This called forth loud complaints from the London Company of Hatters, which had, of course, the exclusive right to supply the whole world with hats. The consequence of their outcry was, that the exportation of hats from the colonies to foreign countries, and even to their neighbor colonies, was *prohibited.* In 1732, it was enacted, that hats should neither be shipped nor even laden upon a horse, cart or other carriage with a view to transportation to any place whatever, and that no hatter should employ more than two apprentices at once, nor make hats, unless he had served as an apprentice to the trade for seven years. Not content with cutting off their trade in this article with foreign countries, and with prohibiting even the colonies that manufactured from supplying their sister colonies that did not, with hats; the Government, by limiting the number of apprentices and restricting the manufacture to those who had served seven years, intended that the manufacturers should not be able to supply their own home market. *Parental legislation this!*

The manufacture of iron must be suppressed also, for the benefit of the iron interest in England. They most graciously permitted the colonies to reduce the iron ore into pig and bars; but the working up of this iron into the thousand useful implements and machines which they needed at home and could sell abroad, they were not permitted in the least to engage in. This must be done by the pampered and selfish monopolies in the kingdom.

See the *wise laws* of Great Britain's *wise legislators*. In the year 1750, Parliament prohibited the erection or continuance of any mill or *engine* for *slitting* or *rolling* iron, or any *plating forge* to work with, or tilt-hammer, or any furnace for making steel, in the colonies, under the penalty of two hundred pounds." Moreover every such mill or engine or plating forge was declared a *common nuisance*, and the governors of the colonies, on the information of two witnesses on oath, were directed to cause the same *to be abated* within thirty days, or forfeit the sum of five hundred pounds.

This was the beginning of vexations. The very basis of their youthful institutions was to be overturned or set aside. The charter or New England governments were unrestricted in their authority, with the exception that none of their laws should be repugnant to the laws of England. The crown viewed these charters as constituting corporations for the time being, to be annulled whenever it was its will. But to the colonists, their charters were their bonds of existence, and to lay violent hands on them was like touching the apple of their eye. Under them they had suffered and toiled, and grown and prospered. They were the warrant of their privileges, and contained the solemn guarantee of their rights, sealed with the broad seal of the kingdom. But the king and his ministers were jealous of the growing power and prosperity of the colonies, and so they were to be oppressed. Their charters were set at nought, and Sir Edmund Andros was appointed governor-general of New England. This man was a cruel and unscrupulous tyrant. No act within his power was too mean or oppressive for him to perform. So general was the abhorrence of his administration, that, says a distinguished writer, "a deep

gloom spread over the whole territory of New England." One of the first acts of his despotism was, to place the press under censorship. The lovely character of the man is also seen in the following regulations: "Magistrates alone were permitted to solemnize marriages, and no marriages were allowed until bonds with sureties were given to the governor, to be forfeited if any lawful impediment should afterwards appear. No man could remove from the country without the consent of the governor."

"Fees of office, particularly in matters of probate, were exorbitant. Towns were not permitted to hold meetings but once a year, and then for the sole purpose of electing officers. All former grants of lands were considered invalid, either because they were rendered void by the destruction of their charter, or were destitute of the formality of a seal. The people were therefore obliged to take out new patents for their lands and pay enormous patent fees, or suffer them to be granted to others, and they themselves be ejected from their hard-earned possessions."

"In addition to this, taxes were imposed at the will of the governor-general and a few of his council, nor had the poor New Englanders the privilege of complaining, and claiming the rights of Englishmen, without being liable to fine and imprisonment. These taxes the governor and council, by their act, assessed upon the several towns and directed each town to appoint a commissioner, who, with the selectmen, was ordered to assess the same on the individual inhabitants."

These are but an outline of the acts of that relentless tyrant, and, as might be expected, they produced trouble and collisions. But the day of his power at length closed, a dark day for the oppressor, but joyous to the oppressed.

When his besotted master fled from his exasperated country, this distinguished governor-general of all New England, his excellency, Sir Edmund Andros, was promptly placed in close confinement, so that his excellency might be in safe keeping to await the orders of his government. This Sir Edmund forgot that there was a possibility that he would out-live his worthy master on the throne, under whose protection he exercised his lordly sway over the hardy New Englanders, and that in that event he would meet a righteous retribution. The possibility became an event — the tyrant was crushed. Thus may it ever be with tyrants.

The accession of William, Prince of Orange, to the throne, brought some relief to the colonies, but it was slight and of short duration. The same old dispute arose respecting the powers conferred by the charters. A violent and protracted controversy was occasioned by a requisition from the king that a fixed and permanent salary should be provided for the officers appointed by the crown. Massachusetts disputed this proposition for thirty years. The assembly were willing to vote, from year to year, money for the support of the governor; but neither menaces, threats nor promises could induce them to establish a permanent salary. At length the king yielded the point.

The colonies were also treated most wrongfully by Great Britain, by sending her prison convicts to our shores, and making the colonies a rendezvous for felons. Against this the colonies loudly complained. The Government's justification of itself in this nefarious business was, "that in many of his majesty's colonies and plantations, there was a great want of *servants*, who by their labor and industry, might be the means of *improving* and making the

co'onies *more useful* to his majesty." What an insult to the common and moral sense of our fathers! Such were some of the grievances suffered by the colonists in their immense labors in their new and rugged home. Yet they were firmly attached to the parent country, despite all this oppression, and these plans for keeping them in humble subjection. Even their treasure and their blood were often sacrificed for the benefit and glory of England. Of their firm allegiance and heroic devotion to the mother country, no better testimony can be adduced than the following: Said a distinguished member of parliament, a few years previous to the revolution, "Whenever Great Britain has declared war, the colonies have taken their part. They were engaged in king William's war, and queen Anne's war, even in their infancy. They conquered Arcadia in the last century for us; and we then gave it up. Again in queen Anne's war, they conquered Nova Scotia, which from that time has belonged to Great Britain. They have been engaged in more than one expedition to Canada, ever foremost to partake of honor and danger with the mother country.

"Well, sir, what have we done for them? Have we conquered the country for them from the Indians? Have we cleared it? Have we drained it? Have we made it habitable? What have we done for them? I believe precisely nothing at all, but just *keeping watch* and *ward over their trade that they should receive nothing but from ourselves and at our own price.* I will not positively say that we have spent nothing, though I don't know of any such article upon our journals; I mean any national expense in setting them out as colonists. The royal military government of Nova Scotia cost indeed not a little sum; above £500,000 for its plantations and its first year

Had your colonies cost any thing similar, either in their outset or support, there would be something to say on that side; but instead of that, they have been left to themselves for one hundred or one hundred and fifty years, upon the fortune and capital of private adventurers, to encounter every difficulty and danger. What towns have we built for them? What forests have we cleared? What country have we conquered for them from the Indians. Name the officers — name the troops — the expeditions — their dates — where are they found? Not on the journals of this kingdom. They are no where to be found.

"In all the wars which have been common to us and them, they have taken their full share. But in all their dangers, in the difficulties belonging separately to their situation, in all the Indian wars which did not immediately concern us, we left them to themselves to struggle through. For the whim of a minister you can bestow half a million to build a town, and to plant a royal colony of Nova Scotia, a greater sum than you have bestowed upon every other colony together.

"And notwithstanding all these which are the real facts, now that they have struggled through their difficulties, and begin to hold up their heads, and to show an empire which promises to be foremost in the world, we claim them and theirs as implicitly belonging to us, without any consideration of their own rights. We charge them with ingratitude, without the least regard to truth, just as if this kingdom for a century and a half had attended to no other subject; as if all our revenue, all our power, all our thought had been bestowed upon them, and all our national debt had been contracted in the Indian wars of America; totally forgetting the *subordina-*

tion in commerce and manufactures in which we have bound and for which at least we owe them help towards their protection."

The testimony of Mr. Pownal, one of the royal governors, is of a similarly honorable character.

In 1765 he said, "I profess an affection for the colonies, because having lived amongst those people, in a private as well as public character, I know them; I know that in their private, social relations, there is not a more friendly, and in their political ones, a *more zealously loyal people* in all his majesty's dominions. When fairly and openly dealt with, there is not a people who have a truer sense of the necessary powers of government. They would sacrifice their dearest interests, for the honor and prosperity of their mother country. I have a right to say this, because experience has given me a practical knowledge and this impression of them."

"The duty of a colony is affection for the mother country. Here I may affirm that in whatever frame and temper this affection can lie in the human breast, in that form by the deepest and most permanent affection it ever did lie in the breast of the American people. They have no other idea of this country than as their home; they have no other word by which to express it; and till of late it has constantly been expressed by the name of home. That powerful affection, that love for our native country, which operates in every breast, operates in this people towards England, which they consider as their native country; nor is this a mere passive impression, a mere opinion in speculation — it has been wrought in them to a vigilant and active zeal for the service of this country."

Such was the character of our fathers — their earnest and constant patriotism — in return for which we have seen and shall see what they received.

During the administration of Sir Robert Walpole and Mr. Pitt, it was first proposed to tax the colonies for the purpose of *drawing a revenue* from them. This proposition, when known to be a government measure, aroused the whole country to a sense of their rights. The shrewd Walpole and the noble and eloquent Pitt were not always to be at the helm of the British government. Said Walpole, "I will leave the *taxation* of the Americans for my successors, who may have more courage than I have, and are less friendly to commerce than I am." His successors undertook what that great statesman feared to do, an undertaking which cost them hundreds of millions of dollars, besides their darling colonies.

Lord Grenville was the man to lead off in this unnatural measure — and he was an unnatural man — haughty, self-willed and overbearing. This minister announced to Dr. Franklin, and the other agents of the colonies then residing in London in 1764, that he proposed to raise a revenue from the colonies, and should, at the ensuing session, recommend a duty on stamps.

The colonial assemblies took the earliest opportunity to express their indignation. They declared the act "iniquitous, oppressive, and without precedent in the annals of British legislation." Petitions from all quarters were sent to the agents in London, accompanied with instructions to have them laid before the king and parliament. The proceedings of the people at large, were marked with less order and decorum. They were particular to manifest the abhorrence of the stamp distributors. By riots, mobs and threats they compelled the stamp officers to resign their office. They would not have manifested more resentment, had the paper been poisoned paper, instead of stamped paper. It was at length driven, like

leaves before the autumnal winds, from the land,on board armed vessels, and finally, after passing through many dangers, found its way back safely to England.

Such was the fate of the stamps, but the indignation it raised among the American people cooled only into settled distrust, and opened between them and the British government an irreparable breach. A volume would not give a full account of the proceedings on both sides of the Atlantic concerning this measure. We will confine ourselves to one or two of the most interesting transactions.

The American cause had some noble champions on the floor of the house of commons. Among these Gen. Conway, Alderman Beckford, Col. Barre, Mr. Jackson, and Sir William Merredith were conspicuous. At the close of a speech in support of the stamp-bill, Charles Townshend, one of the ministers, exclaimed, "And now will these Americans, *planted* by our care, nourished by our indulgence until they have grown to a degree of strength and importance, and protected by our arms, will they now grudge to contribute their mite to relieve us from the burden we lie under?" The minister had no sooner taken his seat than Col. Barre rose and replied: "They planted by your care! No, your oppression planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny to a then uncultivated and inhospitable country, where they were exposed to almost all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and among others to the cruelties of a savage foe; the most subtile, and I will take it upon me say. the most formidable of any people on the face of God's earth; and yet actuated by the principles of true English liberty, they met all hardships with pleasure, compared with those they suffered in their own country from the

hands of those who should have been their friends. They nourished by your indulgence!! They grew by your neglect of them. As soon as you began to take care of them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule them in one department and another, who were deputies to some member of this house, sent to prey upon them; men whose behavior on many occasions has caused the blood of those sons of liberty to recoil within them; men promoted to the highest seats of justice, some to my knowledge, were glad by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to a bar of justice in their own.

"They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your *defence;* have exerted their valor amidst their constant and laborious industry, for the defence of a country whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emolument. And believe me, that same spirit of freedom which actuated that people at first, will accompany them still.

"But prudence forbids me to explain myself further. God knows I do not at this time speak from any party heat. However superior to me in general knowledge and experience the respectable body of this house may be, yet I claim to know more of America than the most of you, having seen and been constant in that country. The people, I believe, are as truly loyal as any subjects the king has, but a people jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them if ever they should be violated. But the subject is too delicate — I will say no more."

Notwithstanding this truthful and eloquent appeal, the house passed the bill by a great majority. Such is the blindness and infatuation that sometimes seizes the minds of kings and rulers. Proud, oppressive and vain men!

On their side they beheld the instruments of power and coercion — we were insignificant. How little they knew of the unconquerable nature of *right* and *justice*. But they had a lesson, an expensive and instructive lesson concerning it; the same lesson that the monarchs of Europe are learning now in a more summary and *striking* manner.

At length in 1766, a change in the ministry brought the repeal of the stamp act. Great was the joy this repeal produced in England, but greater still throughout America. Massachusetts passed a vote of gratitude to the king, and of thanks to Mr. Pitt, the Duke of Grafton, and others who assisted in the measure. The house of burgesses of Virginia resolved to erect a statue in honor of the king, and an obelisk in honor of all who had distinguished themselves in favor of the colonies.

It was policy, and not a sense of the injustice of the measure, that caused its repeal; for the repeal was accompanied by a *declaratory act*, that parliament had the *right* to make laws and statutes to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever. Accordingly, the next year, '67, this right was again exercised by an imposition of taxes upon the colonies. The articles upon which duties were laid, were glass, paper, pasteboard, white and red lead, paints and tea. This was accompanied with two other oppressive acts, one establishing a new board of custom-house officers in the colonies; the other restraining the legislature of New York from *passing any act whatever*, until they should furnish the king with several required articles.

Again were the colonies alarmed! They saw in this new revenue act, the same odiousness that they did in the stamp act. It was the same old pill, sugared over with (what its authors thought) a more palatable coating.

The opposition was vehement, and it was expressed in more positive terms than ever before. Several of the colonies declared their determination never to submit to such abhorrent enactments. The people evaded the custom-house laws, and so deep was the resentment, that the revenue officers were finally compelled to take refuge on board a ship of war.

The public excitement was still increased by the arrival in Boston harbor of two regiments of British troops, sent over to assist the civil officers in preserving peace and enforcing the laws. The proud and free spirit of the Bostonians could ill brook the sight of foreign troops, quartered on their common, and in their State house. Foreign bayonets in their halls of justice and legislation, was a sight not to be tamely endured by a people who knew their rights and had the courage to maintain them. Frequent quarrels and collisions indicated but too plainly that the end of these things would be in blood!

In 1770, the duties on all the articles before enumerated were abolished, except *tea*. The national honor required the principle, and this tea tax was the grand representative of it. The other duties were taken off in justice to the colonies; the tea tax was continued, to preserve the *dignity* of his majesty's government.

The troops were still quartered in Boston; and the regulations of trade were enforced with great strictness On the memorable evening of the fifth of March, 1770, the British troops, in a quarrel with the citizens, killed and wounded eleven of the latter in the streets of Boston! The whole city immediately assembled and demanded the removal of the troops from the town. This bloody affray has since been called the "Boston massacre."

The duty on teas continued, and petitions, remon-

strances and resolutions could not remove it. But there was one way to render this tax partially harmless, and that was, to *buy no tea.* This they resolved to do; and the abstinence of our fathers and mothers from this delicious beverage, was an indication of the sacrifices they could make, and the sufferings they could endure, when called upon to preserve their liberties and their rights.

In consequence of their adherence to their resolution of abstinence from tea, this article accumulated on the hands of the East India Company in enormous quantities, until their houses groaned with the burden, and they, for want of income. The Company was forced to seek relief from its embarrassments, of government.

Accordingly in 1773, the government passed an act allowing the Company to export their teas to America, with a drawback of the duties paid at the custom-house. This regulation would make tea cheaper in America than in England, and government therefore thought the colonies would buy it. But they had not yet learned the temper of the people with whom they were dealing. The tea destined for Charleston, was landed and stored, but not permitted to be offered for sale. The cargoes brought to New York and Philadelphia were not landed, but were carried back to England without even making an entry at the custom-house. Our readers well know the fate of the tea at the wharf in Boston. A party of *Mohawked* Americans committed it to the bosom of old Neptune, the water god.

The British ministers were indignant and wrathful. They determined to punish the Americans for not purchasing their teas. Accordingly, the celebrated Boston port bill was passed, prohibiting the landing or shipping of any goods at that port after the first of June following.

About the same time another act was passed, altering the charter of the colony of Massachusetts so that the appointment of council, justices, judges, sheriffs, and even jurors, depended upon the king, restraining all town meetings except the annual, without a written permission from the governor. To these another was added, authorizing the governor to send any person to Great Britain for trial, who was indicted for any act done in violation of the revenue laws.

This was enough. Affairs were now fast coming to a crisis. Although most of these measures were aimed directly at Boston and Massachusetts, yet all the colonies sympathized with them in their sufferings, approved of their spirit, and encouraged them in resisting.

Such is the story, hastily and imperfectly sketched, of the trials, the sufferings, the forbearance and firmness of our ancestors. Such was the unreasonable and cruel policy of England toward them.

But the time was fast approaching when they were to struggle in the offensive — to contend for independence and nationality — rather than against a tea tax or port bill. At this period, affairs wore a dark and forbidding aspect. On one side was power. Great Britain had a large and veteran army; and a navy good against that of the whole world combined, with which she could blockade every considerable port in America. There was probably but one opinion, except that in the hearts of our countrymen, as to the result. All thought that America would have to submit to the British lion. But to the Americans it was more a question of *principle* than of *success*. Many of them no doubt firmly believed in their final triumph. All however were prepared to adopt the motto, "Liberty or death." Successful or unsuccessful,

submit to *oppression, they never would.* They believed it was better to die freemen than live slaves, and they *felt it*, and were willing to *act* up to it. They knew that they were few, and scattered, and undisciplined, that they were not well provided with arms and military stores, and that their country was poorly fortified. Accordingly they sent their wisest men to meet in congress, to deliberate and consult together, and to adopt measures for the preservation of their rights. This noble band of patriots met in Philadelphia, in September, 1774; and after organizing, appointed committees to report upon matters of the greatest importance, and prepare addresses to the people of Great Britain, to the inhabitants of the province of Quebec, and to the colonies.

Says a distinguished historian, "The addresses prepared, the various papers drawn up, the measures recommended by this congress, form their highest eulogium, and attest how judiciously a selection of character had been made by the people, for the all-interesting concerns intrusted to their care. Affection for the mother country, an exalted admiration of her national character, unwillingness to separate from her, a knowledge of the hazards and difficulties of the struggle to be engaged in, mingled with an enthusiastic love of liberty, and of country, with a conviction that all which can make life valuable was at stake, characterized their proceedings."

Of that celebrated band of patriots, Roger Sherman stood in the front rank. His calm and reflecting mind, his sound and tried judgment, and his characteristic sagacity enabled him to see the end from the beginning. He knew that Britain was too proud to recede from even an unjust position, and that America was too much in earnest, too jealous of her liberties, to yield without a

long and severe struggle. He was aware that Britain had all the resources, with which to carry on a long and bloody contest, and that his own countrymen had all the courage, the patriotism and firmness necessary to endure it. Conscious of all this, he prepared himself for the contest which he saw was inevitable. He was familiar with the history of the colonies, and knew their grievances well. His keen sense of right, his unswerving adherence to justice and virtue, and his ardent patriotism, would not for a moment permit him to hesitate or falter. At the threatening period of 1774, when the minds of the American people were pausing to consult and deliberate upon the steps to be taken, and the measures to be adopted, Roger Sherman took his seat in the first continental congress in Philadelphia, firmly and irrevokably committed to the cause of his country; nor could the thousand battle-ships of England, nor her hundred thousand bayonets, nor her prisons, nor her gibbets, move or intimidate him.

As we have before observed, he was one of the most prominent in this assembly of prominent men. His habits of critical examination and close investigation — the correctness of his opinions and the soundness of his conclusions, for which he was particularly distinguished, qualified him for a safe adviser and wise counselor, and made him one of the strongest pillars of the revolution. He was accordingly appointed on the most important committees, some of which were the following; to prepare instructions to the army in Canada; to establish regulations in regard to the trade of the United Colonies; to regulate the currency of the country; to furnish supplies for the army; to devise ways and means for providing ten millions of dollars for the expenses of the current year; to concert

a plan of military operations for the campaign of 1776. Our readers who are familiar with the history of this country during the war, will at once perceive that the duties devolving on the above committees were arduous and responsible to the extreme, and that their investigations involved the highest interest if not the very existence of the country.

Perhaps no better evidence of his character and standing in that body, can be found, than the fact, that he was on the committee with Franklin, Adams, Jefferson and Livingston, to prepare a declaration of independence. This committee, which was to proclaim a new nation, was undoubtedly composed of their wisest and strongest men; and we venture to say that a better, a wiser, a nobler committee could not be found in any country at any time.

In 1784, Mr. Sherman was elected Mayor of New Haven, an office he held during the remainder of his life.

Hitherto the articles of the confederation had been the only compact among the several States since the time of their adoption by Congress in 1778. This instrument which but poorly answered the ends for which it was designed, during the war, was found wholly inadequate for the purposes of government, after the establishment of peace. During the war, the love and defence of their liberties were the great moving principles of action and bonds of unity among the States. With these constantly called into powerful operation by the presence of the common foe, this imperfect system of legislation barely sufficed. But in the absence of these strong motives to united action, local and individual interests began to prevail over, to the great detriment of, national interests.

The compact of confederation left so much authority to the States, and conferred so little upon congress, that in all the important measures, the majority of the States composed the general government in fact, and congress simply a recommendatory committee.

The different pursuits consequent upon the different locations of the States, some being commercial and others agricultural, were erroneously supposed to be of antagonistical nature; and the regulation of trade within its own jurisdiction being left entirely to each State, the different interests frequently came in collison. Congress had no power to regulate trade, or impose duties on foreign merchandize, as a drawback on foreign nations, which excessively taxed our own. Enormously in debt, but without revenues, and without power to create them, the general government lost the confidence of its citizens, and on account of the heavy pressure from the loss of credit and the depreciation of property, there was a great lack, generally, of confidence among individuals themselves. Trade languished, and a general stagnation prevailed in all departments of business. At length, after great suffering, and many local efforts to remedy the evils, a proposition was made by Virginia to all the other States, to meet in convention, for the purpose of forming a plan of government equal to the exigencies of the Union. It was acceded to by all the States, and finally issued in the formation of a new constitution — an entirely new government. To this convention, the States sent their ablest, most distinguished and most experienced statesmen. The immortal Washington presided over its deliberations, and in them Roger Sherman participated. This body met in May, 1787, and continued its sittings four months with closed doors. Mr. Sherman

took a prominent part in the debates of the convention and was one of its most prominent members. A paper has been found among his manuscripts, containing a number of propositions designed as amendments to the articles of confederation, many of which were adopted in the new constitution. In a letter to General Floyd he says, "Perhaps a better constitution could not be made upon mere speculation. If upon experience it should be found to be deficient, it provides an easy and peaceable mode of making amendments. But if the constitution should be adopted and the several States choose some of their wisest and best men from time to time to administer the government, I believe it will not want any amendments. I hope that kind Providence which guided these States through a dangerous and distressing war to peace and liberty, will watch over them and guide them in the way of safety."

This constitution, which bears the impression of great skill and wisdom in its formation, with but few blemishes, which most of its framers would gladly have omitted, and fondly anticipated their children would expunge, owes, no doubt, many of its wise and salutary provisions to the clear, sagacious, penetrating mind of Mr. Sherman. He saw the various, conflicting, still increasing interests of the young and growing republic, as it were laid bare before him; the effect of certain regulations upon these various interest, and sections was equally exposed to his view. In short, in wisely adapting means to ends, no man in the nation excelled Roger Sherman.

After exerting his powers in moulding the form of government, his influence was required at home to urge its adoption by his native State. As has been before observed, there were local objections against any one plan

of government; and these objections in some States were well nigh insuperable. According to the testimony of Chief Justice Ellsworth, the adoption of the constitution by Connecticut was in a great measure owing to Mr. Sherman's arguments and influence. He appeared before the State convention assembled to deliberate upon the question of its adoption, and explained in a lucid and forcible manner its probable operation.

Under this constitution Mr. Sherman was elected a representative to congress. He served in this capacity two years, when he was elected to a seat in the United States senate, which he continued to hold, and the duties of which he discharged with great credit and fidelity, until the 23d of July, 1793. His work was now done! Death found the venerable patriot and statesman at his post, in the seventy-third year of his age.

The character of this great man was strongly marked by a few leading traits. His great practical knowledge, common sense, knowledge of human nature, was a striking feature in his character, without which he could not have been so pre-eminently distinguished. From earliest life he had been a careful observer and constant thinker. When on his seat at his trade, he accumulated stores of knowledge which was ever after highly useful to himself and others. Even his experience in the manufacture of shoes, served to protect the government from imposition, in contracting for this article for the army of the revolution. This little incident shows the folly of contemning knowledge acquired in the humbler walks of life, and that no real information is valueless. Roger Sherman the shoemaker, little thought, when driving pegs in Connecticut, that he would have occasion to teach the national Congress the price of shoes. With his penetrating

eye out upon the world, studying human nature in busy life, the only theater in which it can be rightly studied, he knew well the virtues, the failings, the powers and the weaknesses of man. He knew what they would be willing to do and endure, what would advance their interest and promote their happiness. He was a practical man, a common-sense man — a self-taught man, a true philosopher. This practical cast of mind which Mr. Sherman possessed, and which is generally characteristic of all truly self-educated men, is of the greatest service to mankind. Its possessors are the teachers of the great body of men; their language is the language of common life — the simple, plain expression of their ideas; their illustrations are drawn from the same source — familiar and intelligible, yet apt and forcible. Such men speak to the poor toil-worn laborer as others never can — to his heart. As clear and bright lights, they stand forth to beckon and entice him on to a higher, nobler life. Crowds are already pressing on. The multitude for ages have been the sport of tyrants, crowned and uncrowned, the tools of priestcraft and demagogueism. But the spell is broken, and they behold with eager gaze the lights which their brethren have set up for their instruction and elevation.

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of Mr. Sherman was his inflexible integrity. Here he was beyond all temptation. Nothing could move him from his convictions of duty and right; none who knew him would dare undertake it. Patient in investigations, candid in judgment, and careful in his conclusions, he was universally known to be; but when once his conclusions were formed, he did not hesitate, he was fixed, immovable as the mountain. This unwavering adherence to his con-

victions has shed an imperishable luster on his name. For this he was distinguished through life. He was honored and respected for it when on the shoemaker's bench — it elevated him to the bench of the supreme court of Connecticut, and placed him in the councils of the nation, in the dark and perilous times of the revolution. The people knew the men whom they trusted. It was to men like Roger Sherman that America was committed in the hour of trial — men who knew the right, and *would* pursue it, come life or come *death!* It is truly lamentable that so little of the spirit of those patriots, those heroes of our heroic age, now glows in the breasts and animates the lives of our public servants. Of how few could it be said, as the great orator Ames used to say of Sherman, "If I am absent during the discussion of a subject, and do not know on which side to vote, I always look at Roger Sherman, *for I am sure if I vote with him I shall vote right!*"

He was also a strictly religious man, a humble, devout Christian. The same openness and sincerity distinguished him in his religious observances, as in all other matters. He offered daily prayer in his family, and was prompt in all his relations with the church of which he was a member. The bible was his constant companion. From this holy book he drew his politics, his morals and his religion; hence the harmony and consistency in his character. He knew of no sphere in which his obligations to truth, to justice and to God did not bind him. He was a stranger to that divorce between morals and politics, so manifest in the conduct of modern politicians. In his family he was a husband, a father and a Christian; in the senate chamber he was a statesman and a *Christian;* in his seat on the supreme bench, he was a Christian judge; in society he was a Christian citizen.

Such was Roger Sherman. Would that his character were studied and imitated by our public men of the present day! Would that his honesty and integrity might adorn the presidential chair, characterize the proceedings of the national legislature, and actuate the lives of our fellow citizens generally. Then would our republic stand firm on an enduring basis, a light and example to the world, and our people be happy, and our name glorious.

The following is the inscription upon the tablet, over the tomb of this great and good man:

IN MEMORY OF

THE HON. ROGER SHERMAN, ESQ.,

Mayor of the city of New Haven,

and Senator of the United States.

He was born at Newton, in Massachusetts,

April 19, 1721,

And died in New Haven, July 23, A. D. 1793,

Aged LXXII.

Possessed of a strong, clear, penetrating mind,
and singular perseverance,
he became the self-taught scholar,
eminent for jurisprudence and policy.
He was nineteen years an Assistant,
and twenty-three years a Judge of the Superior Court,
in high reputation.
He was a delegate in the first Congress,
signed the glorious act of Independence,
and many years displayed superior talents and ability
in the national legislature.

He was a member of the general convention,
approved the federal constitution,
and served his country with fidelity and honor
in the House of Representatives,
and in the Senate of the United States.
He was a man of approved integrity,
a cool, discriminating judge,
a prudent, sagacious politician,
a true, faithful and firm patriot.
He ever adorned
the profession of Christianity
which he made in youth;
and, distinguished through life
for public usefulness,
died in the prospect of a blessed immortality.

WILLIAM CAREY.

Only a few hundred years have passed away, since the daring enterprise of the Italian and Portugese navigators "pierced the night of ages," and laid open to the wondering gaze of civilized nations the secrets of other seas and unknown continents; and established communication with people, whose existence had been hitherto unknown, and nations whose names, customs, language, and religion, were diverse from any thing in the speculations of theorists, or the records of history.

Among all the discoveries of that age of discovery, none was deemed more important at the time, than the passage to the Indias by way of the Cape of Good Hope. It was, indeed, an event full of interest; opening as it did to the civilized nations of the west the fabled regions of southern Asia, teeming with their dusky myriads of population, with their strange habitations and stranger languages.

There was China, with her countless millions — there were Burmah, Siam, and the islands of the sea, embracing a numerous population all untaught in the arts and advantages of European civilization — and there, too, was the rich and coveted country of Hindostan, with its fertile plains, its towering mountains and embosomed vales, blooming with flowers, and watered by the thousand tributaries of the Indus, the Ganges, and the Burampooter; dotted all over with cities and villages, rice fields

and pagodas. Nature has been profuse in its munificence, to enrich and beautify that country, and render it fit to contend for the palm of excellence, with the primeval paradise. Many have been strong in the belief, that the Eden of our first parents was placed somewhere in this delightful region.

All save man, was perfect in the excellence of beauty. He alone was fallen — and such a fall! In his moral attributes it seemed as though Nature had expended all her art, to see how vile and miserable a thing her hand could fabricate; then made this meagre race; and, as in mockery, placed it here, amid the loveliest of her works, that nothing might be wanting, either in fact or contrast, to illustrate the *ne plus ultra* of human degradation.

The spirit of the benighted Hindoo has long been crushed beneath the superstitious teachings, and cruel exactions of an ignorant and lordly priesthood, and has been for ages the victim of a caste, to which civilized history affords no adequate parallel. "Courage, independence, veracity," says a great modern writer, "are qualities to which his constitution and his situation are equally unfavorable. All those arts which are the natural defence of the weak, are more familiar to this subtle race than to the Ionian of the time of Juvenal, or to the Jew of the dark ages. What horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger, what the sting is to the bee, what beauty, according to the old Greek song, is to woman, deceit is to the Bengallee. Large promises, smooth excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstantial falsehood, chicanery, perjury, and forgery, are the weapons offensive and defensive of this people — as usurers, as money changers, as sharp legal practitioners, no class of human beings can bear a comparison with them. But with all his softness, the

Hindoo is by no means prone to pity, nor placable in his enmities."

Such was the character and such the condition of the larger proportion of the Hindoo people, till Christianity commenced its elevating and enlightening labors; which will ere long emancipate the devoted worshipers of false gods from the long and bitter thraldom of caste and superstition.

The projector, under the guiding hand of an overruling Providence, and the ardent, devoted pioneer in the great work of spreading that gospel, which has done so much for the enlightened nations of Europe and America, among the swarming myriads of India, was WILLIAM CAREY, the subject of this brief sketch.

This eminent man and ardent philanthropist was born in Northamptonshire, England, the 17th of August, 1761. Little is known in regard to his ancestry, except that it was from among the lower ranks of the people. His grandfather was, at one time, the humble instructor of a parish school. His father was a weaver; in which employment he was engaged, till young William was some six years of age, when he was elected to the duties and dignities of parish school-master.

Here William received the first rudiments of English education; but as his inheritance — the *heir-loom* of his family, was poverty, he found it impossible to follow that course of liberal education, which the youth of the higher classes in society are privileged to enjoy.

The doors of those famed institutions of learning, which have formed the minds and made the fortunes of so many of England's statesmen, jurists, divines and philosophers, were closed to him. Wealth, the great patron of modern genius, was not his. He is indebted for his

lasting fame, to more of those external agencies, that ministered to the rising greatness of the Bacons, the Newtons, the Miltons, the Lockes and the Chalmers of Britain's muster roll of mighty intellects. Like most of the master minds of all ages, he was taught in the school of adversity; and in the path which he traveled in early life and indeed throughout almost the entire of his course, he could derive neither assistance in his pursuits, nor encouragement in his studies, from any of his associates. But his character was adapted to his condition, and enabled him to meet with pleasure, and overcome with success, obstacles, that to minds of a different mould, would have proved insurmountable.

His steady perseverance, even in the days of boy hood, was proverbial. Whatever he began, he finished. This trait of character, thus early manifested, combined with an eager desire for knowledge — a craving thirst for more extended information, fitted him in an eminent degree, for that high rank among men of learning that he afterwards sustained.

While in his father's school, he was often engaged in intellectual exercises far beyond his years, and would spend the hours of night, while others slept, in making substantial progress on the highway to knowledge.

Young Carey's taste for the natural sciences, was early developed, in the desire to examine curious objects, and pry into the nature and causes of things. Every thing new or remarkable attracted his attention. His room was a queer kind of a cabinet — a real curiosity-shop — here a heap of stones of some novel appearance, or brilliant color — there a lot of bird-cages, where some unlucky specimens of the little songsters were confined, in order to be fed and watched — and all along the cor-

ners of the ceiling, and on the shelves, were a host of insects, which he had procured, to watch their progress and make himself acquainted with their habits. Here, among this interesting family of broken minerals, birds, spiders and caterpillars, he delighted to spend his time.

In this line of pursuit, to want, was to get, if the thing could possibly be accomplished. If any new specimen was to be had, though at the bottom of the stream, he was in for it; and wo to the unhappy bird's nest that caught his boyish eye — no matter if it was on the topmost bough of the tallest tree, if it could be seen by any one, it was not likely to escape his keen observation.

An anecdote is related which illustrates this point, as well as the aforementioned trait of obstinate adherence to his purposes. I have somewhere met with the remark of some phrenologist, that weavers acquire the faculty of concentration, the power of fixing the mind for a great length of time on a particular object, in a remarkable degree; if this be true, we may readily conceive that William inherited this peculiarity from his father. In attempting to secure a bird's nest among the branches of a tall tree, he failed, and fell to the ground. He was considerably injured by the fall, and did not get over it for some time; but the first thing our hero does, when he gets about again, is to climb that same tree, and take that identical nest.

On account of a peculiar cutaneous disorder in his face and hands, which unfitted him for active employment in the open air, and which did not entirely leave him during life, he was, at the age of fourteen, bound apprentice to a shoemaker in a neighboring village. Here he remained for two years, till the death of his master released him from the contract. Yet such was the up-

right integrity of his character, that he purchased the remainder of his time of his master's widow, though by law the obligation of apprenticeship is dissolved by the death of either party, and let himself as a journeyman.

In this employ he remained for several years; and as his wages were low, he was often in rather low circumstances. There is an amusing paragraph in the short sketch of his early life written by himself, as follows:

"The childish story of my shortening a shoe to make it longer, is entitled to no credit, though it would be silly in me to pretend to recollect all the shoes I made. I was accounted a very good workman, and recollect Mr. Old keeping a pair I had made in his shop as a model of good workmanship. But the best of workmen sometimes, from various causes, put bad work out of their hands, and I have no doubt I did so too."

With the same frankness he speaks of being addicted to many bad habits in his early years, lying in particular, "to which," he says, "I was awfully addicted." Certain it is, a great and marked reform in his character and actions took place during the latter part of his minority, and the subject of Christianity came to engross his almost undivided attention. He spent much time in talking and arguing upon the truths of religion, and knotty points of theology, where he always seemed quite expert. His was indeed a mind exceedingly well adapted by Nature, to enter into such investigations; and his opponents often felt the logical weight of his skillful reasoning.

In his nineteenth year, young Carey entered into the connubial relation; and, perhaps, without that judgment and wise forethought, which should guide a young man in the choice of a bosom companion for life.

Nearly at the same time, the man with whom he was

engaged dying, he assumed his liabilities and stock in trade, and commenced business for himself. His prospects appeared good. Trade was flourishing. But the Power that controlled his destiny would not suffer the prospect of worldly advantage to interfere with that scheme, which was to elevate him to another distant and worthier calling. Unexpected reverses soon came, and the fair formed hopes of profitable business were crushand withered in a moment.

Owing to the pressure of the times, or other causes, a large order he expected to fill when he entered into the business of his deceased master, was withdrawn, just as the work was executed; leaving a large quantity of shoes on hand, which he was obliged to dispose of to great disadvantage.

Previous to this, he had, in compliance with urgent solicitation, several times officiated as public preacher, in his own and adjoining neighborhoods; he now received a regular appointment, and entered upon the duties of his calling. But his new avocation did not liberate him from the work bench; for the people over whom he was placed, being too poor to furnish him an adequate salary, he was compelled to toil during the week for the support of a dependent and growing family. Many a sermon did he compose over the last and the lapstone.

His was no New England pastorship, where the religious teacher is cheerfully and liberally supported. Nor was it with him as though he had been within the pale of the established church, to whose funds all the people are obliged by government to contribute, and whose beneficed clergy can riot in all the luxury of princes, without caring one jot for the bodies or souls of their people.

Mr. Carey was not a friend to the establishment, but early became a conscientious dissenter, and joined the

Baptist denomination, as the society with whose views his own most nearly coincided.

This choice on the part of Carey, was a matter of regret to many who knew him and appreciated his talents; and one gentleman of standing among the high churchmen, was heard to say, that "it was a lamentable thing that he was a dissenter, for never a youth promised fairer to make a great man, had he not turned 'cushion thumper.'"

The meagerness of his support, arising from the poverty of the little societies to which he ministered, together with numerous calls from other places offering superior advantages, subjected him to many removals; but wherever he sojourned, he was the sure to have a little garden, in the cultivation of which, he took eminent satisfaction. It was his glory to retire and watch the progress of his plants, root out the weeds, train the vines and flowers, and admire the good hand of Nature in the tribes of vegetation.

At one time he entered the lists as a schoolmaster; but in this department he was not successful. Remarkably endowed with the powers for acquiring knowledge, he was not equally fitted for imparting instruction. These are two different faculties, not always combined in the same individual. He could not put on the sovereign air, utter the tones, nor wield the scepter of the pedagogue; and he used often to say, with a playful laugh, "when I kept school, the boys kept me."

During all these complicated trials, the indefatigable mind of Carey was engaged in patient, persevering efforts for the acquisition of knowledge. His mind was constantly active; and without teacher, and almost without books, he succeeded in mastering, in some good degree,

the classical languages; thus laying a deep and broad foundation for the massive superstructure he afterwards reared, and fitting his intellect for severe and long protracted study, in that wide field where he was called to exert its powers, and where we are soon to behold him, in the plentitude of mighty projects and magnificent achievements.

Some person presented him with a folio volume in Dutch, and so great was his curiosity to examine it, that he procured a grammar, and in a short time made himself master of the language. The acquisition of a language, which to most minds is a Herculean task, was to him a very little thing.

But this talent, though it marks him sufficiently high as as scholar, is not the foundation on which his chief and true claim to eminence rests. The devotion of all his talents — his whole self, soul and body — to the good of mankind — the turning of those faculties, which have been so often used to gain applause and worldly renown, to practical utility for the benefit of the race; this was the grand, distinguishing feature in the long and laborious career of this remarkable man.

About the year 1789, he first brought to the view of the public, the great scheme of missionary enterprise, as an object of special regard. This subject had long occupied his mind, and within a year or two had been an object of intense thought.

It seems his first idea of this glorious project was called into being by the perusal of Capt. Cook's voyages. This happy conception led to the study of geography, which was for a season, his all engrossing pursuit. The shop where he labored, for he was still at times compelled to apply to the bench for aid, was hung with maps whereon

he had marked the names and localities of the various nations, together with all the information in regard to each, he was able to glean from reading and inquiry. In after times, the shop was pointed out and called "Dr. Carey's College."

The great idea once fastened in his own mind, he sought opportunities to press it upon the attention of his brethren and the public. At a meeting held at Northampton, the younger ministers were called upon to propose a topic for discussion; no one answering to the call, Mr. Carey at length arose, and with characteristic zeal proposed the subject of his constant meditations — "The duty of Christians to attempt the spread of the gospel among heathen nations."

This announcement was received with astonishment. Veterans in the field of Christian warfare were amazed, and looked upon Carey as an enthusiast for entertaining the idea.

This indisposition on the part of many to enter into the plan, had no other effect, than to quicken the exertions of the young evangelist to higher and more strenuous efforts.

He had become possessed, we might say the victim, of a great idea. He would erect a standard for himself; not the standard of his own ambition, but the standard of the cross. He would disenslave a world. He would emancipate nations; not from the oppressive grasp of political tyranny, or the servitude of human power; but from the thraldom of ignorance, sin and superstition. He would become a servant; but the servant of a master worthy of his service. He would become a ruler; but the ruler of his own passions, and powers, and capacities. It was one of those ideas, or inspirations, that nothing but death can quench.

Many of the young and ardent stood with him; among whom may be found the names of Fuller, Hall, Morris and Pierce.

Mr. Carey composed an able document, entitled, "Inquiry into the obligations of Christians," &c., which exhibited depth of reflection and great geographical investigation in his particular department. Here he demonstrated the practicability of the scheme he proposed, and concluded with a judicious and spirited appeal to ministers and people.

In the course of this year, (1789,) he made his last removal in England. He went to Leicester. Here he had much higher advantages for the accumulation of knowledge than he had previously enjoyed.

Dr. Arnold allowed him free access to his large and choice library, which, with other attentions from that gentleman, gave him an acquaintance with the circle of polite literature and the sciences, which was of the utmost advantage to him while pursuing his labors in the East, cut off from all access to libraries and converse with the learned.

By this latter removal the circumstances of Mr. Carey were decidedly improved, though he found it convenient to assist himself by teaching schools, and became once more, knight of the ferule, in the cause of youthful progression.

Many, we might say all, who ever accomplished much in life, have been in the habit of dividing their time and apportioning it among their various duties so that every hour should have its appropriate work, and no time be allowed to run to waste. Thus it was with Carey — he had already commenced to lay out his work beforehand, and assign to each particular branch of employment, its

own appropriate time. To this course he rigidly adhered through life, and was by this method able, without intense exertion, to perform the most Herculean tasks. A moment's reflection on this idea of having a system in every thing which can possibly be reduced to system, will instruct us all to form the habit for ourselves, that we see so conducive to the advantage and greatness of others, and without which, no great good has ever been achieved or the race by the exertion of individual powers. Should this meet the attention of any, especially the young, try it — make it one of your habits — weave it into the very fabric of your existence — have a time for everything, and do every thing in its time; and you will find it a mine of gold — a pearl of great price; and will ever have occasion for devout gratitude to Heaven, that you became acquainted with this persevering and systematic shoemaker.

We now approach a new era in the life and labors of Mr. Carey. We have seen him, up to the present time, a humble mover in the common walks of life. Indeed an active man, but not so active, perhaps, as thousands of others in similar circumstances. But he has been in a state of preparation, and nobly was he prepared. We have seen the great idea that was fused into his very soul, of spreading the "glad tidings" of Christianity into remote lands, and among dark tribes of men, whose thick veil of delusion had never yet been penetrated by the morning light of truth. With him, this was no inoperative idea, but a progressive, fruitful inspiration. He had been baptized into the spirit of his Master; and he longed for an occasion to witness to the depth and sincerity of his devotion. It came; and at a meeting of the friends of the cause, which his exertions had breath-

ed into living existence, in 1792, he expressed his willingness to be the first to embark in the missionary enterprise.

This voluntary tender of himself to the cause of his adoption, was accepted, and he prepared immediately to leave the country of his birth, to which he was bound by so many ties of friendship and patriotism, and which he had so deeply stirred by his voice, his pen, and his example, to deeds of noble daring in the cause of God and humanity.

"To be devoted," says he in a letter to his father, "like a sacrifice, to holy uses, is the great business of a Christian. I consider myself as devoted to the cause of God alone, and now I am to realize my profession. I am appointed to go to Bengal, in the East Indies, a missionary to the Hindoos."

Every thing being prepared, Mr. Carey, with one colleague, engaged his passage on board the Earl of Oxford, one of the East India Company's ships, bound for Calcutta. With a small venture, having prepaid the bill of fare, they were actually on board waiting for the ship to weigh anchor, when, for some unaccountable reason, an order came for them to leave the ship; and they were obliged to disembark, leaving the venture and the passage money at the mercy of the Company's agents. Soon, however, they providentially obtained a passage on board a Danish East Indiaman, bound to Serampore, and Mr. Carey, with his whole family, was finally enabled to embark in this long cherished enterprise. Just before he sailed, he called on a young printer of his acquaintance. "We shall want you, Mr. Ward," said he, "in a few years, to print the bible. You must come after us." At a later day this young man was among the most active and efficient laborers on the mission ground of India.

The disappointments which had well nigh quenched the hopes of Carey when driven from the Earl of Oxford, had been turned to his advantage. Before, he was going alone, leaving his family behind him : now his family was with him. He had now fairly commenced the voyage to the land of his devotion, never again, as he confidently believed, to return to England.

On the 13th of June, 1793, the ship weighed anchor, and his island home, with its joys and sorrows, friends, associations and dear remembrances, receded slowly from his lingering gaze in the dim distance. He had made his choice — his resolution was fixed, thenceforward to surrender himself, soul and body, with all the powers of his intellect and heart, to the great work of rescuing, instructing and elevating the most degraded, ignorant and fallen of earth's children — a work in which he had nothing to expect, but hardship without repose, toil without relief, labor without recompense. But with the life and precepts of his great Exemplar before him, who went about doing good, he could not hesitate ; and when he saw the green shores of his native childhood land grow dim, in the closing twilight of the intervening waters, he shed a tear of final separation, and consecrated himself afresh to the cause in which he was offered, a willing sacrifice, on the altar of God and philanthropy — a second Howard, in another field of self-devotion.

On the 11th of November, after a voyage of five months, which was interrupted by no incidents of unusual importance, they arrived at Calcutta, the capital city of the British possessions in the East.

Here, after their long confinement on shipboard, they disembarked, and the foot of Carey pressed for the first time the soil of India. He was in a new world — the

boundless plains of Hindostan stretched out before him, and he was among strange sights and strange voices. The scene was novel, and he was surrounded and merged in difficulties. Embarked in an expensive undertaking, he had the most slender means and scanty provisions. All that he could muster for himself and family, together with the contributions of the society which sent him out, amounted to but a few hundred pounds. What was this small sum for such a family, in a country necessarily the most expensive to a European, of any on the globe. Added to this, his colleague, of whose discretion we have no very flattering testimony, though a good man, doubtless, who had previously resided in India, was found to be deeply involved in debts, which his creditors were determined to force him to pay at any risk. This obliged him to enter into business at Calcutta.

Thus was Carey left to sustain the whole weight of the infant mission, while the officers of the East India Company, extremely averse to the instruction of the native population, used their powerful influence, not n aid of this humanizing and Godlike enterprise, but against its accomplishment, in every way calculated to hinder its progress and defeat its intentions.

Notwithstanding the serried phalanx of difficulty that walled him round, his courage remained strong, his constancy unshaken, and his perseverance as indefatigable as ever. When his situation is contemplated, even at this distance of time and space, a stranger in a strange land, with a feeble family of five persons dependent upon his exertions alone for support and protection, all must acknowledge him possessed of superhuman faith and patience.

But it is not our object to detail his difficulties and pri-

vations; suffice it to say, they were of sufficient magnitude to defy the sternest courage, and the coolest calculation. As fast as he settled in one place, he was obliged to take down his ebenezer and remove to another, with the prospect of utter want, or possible starvation.

The first and chief object that occupied the attention of Mr. Carey, was the acquisition of the native language; this, he so far accomplished, as in a short time to be able to preach occasionally to the people in the Bengalli language; while at the same time, he applied himself diligently to the translation of the scriptures into that tongue. Indeed, the work he proposed to himself was no other than the translation of the word of God into all the languages, and dialects of the East.

Finding it utterly impossible to maintain himself and family in the vicinity of Calcutta, he came to the conclusion, as a last resource, to go far up the country and settle among, and live like, the natives.

So, taking a boat and an interpreter as guide, he set out with his family, "like the father of the faithful, not knowing whither he went." They penetrated far into the country, passing immense swamps, and through the great jungle of the Sunderbunds, an uninhabited forest of many miles in extent, swarming with tigers, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, and noxious reptiles. As they were rowing along, threading the windings and turnings of the river, they suddenly espied a house built after the fashion of England.

Rejoiced at the discovery, Mr. Carey asked his guide if he knew the owner, and was informed that he was an English gentleman. Being thoroughly tired with their long journey, and their provisions exhausted, they determined, without ceremony, to give him a call. So haul-

ing in for the shore, the whole party landed and proceeded towards the house, where they were received by the kind-hearted and intelligent Englishman in the most hospitable manner. His surprise was great at the unexpected appearance of such a group of wanderers. Though they had accomplished a long journey, they were no more than 40 miles, in a direct line, from Calcutta. They had traveled by water; and the rivers of this level country seem more as if coiled up on the plain, than as though they were discharging their immense volumes of water from the mountains of the North into the far off ocean.

Mr. Carey frankly told his host of his objects and his circumstances, and though his hospitable friend had no appreciation of missionary schemes, he urged him to make his house a home for himself and family, as long as he chose.

Such unaffected kindness, at such a time, made a deep impression upon the sensitive and grateful spirit of Carey.

At a short distance from this place he selected a spot of ground, where he intended permanently to establish himself, and commenced building a hut after the manner of the natives, with whom he had cast his lot. He would "become all things to all men."

Scarcely had he begun to erect his house, when he received a letter from Mr. Udney, of Malda, to come and superintend some indigo works he was about to put in operation. This was glorious intelligence to Carey, for he beheld in it the dawn of a brighter day upon the prospects of Christianity in India; and he joyfully commenced the long journey of 250 miles that lay between him and the promise of a wider field and more extended usefulness.

Arrived in Malda, he at once entered upon the duties of his station, with an annual salary of 2400 rupees (about $840). This, with his prudence and economy, was more than sufficient for the maintenance of his family, and the surplus over and above his immediate and pressing wants was not applied to his own benefit, but went freely to the promotion of the cause in which he was engaged. In this he was a bright and lively example of self-denying benevolence — an example that may well put to shame the wealthy Christians of Christian countries, who will hardly part with a fragment of their immense wealth, after the most heart-stirring appeals for the perishing millions in heathen lands. Should they be actuated by the same spirit of liberality which characterized Carey, what an impulse would be given to the great work of evangelizing the world — how soon would the standard of the cross be planted by the devoted missionary, on every mountain top and every island, from pole to pole, around the habitable globe. Though for the last 30 years of his life, Mr. Carey was in the receipt of a large income, such was the rigid and unreserved consecration of his substance, as to give him the high privilege and lasting dignity of dying poor.

The duties of his new situation were many and laborious, for he had the direct or indirect control of more than a thousand persons; yet in addition to these he became familiar with the dialect of the district in which he lived, attempted native education, preached daily to the natives, and often traveled a considerable distance to preach to the English. He omitted no opportunity of usefulness to the natives under his direction. He reformed existing abuses, and gained universal love and confidence among all classes, except those whose fraudulent prac-

tices he detected and punished. His correspondence was extensive, and his diligence in the translation of the Bible, unremitted. Says his biographer, referring to his settlement at Malda—"By this disposition of circumstances, Mr. Carey became introduced to associations, both European and native, favorable to his ministerial influence and operations, and found means at his command to commence and pursue studies preliminary and indispensable to those final and momentous labors, a retrospect of which, justified the declaration on his dying bed, 'I have not a single wish ungratified.' Here he laid a broad foundation of oriental grammatical science, by mastering the elements of the Sanscrit, one of the most difficult and classical languages in the world."

He now wrote to the society under whose patronage he came out, to stop his allowance, as he was fully provided for, and advised them to use their funds in sending out more missionaries to preach and teach in other countries, and among other people.

Here, as well as during the whole period of his labors, he came in contact with the learned Bramins, the highest caste in India, with whom he held vigorous disputations—but he found it more easy to confound than to convince and persuade them of a better faith. He writes, "The obstacles in the way of the gospel are very great, and were it not that God is almighty and true, would be insurmountable. The caste is such a superstition as no European can conceive, and more tenaciously regarded than life. It was, I think, originally political, but is now interwoven with every circumstance of their lives; and their deceit and avarice are unparalleled. They will stoop to anything whatsoever to get a few couries, and lie on every occasion."

Till the year 1799, Mr. Carey was engaged in the indigo business for his own support and the advantage of the mission: in the meantime he had succeeded in translating and preparing for the press, the greater part of the Old and New Testaments, which were soon after printed in the Bengalli tongue, at the society's establishment at Serampore.

A letter from the seat of the mission, to a friend in England, thus refers to Mr. Carey: "The society and all those who feel for the wretched millions of India, perishing for lack of knowledge, can never be sufficiently thankful to God that brother Carey so cheerfully embarked in the mission. His amazing knowledge of the languages and customs of countries, his assiduity in translating the scriptures, his diligence in preaching, his patience under trial, and his perseverance, though without success, are admirable. He seems every way fitted to lay the foundation of good to this country."

This year dates a new epoch in the affairs of the mission, and the life of the great pioneer. The indigo business, in which he was engaged, became an entire failure, caused by the inundation of the low country. His salary ceased, and he was thrown upon other resources, he knew not what. The greatest straits had never made him sit down in despair, neither did this. He at at once set about building houses for himself and others, whom he heard were on their way to join him. Just as he had carried his labors to a good degree of perfection, four new missionaries arrived at Calcutta; but the contracted, illiberal policy of the East India Company refused to allow them to settle in the British dominions. This harsh and jealous policy of the Company has never yet been defended on any ground, either of justice or

of necessity, and it may not be unfair to infer that such a defense is impossible. A corporation founded on the narrowest basis of selfishness, could not be expected to manifest very broad and comprehensive views in its development. They had to the present time been steadily and sternly opposed to the progress of religious teaching among the native inhabitants; and all that preserved Carey and his colleague from being forcibly expelled from the province, was their connection with secular employment.

A little way up the country, on the west bank of the Hoogley, was the small Danish settlement of Serampore; here the rejected apostles of Christianity found an asylum, where the stern indifference of their own countrymen compelled them to seek refuge. They found it; and from that day Serampore became the central sun of gospel light in Hindostan. Carey, hearing the true state of affairs, at once abandoned his preparations, and repaired to the Danish town to place himself at the head of his uninitiated followers. Here, under the ample protection of the government and kind sympathy of the people, the printing press, which had been procured at Calcutta, was set up, and the work of printing the scriptures in the languages of the East, the chief end of so many years of study and sacrifice, was immediately commenced. The first printing was done sometime in the summer of 1800, under the direction of the mission printer, Mr. Ward. Next followed the New Testament, the same year.

Every thing here concurred to show that the removal of the mission to Serampore was in the highest degree important. It was near to Calcutta, the chief European city in India, but 14 miles distant. It was in contact with a vast native population, and possessed means and

facilities for the work of printing and circulating the the scriptures, such as, perhaps, no other place could have afforded. Nor was this all; they were free from the constant control and interference of the Company's officers. Here they purchased a house and other buildings suitable to carry out their main object — living in common, like the primitive Christians and the Moravians. A school was opened for the instruction of European children, which in time became a source of income and influential advantage.

But to the printing press, under the active supervision of Carey, are we to look as the great engine in the work of enlightening the darkened minds of the benighted Hindoos. It was never idle. All its productions were seized and read with avidity by those who could read, and those who could not were impelled to learn. Languages that had no literature soon came to possess libraries; — minds that had always lived in clouds and twilight, emerged into the glorious sunlight of a brighter day. A taste for literature and knowledge of all kinds having once been impressed upon the people, the demand for it increased, till their language, not supplying the demand, they were forced to seek it in the English, and the study of the English tongue rapidly became a paramount object in the education of the natives. From that time to the present, it has advanced with incredible celerity, till it promises ere long to become the grand medium of communication among all classes of Asiatic society, to the extremities of the Indian empire. This great Anglo-Saxon tendency among the people of India is mainly owing to the labors of Carey in translating into their numerous dialects, the scriptures, which have proved to the Hindoos the key to the treasures of European literature.

During a short time immediately subsequent to the establishment of the mission at Serampore, Mr. Carey spent the major part of his time in preaching to the people, in which he was eminently successful; and had the satisfaction, after years of toil, of seeing the tree he had been instrumental in planting, take root and bear precious fruit.

The year 1800 is remarkable in the literary history of Bengal, for the erection of the college of Fort William, for instruction in the oriental languages. The great learning and profound research of Mr. Carey, pointed him out to the founders as eminently qualified for the Bengalli professorship, to which he was appointed in the following year. Here he was called upon to teach a language of the most difficult character, without books, to pupils who had never attempted a task that bore the remotest analogy to it.

But with his wonted zeal, the difficulty was overcome. In a short time a grammar was printed, and the first prose book ever written in the language composed — these served as elementary text books. Soon after, he was named professor of Sanscrit, the ancient language of India, cotemporary with, and nearly allied to the Hebrew and Arabic. It sustains the same relation to most of the eastern dialects, that the Latin does to those of southern Europe, or the ancient Saxon to the English. In this position he was highly successful. But the duties of Mr. Carey during this period were extremely laborious. The duties of his professorships at Fort William, involving instruction to numerous classes, in two of the most difficult of languages, together with the necessity of compiling, at every progressive step, new text-books, would seem to be enough, to engross all the time and vigor of the

most athletic intelligence; but in addition to this, every copy that passed through the industrious press of Serampore, must pass, at least once, through the hands of Carey — and not only in the languages of which we have spoken, but also in numerous other dialects, too many in number and strange in name, to be mentioned in our contracted limits.

In his letters he expresses the conviction, that so many advantages for the translation of the scriptures would never meet again at one time and in one place; and he thought it his duty to use the present means to the utmost of his power, and the end of his career will testify to the strength of purpose with which he adhered to his convictions.

The first public oration in Sanscrit ever pronounced by an European, was delivered in 1805, by Mr. Carey, before the public functionaries of Bengal, and is now among the printed documents of Fort William. Not far from this period, the Mahratta dialect was added to his department of instruction, and in process of time he became professor of that language, with an augmented salary, which extended his means of usefulness.

In December 1807, the wife of Mr. Carey, who had for near twelve years, been afflicted with mental derangement, which rendered her the object of constant anxiety and watchfulness, fell a victim to the fever of the country; and in the following year, he was again united in marriage. His second wife was a German lady of distinction, whose acquaintance he had made at Serampore. This proved a happy union. Near this time his son, Felix Carey, founded a mission among the Burmese, where, after a few years of successful activity, he was cut down by death, in the prime and vigor of early manhood.

In 1812, the cause of the mission received a severe blow in the destruction of the printing establishment at Serampore, with almost the whole of its valuable contents; the collection of so many years of constant labor and profound research. Great as was the magnitude of the loss sustained, such was the energy and industry of those concerned in the establishment, that a little more than a year sufficed to repair it in a good degree; so that the calamity, which for a season had hung a cloud over their prospects, was speedily forgotten.

While Carey lived, the work could not stop. His mind would not suffer it to rest. The great loss in the literary department fell upon him, "but it is easier," he remarked, "to travel a road the second than the first time."

May 17th, 1915, he writes — "At the present time my labor is greater than at any former period. We have now translations of the Bible going forward in twenty-seven different languages, all of which are in the press, except two or three. The labor of correcting and revising all of them, lies upon me."

Nor were the talents and researches of Dr. Carey (the degree of Dr. was conferred near this time) confined exclusively, to the province of literature; nor was his only work translation. When the Agricultural society of India was formed, he took an active and leading part, and for a series of years, was its president. Indeed this society owed its origination to him. He was elected fellow of the Linnæn society of London, and member of the Geological society, as well as corresponding member of the London Horticultural society. To these institutions, his contributions were neither few or small. He was peculiarly celebrated in the field of Botany, of which he was excessively fond.

Nothing delighted him more than to collect and culti-

vate plants, and he was continually urging his friends to send all sorts of seeds and plants from England, of which he took the most devoted care in his own garden — a rare and curious collection of vegetation, from all countries, of either hemisphere and both continents. This garden was his play-ground; and its cultivation his pastime.

In 1823, Dr. Carey married for the third time. During his sojourn in India his health had been preserved in a remarkable manner; being better than it had ever been in England. He had outlived his generation; and now the seeds of disease began to grow and manifest themselves in his constitution. But he continued with as much devotedness as ever, to apply the residue of his strength to the work of revising and correcting the translations of the Bible.

The last work he did was to put the finishing stroke to this mighty achievement, with which his exertions commenced, and towards whose consummation, all his best energies had been directed. And he himself felt, as shock after shock of fever and disease desolated his health, that his work was done. "He had realized his profession," and prepared himself for the visit of the destroying angel, to release him from his life of toil, and transfer his willing, waiting spirit to brighter scenes, and an easier resting place.

To the very last he would visit his garden, to hold converse with the sweet flowers his own hand had planted, and his own attention reared — and when he could no longer leave his chamber, he gave most careful instruction to the attendants in regard to its management. "His ruling passion was strong in death;" and even on that bed from which he never rose, he would occasionally read a proof sheet from the mission press, and converse with

earnestness in relation to that enterprise, whose interests and advancement had been his constant study — the end and scope of his unwearied labors for more than forty years; and into which he had breathed the breath of life.

After lingering under the calm influence of a progressive disease, till the ninth of June, 1834, in the seventy-third year of his age, "he breathed out his peaceful spirit into the hands of him who gave it." It went to its sure reward; and as it left its clayey tenement, and launched forth into a new existence, the angel of the covenant bent forward from beside the eternal throne, and seeing the disembodied spirit on its homeward flight, he seized the recording pen, and dipping it in the blood of the atoning sacrifice, he inscribed on the pure page of the muster roll of Heaven, the name of Carey.

He died universally loved and lamented.

In his last will he bequeathed to the mission of Serampore, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, the whole of his property, embracing all he had expended in and for the mission establishment; a museum of natural curiosities, minerals, shells, insects and corals; a large collection of Bibles in foreign languages, together with an extensive and valuable library.

Our space forbids going at length into the peculiarities of the man whose life we have thus hastily traced. He is a model to be studied. His projects, his perseverance and success, were the result of steady adherence to the motto he adopted, "attempt great things, expect great things," modified, tempered and directed by a high Christian sentiment and deep desire for the good of men. He bowed only to conscience, instructed and measured by the will of God. Where that led, he followed; hence

arose his great aversion to oaths, as administered in civil affairs : in this he was a true disciple of Fox — and no inducement, no danger could make him swerve from the resolution he had formed, never to take an oath. Several times his constancy was put to the severest test.

Let no one suppose that Carey was a genius — it is not so. There was nothing brilliant — nothing dazzling in his character. Steady, unhesitating, invincible perseverance was his peculiar trait — to this he owed every thing, as he remarked to one of his intimates. "If any one should think it worth while to write my life, I can give you a criterion by which you may judge of its correctness. If he give me credit of being a *plodder*, he will discribe me justly. Anything beyond this will be too much. I can *plod*. I can *persevere* in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything." But how few can *plod!* While the genius is searching for splendid means to compass a splendid end, the plodder has entered upon the task, and by constant, unpretending effort, accomplished the object.

That Carey has an eminent claim to greatness, none can doubt when they contemplate the good that has resulted from his individual labors, in the cause of mankind. With his laurels, none need envy the Alexanders, the Cæsars, the Napoleons of the race, with the bloody wreath, and the scepter of empire. When these names shall grow dim in the twilight of forgetfulness, his will have but just begun to shine in its imperishable luster, and fadeless beauty. When their glory shall have fallen into the grave of their generation, his will be associated with the hosts of those, who, in the cause of God and man, have so nobly sacrificed themselves — "whose glory is their goodness," whose renown, the grateful benediction of generations yet to come.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

This "most spiritual shoemaker that ever handled an awl," was born in Suffolk, England, in 1776, that ever memorable year in the history of our country. Robert lost his father when a child a year old. His mother opened school to gain a support for her family, consisting of six children. When seven years of age, Robert attended a writing school in Ixworth three months — the only school he ever attended except his mother's.

At the age of eleven, he went to live with a Mr. Austin, his mother's brother. This man was a respectable farmer, and he treated young Bloomfield as he did his other laborers, very kindly; but Robert was so young, that he could command only his board for his services. His mother furnished him clothing as long as she was able, but was at length compelled to look to her two eldest sons, who were shoemakers in London, to assist her in supporting him. She accordingly wrote to them upon the subject, and George, the eldest, replied, that if she would send Robert to London, he would learn him shoemaking, and his other brother would clothe him. With this proposition the kind mother was much pleased; but she could not trust him in any hands but her own, for safety on his journey; she therefore accompanied the little fellow to the great city, where he was to dwell. Having committed her darling boy to the care of his brothers, she charged them, "as they valued a mother's bless-

ing, to set good examples for him, and never to forget that he had lost his father."

The brothers lodged and labored in a garret in Bell Alley, Coleman street, and their meals were brought to them from the cook's shop — the custom of poor mechanics. In this garret there were two *turn-up* beds, which accommodated the three brothers and two other shoemakers.

Says George Bloomfield, "As we were all single men, lodgers at a shilling per week, our beds were coarse, and all things far from being clean and snug, like what Robert left at Sapiston. Robert was our man to fetch all things to hand. At noon he brought our dinners from the cook's shop; and any one of our fellow workmen that wanted to have any thing brought in, would send Robert, and assist in his work, and teach him, for a recompense for his trouble. Every day when the boy from the public house came for the pewter pots, and to learn what porter was wanted, he always brought the yesterday's newspaper. The reading of this newspaper, we had been used to take by turns; but after Robert came, he mostly read for us, because his time was of the least value."

This was young Bloomfield's school, and these newspapers were his books. In them he often found words the meaning of which he did not understand. This perplexed him greatly, until by chance his brother George bought an old English dictionary, very much the worse for using, for which he paid fourpence, and gave it to him. This was a fortune to him. He now had a key to unlock the dark words, and his frequent reference to it soon made them familiar. But the dictionary did not speak them for him; he wanted to know how to *pronounce* them, just as the writers would. He and his brothers by chance attended a meeting one sabbath evening

where a distinguished preacher, Mr. Fawcet, was employed. This gentleman was a finished and eloquent speaker — his style was elegant and polished. Robert had found just what he desired. Besides the brilliant and impressive thoughts, the fervent and impassioned style of his oratory, which deeply interested and delighted Robert, his pronunciation of the more uncommon words was the chief object of attraction. He made the minister his teacher. If he had carried his words to the meeting and put them out to the preacher, it could hardly have answered his purpose better. He was constant in his attendance at the meeting, and received great improvement. He also spent several hours in reading a few books to the workmen, every day.

But Robert was about to find something still more congenial that would awaken a new interest, and kindle within him an undying flame. Happy boy! — yet his was a sorrowful happiness. Says his brother George, "I at this time read the London Magazine, and in that work about two sheets were set apart for a Review. Robert seemed always eager to read this Review. Here he could see what the literary men were doing, and learn how to judge of the merits of the works which came out, and I observed that he always looked at the poets' corner. One day he repeated a long song which he had composed to an old tune. I was much surprised that he should make such smooth verses; so I persuaded him to try whether the editor of our paper would give them a place in the poets' corner. He succeeded, and they were printed." After this, he contributed a number of pieces to the same Magazine. How did it gladden the heart of the young poet to find himself capable of writing for a literary magazine in London! He, a poor, unpretending lad, without money, without leisure, and without learning — in the

poets' corner! Ah! there was genius, the native fire, the inborn power, the fervent simplicity of spirit, the vigor and purity of imagination of the natural poet. It was this that charmed his life, that made him happy even in sadness, that scattered flowers in his path, and made every thing he saw in nature lovely and beautiful.

When his poetic nature began to have this free expression, his whole mind seemed to act with redoubled activity. His powers were fast expanding, and soon he became the teacher instead of the pupil of the workmen.

From this little circumstance we may get confirmation of that important truth, that there is a sphere in which the mind of every one is adapted to act — where its own peculiar bent and balance seem naturally to belong, and to produce harmonious and pleasing results — where all the faculties are called into exercise according to their relative force, giving unity and vigor of thought, and consequently great power and effort. This truth is too slightly regarded. Young men fall into this or that branch of industry, or profession, with almost as little forethought, as the ox submits to his yoke, or the camel to his burden. From this cause, multitudes pass their lives in mental inactivity, without a spark of that ambition which strives for things noble and manly, no thirst for knowledge — for true elevation of soul.

Some other circumstances — different situations, associates — different aims and objects — all or any of these might have operated on the mind with stirring power.

Young reader, have you chosen your field of labor? Choose, then, your field of thought. Do you work to live, or live to work? Be not content to gain a livelihood — to labor all the long years of your life for your back and stomach. Oh shame! Break the spell that is upon you — the delusive, *damning* thirst for gold. *Shew thyself a* MAN, and cease to toil for toys forever.

As was before observed, Robert had found his sphere; his mind was inclined to poetry. The purity of his thought, his love of the beautiful, the tenderness and refinement of sentiment — all tended in him to the poetical. Having changed his lodgings, he became acquainted with one Kay, a middle-aged man, who possessed many books, among which were The Seasons, Paradise Lost, and some novels. These were lent to Robert, and were, as might be expected, a feast to him. The Seasons he delighted in, and read it with enthusiasm. It was this book, doubtless, that begat in him the idea of the Farmer's Boy. He adopts Thomson's outline — the four seasons of the year, but further than this the two poems are totally unlike.

A visit at this time, of about two months, to his native county, gave him a happy opportunity

"To muse on nature with the poet's eye,"

among the hills, the woods, the fields and the streams which had witnessed his joys, his hopes, his toils and tears. Ah! the tears of childhood how copious, how frequent, and yet how bitter! How the young bosom heaves and swells with grief. What pain, what agony, what *despair* — all for want of a smile or a kind word from some loved one. Speak kindly to the child, encourage him; a word may make him happy.

Robert was now surveying the varied scenes of this life of sunshine and clouds. Doubtless he remembered his hopes, those faint, star-light hopes of early youth; and his fears too, those unwearying tormentors of young Innocence. In yonder wood he had wandered alone with brooks and birds, in the still hours of the sabbath in midsummer, when the thick drapery of the trees afforded the squirrel a safe retreat, the bird a bower, and himself a

canopy. Many a glorious spring morning he had climbed yonder hill, a noble hill, and from its summit surveyed the wide domain spread out around him, teeming with life and beauty and animation; then his heart was light and joyous. This visit to those old scenes and haunts, reproduced, as it were, in his imagination, a second childhood, and this childhood he portrayed in the Farmer's Boy.

He was now eighteen years of age. He had made arrangements to engage, as an apprentice at shoemaking, in the service of his brother's landlord. He accordingly returned to London, applied himself to his business, and became a very expert workman. He continued some years to work at his trade, in this situation, improving and amusing himself with reading, music, and occasionally a few verses.

When he was married he hired a room in Coleman street. He had permission to work at his trade in the garret, two stories above his residence; which it appears was occupied for that purpose by a number of workmen. There, amidst the din of hammers and voices, Robert Bloomfield composed his great poem — the Farmer's Boy. *He composed and remembered about six hundred lines*, without committing a single line to paper! This is an astonishing achievement of memory; but no more wonderful than the *fixedness and continuity* of thought necessary in such confusion, to the production of such a work.

When his poem was completed, he offered it to several booksellers, but none would publish it. The editor of the Monthly Magazine gives the following account of Robert's visit to his office. "He brought his poem to our office, and though his unpolished appearance, his coarse hand-writing, and wretched orthography afforded

no prospect that his production could be printed, yet he found attention by his repeated calls, and by the humility of his expectations, which were limited to a half-dozen copies of the Magazine. At length on his name being mentioned where a literary gentleman, particularly conversant in rural economy, happened to be present, the poem was finally examined; and its general aspect excited the risibility of that gentleman in so pointed a manner, that Bloomfield was called into the room, and exhorted not to waste his time and neglect his employment in making vain attempts, and particularly in treading on ground which Thomson had sanctified. His earnestness and confidence, however, led the editor to advise him to consult his countryman, Mr. Capel Lofft, of Trooton, to whom he gave him a letter of introduction. On his departure, the gentleman present warmly complimented the editor on the sound advice which he had given the poor fellow, and it was naturally conceived that an industrious man was thereby likely to be saved from a ruinous infatuation."

This was the kind of advice and encouragement which Robert received from the great *literati!* Because some words were badly spelled, and all were "coarsely" written — and more than all, because he was a "poor fellow" — not dressed nor polished as became a poet; why, these very learned writers told him, in substance, he had better give up all idea of publishing his wretched production! How anxious these gentlemen were, that the world should not lose the services of an industrious mechanic, by his attempting to be a poet. This is the encouragement too often received in such cases. "*The waste of time — neglect of employment!*" How many has not the dread of these, prevented from making any efforts for intellectual attainments!

Mr. Lofft, to whom Robert, not at all disheartened, immediately repaired, examined the poem, and decided that it was well worthy of publication; and was himself instrumental in procuring its sale to Messrs. Vernor and Hood, for £50. When published, the poem was read with universal admiration. Edition after edition was exhausted, until more than twenty-five thousand copies were sold; and the profits so considerable, that the publishers (honor to their names) gave Bloomfield £200, nearly a thousand dollars, in addition to the price agreed upon.

At the conclusion of this short sketch, we shall give the greater part of this sweet poem. It is truly worthy to be read and admired by all, showing as it does, the simplicity and purity of his soul, the tenderness and sweetness of his nature, spiritualizing and refining whatever presented itself to his mind.

There was, too, a greatness of soul, a noble self-reliance in his bearing, when he presented himself to the editor of the Magazine, and met such a repulse. How many an hour had been made bright and joyous, by the hope of seeing his humble poem in print! With what enthusiasm did he rehearse and rewrite his roughly written verses, so that they might make a respectable appearance in manuscript. He threw into them his whole energies, his love, his hope, his joy, his sadness, his experience, himself. They were his children, humble, unpretending, poorly clad, but he was their father, and he loved them, he knew their worth. See him! his work is completed; he is going to the printing office; he stoops a little, like most of Crispin's sons, but his head is erect; his eye, see how light and ardent! cheaply dressed, for *there* the sons of toil inherit the rags. He enters the office with his manuscript under his arm. The editor looks at him a moment, and then says, "Well, sir, what

have you, an article to print?" Robert, taking his book in his hand, and turning the leaves slowly — "I have here, sir, a short poem —please look at it" — at the same time handing it to the editor. The editor takes it and looks it over carelessly, smiling; finally remarks, "I cannot spend the time to examine it through, but from what I have seen I should not feel warranted in taking it of you." "O sir, I ask but little for it; I should let you have it for a few copies of your magazine. "To tell you the truth," says the editor, "I would not publish it if you would give it to me; and I would advise you not to think of publishing it; you are a mechanic and can get a living by industry, at your trade." "That is the way," replies Bloomfield, "I always have got my living, and this poem I composed while at my work; and I could but think that the productions of my mind, arranged with so much care as these have been, are worth a trifle, as well as those of my hands. If, sir, as I must believe, I ever had any poetry in my soul; if the love of nature, viewed in her most beautiful attire; if the memory of days gone by, of childhood's spotless innocency, of its joys and tears, ever thrilled my bosom with aught of inspiration, then, sir, there is poetry, there is inspiration in this little work."

Noble, divine young man! Whether he talked like this, is not known, but we know he was earnest and importunate, and that the editor could do no less than refer him to Mr. Lofft with a letter. He went and was successful. Happy Bloomfield! His reward was greater even than his hopes, he persevered, undaunted, and conquered. So may other humble shoemakers act, and when they think that they are poor, and ought to keep at work, let them remember Robert Bloomfield. If friends discourage, let them remember Robert Bloomfield. If

men of learning and experience refuse to countenance you, and pronounce your efforts a "vain attempt," remember Robert Bloomfield.

The poem brought Bloomfield many valuable presents from the learned, the rich and the noble. He received a small annuity from the Duke of Grafton, and also a situation in the seal office, in which he was paid a small salary. But ill health compelled him to relinquish his place in the office, and he again went to shoemaking. He afterwards engaged in bookselling, but was unsuccessful. This, with some other circumstances, reduced him again to poverty and sadness. One or two kind-hearted poets endeavored to obtain a pension for their sinking and sorrowing brother; but a nervous affection in his head, together with low spirits, soon terminated his sufferings and his sorrows. He died in August, 1823, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

We close this account of his varied and touching life, with an extract from the pen of the celebrated Professor Wilson.

"What did England do for her own Bloomfield? He was not, in genius, to be spoken of in the same year with Burns; but he was, beyond all compare, the best poet that had arisen, produced by England's lower orders. He was the most spiritual shoemaker that ever handled an awl. The Farmer's Boy is a wonderful poem, and will live in the poetry of England. Did England then keep Bloomfield in comfort, and scatter flowers along the smooth and sunny path that led him to the grave? No. He had given him by some minister or other, we believe Lord Sidmouth, a paltry place in some office or other, most uncongenial with all his nature and all his habits, of which the shabby salary was insufficient to purchase for his family the bare necessaries of life. He thus dragged

out for many long years, a sickly existence, as miserable as the existence of a good man can be made by the narrowest circumstances, and all the while, Englishmen were scoffingly scorning, with haughty and bitter taunts, the patronage that, at his own earnest desire, made Burns an Exciseman. Nay, when Southey, late in Bloomfield's life, and when it was drawing mournfully to a close, proposed a contribution for his behoof, and put down his own five pounds, how many purse-strings were untied? how much fine gold was poured out for the indigent son of genius and virtue? Shame shuffles the sum out of sight, for it was not sufficient to have bought the manumission of an old negro slave.

"It was no easy matter to deal rightly with such a man as Burns. In those disturbed and distracted times, still more difficult was it to carry into execution any designs for his good, and much more was there even to excuse his countrymen then in power, for looking upon him with an evil eye. But Bloomfield led a pure, peaceable and blameless life. Easy indeed would it have been to make him happy, but he was as much forgotten as if he had been dead; and when he died, did England mourn over him, or after having denied him bread, give him so much as a stone? No. He dropped into the grave with no other lament we ever heard of, but a few copies of poorish verses in some of the Annuals, and seldom or never now, does one hear a whisper of his name. Oh, fie! well may the white rose blush red, and the red rose turn pale. Let England, then, leave Scotland to her shame about Burns; and, thinking of her own treatment of Bloomfield, cover her face with both her hands, and confess that it was pitiful."

EXTRACTS FROM ROBERT BLOOMFIELD'S GREAT POEM,

THE FARMER'S BOY.

SPRING.

Oh, come, blest spirit! whatsoe'er thou art,
Thou kindling warmth that hoverest round my heart,
Sweet inmate, hail! thou source of sterling joy,
That poverty itself cannot destroy,
Be thou my muse; and faithful still to me,
Retrace the paths of wild obscurity.
No deed of arms my humble lines rehearse;
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse,
The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspiring awe, till breath itself stands still;
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charmed mine eyes,
Nor science led me through the boundless skies;
From meaner objects far my raptures flow:
Oh, point these raptures! bid my bosom glow!
And lead my soul to ecstasies of praise
For all the blessings of my infant days!
Bear me through regions where gay fancy dwells;
But mould to truth's fair form what memory tells.
Live trifling incidents, and grace my song,
That to the humblest menial belong:
To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,
His joys unreckoned as his cares or woes,
Though joys and cares in every path are sown,
And youthful minds have feelings of their own,
Quick springing sorrows, transient as the dew,
Delights from trifles, trifles ever new.
'Twas thus with Giles: meek, fatherless and poor,
Labor his portion, but he felt no more;
No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursued;
His life was constant, cheerful servitude;

Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, nature was his book!
And as revolving seasons changed the scene
From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
Though every change still varied his employ,
Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.

* * * * * * *

Fled now the sullen murmurs of the north,
The splendid raiment of the Spring peeps forth;
Her universal green, and the clear sky,
Delight still more and more the gazing eye.
Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,
Shoots up the simple flower or creeps along
The mellow'd soil; imbibing fairer hues,
Or sweets from frequent showers and evening dews;
That summon from their sheds the slumbering plows,
While health impregnates every breeze that blows.
No wheels support the driving, pointed share;
No groaning ox is doom'd to labor there;
No helpmates teach the docile steed his road;
(Alike unknown the plowboy and the goad;)
But, unassisted through each toilsome day,
With smiling brow the plowman cleaves his way,
Draws his fresh parallels, and widening still,
Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill;
Strong on the wing his busy followers play,
Where writhing earth-worms meet th' unwelcome day;
Till all is changed, and hill and level down
Assume a livery of sober brown:
Again disturb'd, when Giles with wearying strides
From ridge to ridge the ponderous harrow guides;
His heels deep sinking every step he goes,
Till dirt adhesive loads his clouted shoes.
Welcome, green headland! firm beneath his feet;
Welcome the friendly bank's refreshing seat;
There, warm with toil, his panting horses browse
Their sheltering canopy of pendent boughs;

Till rest, delicious, chase each transient pain,
And new-born vigor dwell in every vein.
Hour after hour, and day to day succeeds;
Till every clod and deep-drawn furrow spreads
To crumbling mould; a level surface clear,
And strew'd with corn to crown the rising year;
And o'er the whole Giles once transverse again,
In earth's moist bosom buries up the grain.
The work is done; no more to man is given;
The grateful farmer trusts the rest to Heaven.
Yet oft with anxious heart he looks around,
And marks the first green blade that breaks the ground:
In fancy sees his trembling oats uprun,
His tufted barley yellow with the sun;
Sees clouds propitious shed their timely store,
And all his harvest gather'd round his door,
But still unsafe the big swoln grain below,
A favorite morsel with the rook and crow;
From field to field the flock increasing goes;
To level crops most formidable foes;
Their danger well the wary plunderers know,
And place a watch on some conspicuous bough;
Yet oft the skulking gunner by surprise
Will scatter death among them as they rise.

* * * * * * *

The clattering dairy maid, immersed in steam,
Singing and scrubbing midst her milk and cream,
Bawls out "*Go fetch the cows!*" — he hears no more;
For pigs, and ducks, and turkeys throng the door,
And sitting hens, for constant war prepared;
A concert strange to that which late he heard.
Straight to the meadow then he whistling goes;
With well known halloo calls his lazy cows;
Down the rich pasture heedlessly they graze,
Or hear the summons with an idle gaze;
For well they know the cowyard yields no more
Its tempting fragrance, nor its wintry store.

Reluctance marks their steps, sedate and slow;
The right of conquest all the law they know:
The strong press on, the weak by turns succeed,
And one superior always takes the lead;
Is ever foremost, wheresoe'er they stray:
Allow'd precedence, undisputed sway:
With jealous pride her station is maintain'd,
For many a broil that post of honor gain'd.
At home, the yard affords a grateful scene;
For Spring makes e'en a miry cowyard clean.
Thence from its chalky bed behold convey'd
The rich manure that drenching winter made,
Which piled near home, grows green with many a weed
A promised nutriment for Autumn's seed.
Forth comes the maid, and like the morning smiles;
The mistress too, and followed close by Giles.
A friendly tripod forms their humble seat,
With pails bright scour'd, and delicately sweet.
Where shadowing elms obstruct the morning ray,
Begins the work, begins the simple lay;
The full charged udder yields its willing streams,
While Mary sings some lover's amorous dreams;
And crouching Giles, beneath a neighboring tree,
Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee;
Whose hat with tatter'd brim, of nap so bare,
From the cow's side purloins a coat of hair,
A mottled ensign of his harmless trade,
An unambitious, peaceable cockade,
As unambitious too that cheerful aid
The mistress yields beside her rosy maid,
With joy she views her plenteous, reeking store,
And bears a brimmer to the dairy door;
Her cows dismiss'd the luscious mead to roam,
Till eve again recalls them loaded home.
And now the dairy claims her choicest care,
And half her household find employment there;
Slow rolls the churn, its load of clogging cream
At once foregoes its quality and name;

From knotty particles first floating wide
Congealing butter's dash'd from side to side;
Streams of new milk through flowing coolers stray,
And snow-white curd abounds, and wholesome whey.
* * * * * * *

Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enlivening green;
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gazed in merry clusters by your side?
Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth,
In shades like these pursue your favorite joy,
Midst nature's revels, sports that never cloy.
A few begin a short but vigorous race,
And indolence abash'd, soon flies the place;
Thus challenged forth, see thither one by one,
From every side assembling playmates run;
A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
A starting crowd, impatient of delay.
Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, "come, let us try our speed;"
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along;
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every molehill is a bed of thyme;
There panting stop; yet scarcely can refrain;
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again:
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scattering the wild-briar roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.
Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;
Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom!

Though unoffending innocence may plead,
Though frantic ewes may mourn the savage deed,
Their shepherd comes, a messenger of blood,
And drives them bleating from their sports and food.
Care loads his brow, and pity wrings his heart,
For lo, the murdering butcher with his cart,
Demands the firstlings of his flock to die,
And makes a sport of life and liberty!
His gay companions Giles beholds no more;
Clos'd are their eyes, their fleeces drench'd in gore.
Nor can compassion with her softest notes,
Withhold the knife that plunges through their throats.
Down, indignation! hence, ideas foul!
Away the shocking image from my soul!
Let kindlier visitants attend my way,
Beneath approaching Summer's fervid ray;
No thankless glooms obtrude, nor cares annoy,
Whilst the sweet theme is universal joy.

SUMMER.

The farmer's life displays in every part
A moral lesson to the sensual heart.
Though in the lap of plenty, thoughtful still,
He looks beyond the present good or ill;
Nor estimates alone one blessing's worth,
From changeful seasons, or capricious earth;
But views the future with the present hours,
And looks for failures as he looks for showers;
For casual as for certain want prepares,
And round his yard the reeking haystack rears:
Or, clover, blossom'd lovely to the sight,
His team's rich store through many a wintry night.
What though abundance round his dwelling spreads,
Though ever moist his self-improving meads
Supply his diary with a copious flood,
And seems to promise unexhausted food;

That promise fails when buried deep in snow,
And vegetative juices cease to flow.

* * * * * * *

Shot up from broad rank blades that droop below,
The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful bow,
With milky kernels starting full, weigh'd down,
Ere yet the sun has tinged its head with brown;
There thousands in a flock, forever gay,
Loud chirping sparrows welcome on the day,
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.
Giles with a pole assails their close retreats
And round the grass-grown, dewy border beats,
On either side completely overspread,
Here branches bend, there corn o'erstoops his head.
Green covert, hail! for through the varying year
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.
Here wisdom's placid eye delighted sees
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,
And with one ray his infant soul inspires,
Just kindling there her never-dying fires,
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,
And heaven directed thought his bosom warms.
Just where the parting boughs light shadows play,
Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching day,
Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,
Where swarming insects creep around his head.

* * * * * * *

Delicious sleep! From sleep who could forbear,
With guilt no more than Giles, and no more care?
Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guardian wing,
Nor conscience once disturbs him with a sting;
He wakes refresh'd from every trivial pain,
And takes his pole and brushes round again.

* * * * * * *

Hark! where the sweeping scythe now slips along:
Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;

Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come, health! come, jollity! light-footed, come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home.
Each heart awaits and hails you as its own;
Each moisten'd brow, that scorns to wear a frown:
The unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants stray'd;
E'en the domestic, laughing dairy-maid
Hies to the field, the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow chair,
His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultryb eams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word,
To turn the swarth, the quivering load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumbrous grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down;
Where oft the mastiff skulks with half shut eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by;
While unrestrained the social converse flows,
And every breast love's powerful impulse knows,
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.
For, lo! encircled there, the lovely maid,
In youth's own bloom and native smiles array'd;
Her hat awry, divested of her gown,
Her creaking stays of leather, stout and brown;
Invidious barrier; why art thou so high,
When the slight covering of her neck slips by,
There half revealing to the eager sight,
Her full, ripe bosom, exquisitely white?
In many a local tale of harmless mirth,
And many a joke of momentary birth,
She bears a part, and as she stops to speak,
Strokes back the ringlets from her glowing cheek.

* * * * * * *

Still twilight, welcome! Rest, how sweet art thou!
Now eve o'erhangs the western cloud's thick brow:
The far stretch'd curtain of retiring light,
With fiery treasures fraught; that on the sight
Flash from its bulging sides, where darkness lowers,
In fancy's eye, a chain of mouldering towers;
Or craggy coasts just rising into view,
Midst javelins dire, and darts of streaming blue.

Anon tired laborers bless their sheltering home,
When midnight, and the frightful tempest come.
The farmer wakes, and sees with silent dread
The angry shafts of Heaven gleam round his bed;
The bursting cloud reiterated roars,
Shakes his straw roof, and jars his bolted doors:
The slow-wing'd storm along the troubled skies
Spreads its dark course; the wind begins to rise;
And full-leaf'd elms, his dwelling's shade by day,
With mimic thunder give its fury way:
Sounds in his chimney-top a doleful peal
Midst pouring rain, or gusts of rattling hail;
With tenfold danger low the tempest bends,
And quick and strong the sulphurous flame descends:
The frighten'd mastiff from his kennel flies,
And cringes at the door with piteous cries.

Where now's the trifler? where the child of pride?
These are the moments when the heart is tried!
Nor lives the man, with conscience e'er so clear,
But feels a solemn, reverential fear;
Feels too a joy relieve his aching breast,
When the spent storm hath howl'd itself to rest.
Still, welcome beats the long-continued shower,
And sleep protracted, comes with double power;
Calm dreams of bliss bring on the morning sun,
For every barn is fill'd and harvest done!
Now, ere sweet summer bids its long adieu,
And winds blow keen where late the blossom grew,
The bustling day and jovial night must come,
The long accustomed feast of harvest-home.

No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,
Can give the philosophic mind delight;
No triumph please, while rage and death destroy:
Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.
And where the joy, if rightly understood,
Like cheerful praise for universal good?
The soul nor check nor doubtful anguish knows,
But pure and free the grateful current flows.

Behold the sound oak table's massy frame
Beside the kitchen floor! nor careful dame
And generous host invite their friends around,
For all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the ground
Are guests by right of custom:—old and young;
And many a neighboring yeoman join the throng,
With artizans that lent their dexterous aid,
When o'er each field the flaming sunbeams play'd.

Yet plenty reigns, and from her boundless hoard,
Though not one jelly trembles on the board,
Supplies the feast with all that sense can crave;
With all that made our great forefathers brave,
Ere the cloy'd palate countless flavors tried,
And cooks had nature's judgment set aside.
With thanks to heaven, and tales of rustic lore,
The mansion echoes when the banquet's o'er:
A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound,
As quick the frothing horn performs its round;
Care's mortal foe; that sprightly joys imparts
To cheer the frame and elevate their hearts.
Here, fresh and brown, the hazel's produce lies
In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter rise,
And crackling music, with the frequent song,
Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.

Here once a year distinction lowers its crest,
The master, servant, and the merry guest,
Are equal all; and round the happy ring
The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
And, warm'd with gratitude, he quits his place
With sun-burnt hands and ale-enliven'd face,

Refills the jug, his honor'd host to tend,
To serve at once the master and the friend;
Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.

* * * * * * *

AUTUMN.

Again, the year's decline, midst storms and floods,
The thundering chase, the yellow fading woods,
Invite my song; that fain would boldly tell
Of upland coverts and the echoing dell,
By turns resounding loud, at eve and morn,
The swineherd's halloo, or the huntsman's horn.
No more the fields with scatter'd grain supply
The restless, wandering tenants of the sty;
From oak to oak they run with eager haste,
And wrangling share the first delicious taste
Of fallen acorns; yet but thinly found
Till the strong gale has shook them to the ground.
It comes; and roaring woods obedient wave:
Their home well pleased the joint adventurers leave:
The trudging sow leads forth her numerous young,
Playful, and white, and clean, the briars among.
Till briars and thorns increasing, fence them round,
Where last year's mouldering leaves bestrew the ground,
And o'er their heads, loud lash'd by furious squalls,
Bright from their cups the rattling treasure falls;
Hot, thirsty food; whence doubly sweet and cool
The welcome margin of some rush-grown pool,
The wild duck's lonely haunt, whose jealous eye
Guards every point; who sits, prepared to fly,
On the calm bosom of her little lake,
Too closely screen'd for ruffian winds to shake;
And as the bold intruders press around,
At once she starts, and rises with a bound:
With bristles raised the sudden noise they hear,
And ludicrously wild, and wing'd with fear,

The herd decamp with more than swinish speed,
And snorting dash through sedge, and rush, and reed:
Through tangling thickets headlong on they go:
Then stop and listen for their fancied foe;
The hindmost still the growing panic spreads,
Repeated fright the first alarm succeeds,
Till folly's wages, wounds and thorns, they reap;
Yet glorying in their fortunate escape,
Their groundless terrors by degrees soon cease,
And night's dark reign restores their wonted peace.
For now the gale subsides, and from each bough
The roosting pheasant's short but frequent crow
Invites to rest; and huddling side by side,
The herd in closest ambush seek to hide;
Seek some warm slope with shagged moss o'erspread;
Dried leaves their copious covering and their bed.
In vain may Giles, through gathering glooms that fall,
And solemn silence, urge his piercing call.
Whole days and nights they tarry midst their store,
Nor quit the woods till oaks can yield no more.

* * * * * * *

Nor his alone the sweets of ease to taste:
Kind rest extends to all;—save one poor beast,
That true to time and pace, is doom'd to plod,
To bring the pastor to the house of God:
Mean structure; where no bones of heroes lie!
The rude inelegance of poverty
Reigns here alone; else why that roof of straw?
Those narrow windows with the frequent flaw?
O'er whose low cells the dock and mallow spread,
And rampant nettles lift the spiry head,
Whilst from the hollows of the tower on high
The grey-capp'd daws in saucy legions fly.

Round these lone walls assembling neighbors meet,
And tread departed friends beneath their feet;
And new-briar'd graves, that prompt the secret sigh,
Show each the spot where he himself must lie.

Midst timely greetings village news goes round,
Of crops late shorn, or crops that deck the ground;
Experienced plowmen in the circle join;
While sturdy boys, in feats of strength to shine,
With pride elate, their young associates brave
To jump from hollow-sounding grave to grave;
Then close consulting, each his talent lends
To plan fresh sports when tedious service ends.
Hither at times, with cheerfulness of soul,
Sweet village maids from neighboring hamlets stroll,
That like the light-heeled does o'er lawns that rove,
Look shyly curious; ripening into love;
For love's their errand: hence the tints that glow
On either cheek, a heighten'd luster know:
When conscious of their charms, e'en age looks sly,
And rapture beams from youth's observant eye.
The pride of such a party, nature's pride,
Was lovely Ann, who innocently tried,
With hat of airy shape and ribands gay,
Love to inspire, and stand in Hymen's way:
But, ere her twentieth summer could expand,
Or youth was rendered happy with her hand,
Her mind's serenity, her peace was gone,
Her eye grew languid, and she wept alone:
Yet causeless seem'd her grief; for quick restrain'd,
Mirth follow'd loud; or indignation reign'd;
Whims wild and simple led her from her home,
The heath, the common, or the fields to roam:
Terror and joy alternate ruled her hours;
Now blithe she sung, and gathered useless flowers;
Now pluck'd a tender twig from every bough,
To whip the hovering demons from her brow.
Ill fated maid! thy guiding spark is fled,
And lasting wretchedness awaits thy bed—
Thy bed of straw! for mark, where even now
O'er their lost child afflicted parents bow;
Their wo she knows not, but perversely coy,
Inverted customs yield her sullen joy;

Her midnight meals in secrecy she takes,
Low muttering to the moon, that rising breaks
Through night's dark gloom: Oh how much more forlorn
Her night, that knows of no returning morn! —
Slow from the threshold, once her infant seat,
O'er the cold earth she crawls to her retreat;
Quitting the cot's warm walls, unhoused to lie,
Or share the swine's impure and narrow sty;
The damp night air her shivering limbs assails;
In dreams she moans, and fancied wrongs bewails.
When morning wakes, none earlier roused than she,
When pendant drops fall glittering from the tree;
But naught her rayless melancholy cheers,
Or soothes her breast, or stops her streaming tears.
Her matted locks unornamented flow;
Clasping her knees, and waving to and fro; —
Her head bow'd down, her faded cheek to hide; —
A piteous mourner by the pathway side.
Some tufted molehill through the livelong day
She calls her throne; there weeps her life away!
And oft the gaily-passing stranger stays
His well-timed step, and takes a silent gaze,
Till sympathetic drops unbidden start,
And pangs quick springing muster round his heart,
And soft he treads with other gazers round
And fain would catch her sorrow's plaintive sound:
One word alone is all that strikes the ear,
One short, pathetic, simple word, — "Oh dear!"
A thousand times repeated to the wind,
That wafts the sigh, but leaves the pang behind!
For ever of the proffer'd parley shy,
She hears th' unwelcome foot advancing nigh:
Nor quite unconscious of her wretched plight,
Gives one sad look, and hurries out of sight.

Fair promised sunbeams of terrestrial bliss,
Health's gallant hopes, — and are ye sunk to this?

For in life's road, though thorns abundant grow,
There still are joys poor Ann can never know;
Joys which the gay companions of her prime
Sip, as they drift along the stream of time;
At eve to hear beside their tranquil home
The lifted latch, that speaks the lover come:
That love matured, next playful on the knee
To press the velvet lip of infancy;
To stay the tottering step, the features trace;—
Inestimable sweets of social peace!

O thou, who bidst the vernal juices rise!
Thou, on whose blasts autumnal foliage flies!
Let peace ne'er leave me, nor my heart grow cold,
Whilst life and sanity are mine to hold.

* * * * * * *

Bereft of song, and ever-cheering green,
The soft endearments of the Summer scene,
New Harmony pervades the solemn wood,
Dear to the soul, and healthful to the blood:
For bold exertion follows on the sound
Of distant sportsmen, and the chiding hound;
First heard from kennel bursting, mad with joy,
Where smiling Euston boasts her good Fitzroy,
Lord of pure alms, and gifts that wide extend;
The farmer's patron, and the poor man's friend;
Whose mansion glitters with the eastern ray,
Whose elevated temple points the way,
O'er slopes and lawns, the park's extensive pride,
To where the victims of the chase reside,
Ingulf'd in earth, in conscious safety warm,
Till lo! a plot portends their coming harm.

In earliest hours of dark and hooded morn,
Ere yet one rosy cloud bespeaks the dawn,
Whilst far abroad the fox pursues his prey,
He's doomed to risk the perils of the day,
From his strong hold block'd out; perhaps to bleed,
Or owe his life to fortune or to speed.

For now the pack, impatient running on,
Range through the darkest coverts one by one;
Trace every spot; whilst down each noble glade
That guides the eye beneath a changeful shade,
The loitering sportsman feels th' instinctive flame,
And checks his steed to mark the springing game.
Midst intersecting cuts and winding ways
The huntsman cheers his dogs, and anxious strays,
Where every narrow riding, even shorn,
Gives back the echo of his mellow horn;
Till fresh and lightsome, every power untried,
The starting fugitive leaps by his side,
His lifted finger to his ear he plies,
And the view halloo bids the chorus rise
Of dogs quick-mouth'd, and shouts that mingle loud,
As bursting thunder rolls from cloud to cloud.
With ears erect, and chest of vigorous mould,
O'er ditch, o'er fence, unconquerably bold,
The shining courser lengthens every bound,
And his strong footlocks suck the moisten'd ground,
As from the confines of the wood they pour,
And joyous villages partake the roar.
O'er heath far stretch'd, or down, or valley low,
The stiff-limb'd peasant glorying in the show,
Pursues in vain, where youth itself soon tires,
Spite of the transports that the chase inspires:
For who unmounted long can charm the eye,
Or hear the music of the leading cry?
Poor, faithful Trouncer! thou canst lead no more;
All thy fatigues and all thy triumphs o'er!
Triumphs of worth, whose long-excelling fame
Was still to follow true the hunted game;
Beneath enormous oaks, Britannia's boast,
In thick, impenetrable covers lost,
When the warm pack in faltering silence stood,
Thine was the note that roused the listening wood,
Rekindling every joy with tenfold force,
Through all the mazes of the tainted course,

Still foremost thou the dashing stream to cross,
And tempt along the animated horse;
Foremost o'er fen or level mead to pass,
And sweep the showering dewdrops from the grass;
Then bright emerging from the mist below
To climb the woodland hill's exulting brow.
Pride of thy race! With worth far less than thine,
Full many human leaders daily shine!
Less faith, less constancy, less generous zeal!—
Then no disgrace my humble verse shall feel,
Where not one lying line to riches bows,
Or poison'd sentiment from rancor flows,
Nor flowers are strown around ambition's car:
An honest dog's a nobler theme by far.
Each sportsman heard the tidings with a sigh,
When death's cold touch had stopt his tuneful cry;
And though high deeds, and fair exalted praise,
In memory lived, and flow'd in rustic lays,
Short was the strain of monumental wo;
"Foxes rejoice! here buried lies your foe!"

* * * * * * *

WINTER.

With kindred pleasures moved, and cares oppress'd,
Sharing alike our weariness and rest;
Who lives the daily partner of our hours,
Through every change of heat, and frost, and showers;
Partakes our cheerful meals, partaking first
In mutual labor, and fatigue, and thirst;
The kindly intercourse will ever prove
A bond of amity and social love.
To more than man this generous warmth extends,
And oft the team and shivering herd befriends;
Tender solicitude the bosom fills,
And pity executes what reason wills;
Youth learns compassion's tale from every tongue,
And flies to aid the helpless and the young.

When now, unsparing as the scourge of war,
Blasts follow blasts, and groves dismantled roar,
Around their home the storm-pinch'd cattle lows,
No nourishment in frozen pastures grows;
Yet frozen pastures every morn resound
With fair abundance thundering to the ground.
For though on hoary twigs no buds peep out,
And even the hardy brambles cease to sprout,
Beneath dread Winter's level sheets of snow
The sweet nutritious turnip deigns to grow,
Till now imperious want and wide-spread dearth
Bid labor claim her treasures from the earth.
On Giles, and such as Giles, the labor falls,
To strew the frequent load where hunger calls.
On driving gales sharp hail indignant flies,
And sleet, more irksome still, assails his eyes;
Snow clogs his feet; or if no snow is seen,
The field with all its juicy store to screen,
Deep goes the frost, till every root is found
A mass of rolling ice upon the ground.
No tender ewe can break her nightly fast,
Nor heifer strong begin the cold repast,
Till Giles with ponderous beetle foremost go,
And scattering splinters fly at every blow;
When pressing round him, eager for the prize,
From their mix'd breath warm exhalations rise.
In beaded rows if drops now deck the spray,
While the sun grants a momentary ray,
Let but a cloud's broad shadow intervene,
And stiffen'd into gems the drops are seen;
And down the furrow'd oak's broad southern side
Streams of dissolving rime no longer glide.
Though night approaching bids for rest prepare,
Still the flail echoes through the frosty air,
Nor stops till deepest shades of darkness come,
Sending at length the weary laborer home.
From him, with bed and nightly food supplied,
Throughout the yard, housed round on every side,

Deep plunging cows their rustling feast enjoy,
And snatch sweet mouthfuls from the passing boy
Who moves unseen beneath his trailing load,
Fills the tall racks, and leaves a scatter'd road,
Where oft the swine from ambush warm and dry
Bolt out and scamper headlong to their sty,
When Giles with well-known voice, already there,
Deigns them a portion of his evening care.

* * * * * * *

In part these nightly terrors to dispel,
Giles, ere he sleeps, his little flock must tell.
From the fireside with many a shrug he hies,
Glad if the full-orb'd moon salute his eyes,
And through th' unbroken stillness of the night
Shed on his path her beams of cheering light.
With sauntering step he climbs the distant stile,
Whilst all around him wears a placid smile;
There views the white-robed clouds in clusters driven,
And all the glorious pageantry of heaven.
Low, on the utmost boundary of the sight,
The rising vapors catch the silver light;
Thence fancy measures, as they parting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
Passing the source of light; and thence away,
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
Far yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky, still more serene,)
Others detach'd in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair,
Scatter'd immensely wide from east to west,
A beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.
These to the raptured mind, aloud proclaim
Their MIGHTY SHEPHERD'S everlasting Name.

Whilst thus the loiterer's utmost stretch of soul
Climbs the still clouds, or passes those that roll,
And loosed imagination soaring goes
High o'er his home, and all his little woes,

Time glides away; neglected duty calls;
At once from plains of light to earth he falls,
And down a narrow lane, well known by day,
With all his speed pursues his sounding way,
In thought still half-absorb'd, and chill'd with cold,
When lo! an object frightful to behold;
A grisly specter, clothed in silver-gray,
Around whose feet the waving shadows play,
Stands in his path! — He stops, and not a breath
Heaves from his heart, that sinks almost to death.
Loud the owl halloos o'er his head unseen;
All else is silent, dismally serene:
Some prompt ejaculation, whisper'd low,
Yet bears him up against the threatening foe;
And thus poor Giles, though half inclined to fly,
Mutters his doubts, and strains his steadfast eye,
"'Tis not my crimes thou comest to reprove;
No murders stain my soul, no perjured love;
If thou'rt indeed what here thou seem'st to be,
Thy dreadful mission cannot reach to me.
My parents taught still to mistrust mine eyes,
Still to approach each object of surprise,
Lest fancy's formful visions should deceive
In moonlight paths, or glooms of falling eve,
This then's the moment when my mind should try
To scan thy motionless deformity;
But oh, the fearful task! yet well I know
An aged ash, with many a spreading bough,
(Beneath whose leaves I've found a summer's bower,
Beneath whose trunk I've weather'd many a shower,)
Stands singly down this solitary way,
But far beyond where now my footsteps stay.
'Tis true, thus far I've come with heedless haste;
No reckoning kept, no passing objects traced:
And can I then have reach'd that very tree?
Or is its reverend form assumed by thee?"
The happy thought alleviates his pain:
He creeps another step; then stops again:

Till slowly, as his noiseless feet draw near,
Its perfect lineaments at once appear;
Its crown of shivering ivy whispering peace,
And its white bark that fronts the moon's pale face.
Now, whilst his blood mounts upward, now he knows
The solid gain that from conviction flows;
And strengthen'd confidence shall hence fulfill
(With conscious innocence more valued still)
The dreariest task that winter nights can bring,
By churchyard dark, or grove, or fairy ring;
Still buoying up the timid mind of youth,
Till loitering reason hoists the scale of truth.

* * * * * * *

E'en Giles, for all his cares and watchings past,
And all his contests with the wintry blast,
Claims a full share of that sweet praise bestow'd
By gazing neighbors, when along the road,
Or village green, his curly-coated throng
Suspends the chorus of the spinner's song;
When admiration's unaffected grace
Lisps from the tongue, and beams in every face.
Delightful moments! — Sunshine, health, and joy,
Play round, and cheer the elevated boy!
"Another spring!" his heart exulting cries;
"Another year! with promised blessings rise! —
Eternal Power! from whom those blessings flow,
Teach me still more to wonder, more to know!
Seed-time and harvest let me see again;
Wander the leaf-strewn wood, the frozen plain;
Let the first flower, corn-waving field, plain, tree,
Here round my home, still lift my soul to thee;
And let me ever, midst thy bounties, raise
An humble note of thankfulness and praise."

SIMON ANTOINE.

About ninety miles to the south-east of Paris, in the little city of Froyes, on the banks of the beautiful Seine, is found the birth-place of Simon Antoine, — a character destined in after life to play his part in that great revolution, which, like a scourge of pestilence, or scathing fire, drew around France the dark mantle of mourning widowhood and weeping orphanage — a revolution, that has made every actor in its sanguinary scenes, whose name is known, a hero — a canonized saint of a Godless gospel, whose tidings made the nations pale, as with anxious solicitude they gazed at the dancing demons of unholy incantations, called up from their gloomy cells in the deep, black, hadean Bottomless, to hold their horrid orgies in sight of men and angels.

When from the remotest limit of coming time the eye runs back through the historic eras of the race, that deep-stained page of reckless depravity will arrest its gaze, and like a great, ragged, snow-capt mountain, standing alone in the midst of a horizon-bounded plain, will form a stand-point, from whose towering height the backward traveler of time may see the workings, relations, wanderings and tendencies of associated man — causes and effects for whole centuries before and after. That mountain-top has been, and will be, for ages to come, the residence, the laboratory, the speculation-ground of the sage,

the philosopher, the historian, the political astrologer. Sound heads will labor and be broken then, long years hence, when ancient, torn and moldering manuscripts shall be dug from ruined vaults and beneath old crumbling domes, whose foundation stone has not yet been laid. Even now the life of man is far too short to read the libraries that have been already written to show its history, its causes and effects; and still they come. Among all these works, perhaps Biography has had its share of literary labor. The story of the men who acted in that soul-stiring tragedy of revolution — whose throes convulsed the world — whose shout summoned the nations of civilized Europe to the field of battle, where for twenty years the sulphureous dragon bathed his greedy jaws in blood, and quenched the life of millions, and the murderous steel devoured over all the hills and valleys of that pleasant continent, as though living, intelligent, soul-gifted men were prairie grass — has been told, and told again, till their names are as familiar as our own house-hold words. The great ones, I mean — those whom common consent calls heroes. There's Mirabeau, Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, — what child has not heard of them? And there's Napoleon too, and his satellites; who, coming to the stage, drove to death that beast of revolution, to make room for another.

But it is nonsense to suppose that these, and others like them, whom history loves to talk about, are the only heroes who lived and acted in those evil days, when deeds that outraged humanity and insulted Heaven fell so thick, that they trod upon each other, so crowded was the press. These are the men, who, standing boldly out before the world, exhibited in themselves the deeper pulsations of the great popular heart. But there were other men standing

between the people and these great leaders, who were exponents of the people to them, as they in turn were to the world — a second rank of leaders — full of zeal, full of animal courage, and base, low-running shrewdness. They possessed the key to the affections of the people. They were from them, and of them. Every herd of wild cattle has its leader; so has every flock of sheep; to which all the rest pay due deference and respect; chosen on account of greater age, keener observation, more shrewdness, better eye-sight, or superior strength and courage. Indeed, higher qualifications, of the practical, motive kind will always lead, whether called or not — they can't help it.

Such a leader of the second class was Simon Antoine, in that stormy period of the French Revolution, which ended with the "Reign of Terror," too familiar to history. He was born, as before shown, in 1736, and played away his childhood, like other boys, on the green banks of the Seine, in all the independence and privilege of dirty, ragged poverty. But we are not to infer from his connection in the bloody tragedies of his later years, when he seemed the very embodiment of cruelty and every atrocious sentiment and passion, that his boyhood shadowed forth a life of more than ordinary wickedness, or less than common goodness. Far from it. There is nothing in the nature of man to call for such a judgment. We know it is very natural to suppose that the child who spends his infantile years in cruelizing flies, unlegging crickets and grasshoppers, boring out the eyes of young birds, and tormenting the cat, will by necessity make a vicious, brutal man; and the reverse, that a cruel man must have been such a boy, appears to follow of course. Now this may not be at all true. Circumstances have much to do with the formation of human character.

Though we may not fully coincide with the idea, however beautiful, that likens the child to an unsoiled sheet of white paper, upon which you may write just as and what you please, still we believe the character of a human being may be greatly modified and strangely altered. We should rather say he is like the brief (or the heads of argument) which the orator takes with him to the assembly. It contains the substance of what may be a very good or a very bad oration, according as its various parts are brought out and laid open. Or, rather, like a young fruit tree in the nursery; which has in miniature or in embryo all the parts of a fully-grown, branching tree, loaded with fruit. If it lives, it must be a fruit-tree, and in all probability bear fruit. It may be cultivated and pruned into a lofty, spreading tree, or it may be dwarfed into a little, scragly shrub. It may grow erect and trim, or crooked and deformed. Its fruit may be fair, sweet and healthful, or it may be blighted, sour, withered and worm-eaten; and though it be thus bad and bitter, its top may be cut off and ingrafted with the most beautiful of fruits. So with the child; his qualities, passions and propensities exist, part in miniature, part in embryo, waiting to be developed into the state of perfect manhood. In education, by circumstances, some may be restrained; some may be unduly developed; some part of the mind may be cramped and fettered, while its strength goes to nourish and invigorate organs more free to grow. Thus it comes to be deformed, erratic in its movements, and ugly. Or should it be left to grow and expand, in concord with Nature's best provisions, till the shade of years is on the brow, even then the force of circumstances, strong in coercive power, may head down the tree, and ingraft it almost throughout with a different, viler kind of fruit. Who thought

that the generation which was playing away its childhood and youth during the middle of the eighteenth century, would come to be leaders in a career of iniquity, when all the basest passions and propensities of the human mind, in its most savage state, seemed sublimated into fury, and driven with a demoniac power, and impious, blasphemous zeal, bidding defiance to Jehovah and to man, to the most desperate lengths of cruelty, and the most frightful excesses of impiety, sacrilege and beastly obscenity? Certainly, no one, not gifted with prophetic vision that can bore into the night of coming time, and read the destiny of men.

It was not, then, the peculiar and strange characteristics of the men, but the unusual and peculiar circumstances of the times and the nation, which caused that tremendous outburst, that kindling up of human passions and depravity. And here we may, perhaps, as well speak briefly of some of those causes, before we proceed further with the life of our subject, who, in process of time, and after variety of fortune, came to be a shoemaker, by way of compromise with hunger; who conditioned with him, that he might live if he would build shoes. This covenant being made, we cannot tell exactly when, he faithfully performed his part, and thereby lived. This was certainly honest, and boded nothing bad for future life, but quite the reverse; for, as far as we have examined yet, we are inclined to the opinion, that to be a shoemaker is a pretty sure passport to honor and virtue. We certainly expected to find, among so many distinguished characters, more than one rascal. But after a time, circumstances induced him to go to Paris, then rapidly increasing in population, and, of course, (if they were all in the habit of wearing shoes, as doubtless they

were not,) holding out large inducements to the sons of leather. Be that as it may, Simon went to Paris — poor, but from all that can be gathered, honest and respectable.

But to the causes which made bad men of those, who otherwise might have descended with virtuous reputation to honored graves. Not loving to go alone into this dark labyrinth, we are glad to let others lead us. Macauley lights us along after this manner :

" It would be impossible even to glance at all the causes of the French Revolution within the limits to which we must confine ourselves. One thing is clear. The government, the aristocracy, and the church, were rewarded after their works. They reaped that which they had sown. They found the nation such as they had made it. That the people had become possessed of irresistible power, before they had attained the slightest knowledge of the art of government; that practical questions of vast moment were left to be solved by men to whom politics had been only matter of theory; that a legislature was composed of persons who were scarcely fit to compose a debating society; that the whole nation was ready to lend an ear to any flatterer who appealed to its cupidity, to its fears, or to its thirst for vengeance — all this was the effect of misrule, obstinately continued, in defiance of solemn warnings, and the visible signs of an approaching retribution.

" Even while the monarchy seemed in its highest and most palmy state, the causes of that great destruction had already begun to operate. They may be distinctly traced even under the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. That reign is the time to which the ultra Royalists refer as the Golden Age of France. It was in truth one of those periods which shine with an unnatural and delusive

splendor, and which are rapidly followed by gloom and decay.

" His person and his government have had the same fate. He had the art of making both appear grand and august, in spite of the clearest evidence that both were below the ordinary standard. Death and time have exposed both the deceptions. The body of the great king has been measured more justly than it was measured by the courtiers who were afraid to look above his shoetie. His public character has been scrutinized by men free from the hopes and fears of Boileau and Molière. In the grave, the most majestic of princes is only five feet eight. In history, the hero and the politician dwindles into a vain and feeble tyrant, the slave of priests and women, little in war, little in government, little in every thing but the art of simulating greatness.

" He left to his infant successor a famished and miserable people, a beaten and humbled army, provinces turned into deserts by misgovernment and persecution, factions dividing the court, a schism raging in the church, an immense debt, an empty treasury, immeasurable palaces, an innumerable household, inestimable jewels and furniture. All the sap and nutriment of the state seemed to have been drawn to feed one bloated and unwholesome excrescence. The nation was withered. The court was morbidly flourishing. Yet it does not appear that the associations which attached the people to the monarchy had lost strength during the reign. He had neglected or sacrificed their dearest interests; he had struck their imaginations. The very things which ought to have made him most unpopular — the prodigies of luxury and magnificence with which his person was surrounded, while, beyond the enclosure of his parks, nothing was to be seen

but starvation and despair — seemed to increase the respectful attachment which his subjects felt for him. That governments exist only for the good of the people, appears to be the most simple and obvious of all truths. Yet history proves it to be the most recondite. We can scarcely wonder that it should be so seldom present to the minds of rulers, when we see how slowly, and through how much suffering, nations arrive at the knowledge of it.

"During two generations, France was ruled by men, who, with the vices of Louis the Fourteenth, had none of the art by which that magnificent passed off his vices for virtues. The people had now to see tyranny naked. That foul Duessa was stripped of her gorgeous ornaments. She had always been hideous; but a strange enchantment had made her seem fair and glorious in the eyes of willing slaves. The spell was now broken; the deformity was made manifest; and the lovers, lately so happy and so proud, turned away loathing and horror-struck.

"The administration of the Regent was scarcely less pernicious, and infinitely more scandalous, than that of the deceased monarch. It was by magnificent public works, and by wars conducted on a gigantic scale, that Louis had brought distress on his people. The Regent aggravated that distress by frauds, of which a lame duck on the stock exchange, would have been ashamed. France, even while suffering under the most severe calamities, had reverenced the conquerer. She despised the swindler. It seemed to be decreed that every branch of the royal family should successively incur the abhorrence and contempt of the Nation.

"Between the fall of the Duke of Bourbon and the death of Fleury, a few years of frugal and moderate gov-

ernment intervened. Then recommenced the downward progress of the monarchy. Profligacy in the court, extravagance in the finances, schism in the church, faction in the parliaments, unjust war terminated by ignominious peace — all that indicates, and all that produces, the ruin of great empires, make up the history of that miserable period. Abroad, the French were beaten and humbled, everywhere, by land and by sea, on the Elbe and on the Rhine, in Asia and in America. At home, they were turned over from vizier to vizier, and from sultan to sultan, till they had reached that point beneath which there was no lower abyss of infamy.

"But unpopular as the monarchy had become, the aristocracy was more unpopular still; and not without reason. The tyranny of an individual is far more supportable than the tyranny of a caste. The old privileges were galling and hateful to the new wealth and the new knowledge. Every thing indicated the approach of no common revolution; of a revolution destined to change not merely the form of government, but the distribution of property and the whole social system; of a revolution the effects of which were to be felt at every fire-side in France. In the van of the movement were the moneyed men, and the men of letters — the wounded pride of wealth and the wounded pride of intellect. An immense multitude, made ignorant and cruel by oppression, was raging in the rear.

"We greatly doubt whether any course which could have been pursued by Louis the Sixteenth could have averted a great convulsion. The church and the aristocracy, with that blindness to danger, that incapacity of believing that any thing can be except what has been, which the long possession of power seldom fails to gener-

ate, mocked at the counsel which might have saved them. They would not have reform; and they had revolution. They would not pay a small contribution in place of the odious corvèes; and they lived to see their castles demolished and their lands sold to strangers.

"Then the rulers of France, as if smitten with judicial blindness, plunged headlong into the American war. They thus committed, at once, two great errors. They encouraged the spirit of revolution. They augmented at the same time those public burdens, the pressure of which is generally the immediate cause of revolutions. The event of the war carried to the height the enthusiasm of speculative democrats. The financial difficulties produced by the war carried to the height the discontent of that larger body of people who cared little about theories, and much about taxes.

"The meeting of the States-General was the signal for the explosion of all the hoarded passions of a century. In that assembly there were undoubtedly very able men. But they had no practical knowledge of the art of government. They did not understand how to regulate the order of their own debates; and they thought themselves able to legislate for the whole world. All the past was loathsome to them. All their agreeable associations were connected with the future. Hopes were to them all that recollections are to us. In the institutions of their country they found nothing to love or to admire. As far back as they could look, they saw only the tyranny of one class and the degradation of another. They hated the monarchy, the church and the nobility. They cared nothing for the states or the parliament. It was long the fashion to ascribe all the follies which they committed to the writings of the philosophers. We believe that it was misrule, and nothing but misrule, that put the sting into

those writings. It is not true that the French abandoned experience for theories. They took up with theories because they had no experience of good government. They had experienced so much evil from the sovereignty of kings, that they might be excused for lending a ready ear to those who preached, in an exaggerated form, the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people.

"The glory of the National Assembly is this, that they were in truth, what Mr. Burke called them in austere irony, the ablest architects of ruin the world ever saw. They were utterly incompetent to perform any work which required a discriminating eye and a skillful hand. But the work which was then to be done was a work of devastation. They had to deal with abuses so horrible, and so deeply rooted, that the highest political wisdom could scarcely have produced greater good to mankind, than was produced by their fierce and senseless temerity. Demolition is undoubtedly a vulgar task; the highest glory of the statesman is to construct. But there is a time for every thing; a time to set up and a time to pull down. The talents of the revolutionary leaders, and those of the legislator, have equally their use and their season. It is the natural, the almost universal law, that the age of insurrections and prescriptions shall precede the age of good government, of temperate liberty, and liberal order.

"And how should it be otherwise? It is not in swaddling bands that we learn to walk. It is not in the dark that we distinguish colors. It is not under oppression that we learn how to use freedom. The ordinary sophism by which misrule is defended is, when truly stated, this; The people must continue in slavery, because slavery has generated in them all the vices of slaves. Because they are ignorant, they must remain under a power that has

made and keeps them ignorant. Because they have been made ferocious by misgovernment, they must be misgoverned forever. If the system under which they live was so mild and liberal, that under its operation they had become humane and enlightened, it would be safe to venture on a change. But as this system has destroyed morality, and prevented the development of the intellect; as it has turned men who might, under different training, have formed a virtuous and happy community, into savage and stupid wild beasts, therefore it ought to last forever. The English Revolution, it is said, was truly a glorious revolution. Practical evils were redressed; no excesses were committed; no sweeping confiscations took place; the authority of the laws was scarcely for a moment suspended; the fullest and freest discussion was tolerated in parliament; the nation showed by the calm and temperate manner in which it asserted its liberty, that it was fit to enjoy liberty. The French Revolution was, on the other hand, the most horrible recorded in history; all madness and wickedness, absurdity in theory and atrocity in practice. What folly and injustice in the revolutionary laws! What grotesque affectation in the revolutionary ceremonies! What fanaticism! What licentiousness! What cruelty! Anacharsis Clootz and Marat, feasts of the Supreme Being, and marriages of the Loire, trees of liberty, and heads dancing on pikes — the whole forms a kind of infernal farce, made up of every thing ridiculous and every thing frightful. This is to give freedom to those who have neither wisdom nor virtue. It is not only by bad men interested in the defence of abuses, that auguments like these have been urged against all schemes of political improvement. Some of the highest and purest of human beings have conceived such scorn

and aversion for the follies and crimes of the French Revolution, that they recanted, in the moment of triumph, those liberal opinions to which they had clung in defiance of persecution. And if we inquire why it was hat they began to doubt whether liberty were a blessing, we shall find that it was only because events had proved in the clearest manner, that liberty is the parent of virtue and order. They ceased to abhor tyranny, merely because it had been signally shown, that the effect of tyranny on the hearts and understandings of men is more demoralizing and more stupefying than had ever been imagined by the most zealous friend of popular rights.

We believe it to be a rule without an exception, that the violence of a revolution corresponds to the degree of misgovernment which has produced that revolution. Why was the French Revolution so bloody and destructive? Why was our Revolution of 1641 comparatively mild? Why was our Revolution of 1688 milder still? Why was the American Revolution, considered as an internal movement, the mildest of all? There is an obvious and complete solution of the problem.

"The English under James the First and Charles the First were less oppressed than the French under Louis the Fifteenth and Louis the Sixteenth. The English were less oppressed after the restoration than before the great rebellion. And America under George the Third, was less oppressed than England under the Stuarts. The reaction was exactly proportioned to the pressure — the vengeance to the provocation.

"The difference between Washington and Robespierre, the difference between Franklin and Barrere, the difference between the destruction of a few barrels of tea, and the confiscation of thousands of square miles, the differ-

ence between the tarring and feathering a tax-gatherer, and the massacres of September, measure the difference between the government of America under the rule of England, and the government of France under the rule of the Bourbons."

We might go a great way further, and not find half so much clear and sound philosophy. It is difficult to gain an adequate conception of the miseries and corruption, in which the French people, particularly of Paris, were merged. All the accumulated evils of long centuries of tyranny, were concentrated upon one generation, and that generation had toiled on with the fatal burden to the very verge of a frightful chasm.

The idea that the whole great people of France were made for the good of one man, named king, seemed to possess the entire soul of court and sovereign. It was, indeed, the first, last, and only article of their political creed. On it they built their faith and practice. Under it their people suffered. War succeeded war, tax succeeded tax, till the land was drained of laborers to till the soil, and the soil without laborers refused to yield her increase. The provinces were in a fair way to become a depopulated waste.

Nor had the morals of the people escaped unimpaired. Corruption, such as had scarce visited the earth since the days of Nero and Caligula, enveloped court, capital and country. Vice, in every nameless form, had left its caverns and hiding-places, and stalked abroad in open sunlight. The court, like a deep flowing fountain, poured out its thousand streams of black pollution upon Paris, whose deadly taint rose up like pestilential vapor, and hovered around the provincial cities — a loathsome, devouring curse.

Literature was abased. The press, which should yield forth living streams of purity, for the cleansing and invigorating of the popular mind, had become a spring of morbid, licentious impurity. So great was the tendency to literary corruption, that the writings of such sober Philosophers as Montesquieu and Rousseau, did not entirely escape its influence; while the great, the talented, the vigorous Madam Roland, herself by no means free, praised the works deeply stained with its blackening fumes. What shall we say, then, of the thousand and one writers of the lighter sort — of what may be called the *yellow-covered* literature of those times? Oh, horrors! what a slimy reservoir of filth, with vulgarity and beastly obscenity oozing out at every pore!

Religion, too, that foundation-rock of civil liberty, had suffered in the general wreck. The priesthood held the oracles of God. But they treated them as though they were but the fabulous records of a former age. The people, from long habit of generations, and from teaching, were inclined to look to the clergy for spiritual and moral guidance. Looking there, they often heard the truth; and then saw him who taught it, practice it into a lie. But oftener, the priest, having never learned the import of the oracles he held, instead of throwing more light into the window of the soul, drew a veil of deeper, thicker darkness. He hedged in the way, and showed the people crooked roads, which reason, without looking for the right, could see were wrong. Most, preach as they might, acted as if they believed there was no way, no God, no hereafter.

There is a certain idea of consistency in the human mind, which cannot be yielded up, while the last spark of that Heaven-infused principle of reason is left. That

there was something wrong and inconsistent in the religious establishment, could not escape the observation of a people of far less intelligence than the French of the last century. An intellectual day was breaking upon France, such as had never yet arisen there. Great philosophic minds were peering up here and there, and full of an inspiration that stirred the depths of thought, they hove up to the view of the great masses, new and hidden ideas. These great minds, having caught none of the true celestial fire from off the altar of the church, which like a cold northern iceberg, had no principle of vitality in it, or if any, it was smothered in the fumes of priestly debauchery, proclaimed all religion false — a humbug, designed by worthless quacks to cheat mankind. The command is "search and see;" but Rome had nullified that law of Heaven; and France was a province of Rome. They did not search; but declared the Bible —

> "the only star,
> By which the bark of man could navigate
> The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
> Securely; only star which rose on time,
> And, on its dark and troubled billows, still,
> As generation, drifting swiftly by,
> Succeeded generation, threw a ray
> Of Heaven's own light" —

to be a fable of the past — a rope of superstition wherewith to bind and enslave the ignorant; and though "it contained Heaven's code of laws to men, entire," they pronounced it a baseless, delusive falsehood. Thus in words the philosopher endorsed the actions of the priest, and said, there is no way, no God, no hereafter. The people heard and believed it; and thus slipped from their moorings, they drifted out upon a broad, bottomless ocean, broken-helmed, compass and chronometer ashore.

With this faint outline of the political, moral and religious condition of France, we may, perhaps, be able to form some slight idea, however inadequate, of the state of the popular mind. It also sheds some light on the habits and modes of thinking of our obscure shoemaker, plying the implements of trade on a dark street in the suburbs of Paris.

Revolutions, and the French Revolution more than any other, find their men in the lower classes — in what, in peaceful times, would be called the under-current of society. When conservative characters are out of use, and destruction has become the order of the day, the talented of those orders in the state not accustomed to rule, are called out and put in requisition. Just so when the Revolution burst upon France in 1789; when every thing was reversed, and the under-current of society ran uppermost, Simon Antoine stood forward as the natural leader of his rebellious section, and early became a member or instrument of the Commune of Paris, which obtained such a detestable preëminence among the sanguinary conclaves of that era of atrocity.

At first the actions and demands of the people, when viewed as revolutionists, may be called moderate. They only asked for that which a community deprived of should be ashamed not to seek. They asked for freedom from unjust taxation, and freedom of political representation. They were hungry! and their children cried for the bread which the tax gatherer tore from their pale lips to put in the coffers of the king, to be squandered in unjust and unproductive wars, and lavished on a proud, contemptuous and worthless nobility. And when they saw their just demands, which no people possessing the faintest shadow of liberty could live without making, resisted

by a tyrannical abuse of the royal prerogative, they could endure it no longer. They saw the parliament of Paris forced to register a decree of taxation, which was to immerse them in a debt of 500,000,000 francs. They saw the assembly of the States-General, the first time for near two centuries, called together to deliberate for the public good, driven from their hall, that it might be fitted up for a display of royal pomp and power; and beheld those representatives of the people record their oath in solemn earnestness, amid a concussion of the warring elements which rent the clouds above them, that they would never retire from their post till they had established the government on a different and freer basis. They heard the royal mandate which denounced and dissolved that assembly in which their hopes were centered, and saw it fall harmless at their feet. Conscious of great wrongs, they were determined on a great revenge. Mutual suffering had made the people mutual sympathizers in a common cause. And however liable the higher classes of the state were to the charge of apathy, the people showed no slumberous disposition.

Now came the dark side of the terrible reality; one whose every feature is black, whose every recollection is bitter. Robbery, murder and confiscation became the order of the day. Crime followed crime. Blood trod on the heels of blood. Every passion of the human heart seemed goaded into frenzy. Under the workings of this dire enthusiasm, men were transmuted into monsters. The body seemed emptied of the natural soul of man, and filled to bursting with the lusts of demons fresh from the vaults of perdition. Murder became a trade, cruelty a pastime; envy became a gnawing, insatiable rage. Ah, they wanted a controlling belief in the Christian religion!

Cut loose from all restraint, and left to their own guidance on the raging sea of their infuriate passions, they needed faith in that God whom they declared was not; they needed that Bible they had cast aside as worthless rags, for a sheet anchor in the storm.

Had the people of France been governed by the high principles which guided our revolutionary fathers, how different would have been the progress and result of the French Revolution. In the smooth current of life, a man's principles will be scarcely perceived in his actions; but let a general uprising come that rouses the mind and passions to their utmost intensity, and then the convictions and principles, the teachings of earlier days, become strangely visible. How different was Simon Antoine from Roger Sherman! The difference between the moral and religious principles and notions of the two, will very nearly measure the difference in their characters and actions. The one was famous for his wisdom and moderation, the other for his folly and madness; the one was known as the friend and exemplar of every virtue, the other as the embodiment of every vice; the one led the counsels of patriotic statesmen to works of durable goodness, the other led the ragged pikemen of Paris to riot, robbery and murder. Roger Sherman stood up for peace and public order in the American Congress, Simon Antoine raved for blood, terror and conscription in the community of Paris.

Let this example teach us to guard well the sacred character of our moral and religious institutions. They are the bulwark, sign, seal, pledge and covenant of our national safety. Our dearest interests, the interests of generations yet to come, are bound up in the love, reverence and conscientious regard with which we cherish

the Bible, and study and practically exemplify the duties it enjoins. The results of those causes of the French Revolution which occasioned such a change of popular character, should sink, like a warning voice from the tomb of time, deep into our hearts. They should make us hug, with more than filial affection, this richest legacy of Heaven to man.

We may cast it aside, and enshrine Reason and Nature in its place, and find our principles of morality in the social wants and interests of men; while all goes peacefully around us, our loss of sound principles, the fact that we are off from the only moral anchoring-ground of life, may not be strongly obvious. Like a gallant ship on some rocky, reef-girt coast, in a calm, we may float safely and pleasantly along without dreaming of unsafe anchorage. But let some jarring commotion agitate the social state, and call up all the sleeping passions of the soul in their collected, resistless might, like the same ship, tempest-driven on that fearful shore, we must go down amid the rush of discordant elements, or, surviving the storm, be towed back, a dismantled wreck, to that moral anchoring-ground we unsafely ventured to contemn.

Reader, as you love yourself, as you love your country and the world, I beseech you be watchful, be jealous of every thing that may impair those institutions which have been so long the highest honor, the brightest ornament, the firmest security of this pilgrim-land. They are committed to our keeping. Let us prove ourselves worthy of that high trust — faithful guardians. Let no enemy lay sacrilegious hands on this Palladium of our nation's hopes. Let the example, the doom and the punishment of the French people write our warning. They spurned

the Bible and its God, and listened to the insidious teachings of an unsound philosophy — and terrible was their suffering.

But let us proceed with our subject. In the strangely inverted state of society to which we have referred, when ignorance and baseness were the sure passports to promotion, and the road to preferment was down-hill, Antoine became a bright and shining ornament in the powerful jacobin fraternity. A *Sans-Cullotte* by birth and acquired endowments, it needed no painful abjuration on his part to entitle him to the fraternal hug of those grisly professors of "the rights of man." It was a most sympathetic affiliation. Others might come down, and make great relinquishment of virtue, of honor, of politeness, and something like humanity and natural affection, to attest their devotion to the cause of glorious democracy; — Simon, never. A walking diploma of qualifications, all he had to do was to put on the red cap, carry a pike, and roar applause to the eloquence of Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Barrère and their grim associates, to show himself an accredited son of liberty — a worthy recipient of the baptismal sacrament in this graceless church of assassins.

Here, watching and stirring the great jacobinical seething-pot of revolution, our shoemaking Simon received the finishing stroke of his education. And why should he not reach the climax of perfection in a school where he heard such masters as Robespierre cant in whining adulation about the wrongs and rights of the "poor people, the sublime people, the virtuous people;" and Marat, who cried for blood like a thirsty jackal of the desert — who talked of murder and cruelty as an Englishman talks of his dinner, or an American of making money? "Give me," says Marat, "Give me two

hundred Neapolitans — a dagger in their right hand — in their left a muff to serve for a target — with them I will traverse France and complete the revolution." Then he entered into an elaborate disquisition, to show how 260,000 men could be slaughtered at one day's work. That number, varying upwards to 300,000, was a peculiar favorite with that infuriated monster.

These jacobin societies branched out into all the departments of France, each adding a new link to the chain of tyranny which netted the empire, and bound the stupefied people to the great moving influence of Paris. The parent society at Paris, to which Simon belonged, held complete control over the entire machinery of revolution. Secretly and openly, they exerted a tremendous influence over the lower orders of the people. With one word, the community of Paris, the supreme head and most efficient exponent of the jacobin faction, could raise a forest of pikes, cartloads of which they had distributed in every section; and unsheath ten thousand daggers with another. With these instruments of terror, followed by the deadly guillotine, that brought up the rear, they overawed the National Assembly, and made it a convenient mouth-piece.

The various schemes of insurrection and massacre in which this black saint of ruin was engaged, would defy our description, and transcend our limits. When the deadly tocsin was pealed forth from every steeple in Paris, at noonday or at midnight, to call the rabble to their work of destruction, we can imagine, as the multitude were gathering from every quarter, with what zeal the enthusiastic Simon siezed his oft-reddened pike from the leather loops where it hung over his work-bench, for ornament and ready convenience; we can see him put

himself at the head of his obedient suburb, and lead them to the onset. We can figure in our minds the part he acted when that old prison-house of despotism, the Bastile, fell, on the night of the 14th July, 1791, amid the triumphant shouts of an exulting people; the part he played in the terrible massacre of September, of the same year; and, on the eventful tenth of August, 1792, when the terrorists triumphed over the king. During these thrilling scenes, which followed each other in rapid succession, Simon Antoine gained a not unenvied prcëminence among his guilty associates. His hands were dyed to the arm-pits in the blood of his brethren. He had the unbounded confidence of the community of Paris, and received the high approval of his master, Robespierre — and the friendship, if such a *thing* could be said to possess such a sentiment.

Being employed as an agent of the Commune in the prison of the Temple, he was one of the chief among those who tormented the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, when on the eleventh of July, 1792, he was committed to that gloomy castle. Under this barbarous jailor, and his kindred spirits, what cruel insults, and studied, malicious contempt did not that misguided monarch and his refined and noble family endure? But they suffered with all the heroism of martyrs, with all the patience of Christians.

One of the men commissioned to guard the royal captive, whom we conclude from the reply must have been Antoine, not being relieved at the proper hour, the king kindly expressed his hopes that he would suffer no inconvenience from the delay. "I came here," answered the ruffian, "to watch your conduct, not for you to trouble yourself with mine. None," he added, fixing his hat

firmly on his brow, "least of all, you, have any business to concern themselves with it." On another occasion, Simon seemed to exhibit the remnant of a feeling, which might, with a liberal degree of charity, be called humanity; for it is asserted, that seeing joy testified by the queen and Madame Elizabeth, at being allowed to dine with the king, he exclaimed, "I believe these confounded women will make me cry." Whether the creature actually did weep, deponent saith not. If he did, crocodile tears must have flowed like large warts down his dry, unwashed and hairy cheeks. But we are confident that he was not troubled with the above named feeling afterwards — it went *out* then.

When the king was brought before the Convention to undergo an examination, on the 11th of December, 1792, his little son, whose promising talents had been early developed by careful instruction, and whose society had greatly solaced the rigors of confinement, was forcibly taken from him. They never met each other afterwards. The father exhibited more intense affliction at this wanton cruelty than at any other indignity he had suffered from his steel-hearted jailers. What then must have been the feelings of the Dauphin, yet a child! Just before being separated, the royal prisoners were playing at a game called Siam; and in no way could the young prince get beyond the number *sixteen*. "That is a very unlucky number," exclaimed the boy. "True, indeed, my child," answered the king; "I have long had reason to think so."

But the child, heir of the royal line of Louises, now obnoxious to the fierce hatred of the triumphant factions, being separated from his father, must have a keeper. The Community of Paris, well acquainted where faithful

ministers of their will were to be found, looked among their trusty band of jacobins for an instrument of their hatred to the unhappy child. Simon Antoine, as the most ignorant and wicked of that infamous crew, was selected for his well-earned preëminence in deeds of fiendish atrocity. He asked of his employers, "What was to be done with the young wolf-whelp; was he to be slain?" "No." "Poisoned?" "No." "Starved to death?" "No." "What then?" "He was to be got rid of." Antoine comprehended his terrible commission. A few months before, he had met with three thousand shoemakers at the *Place Louis Quinze*, to deliberate on the price of shoes; now he was to deliberate on the capacity for misery and suffering, and the price of cruelty. And, "in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things," he contrived to ruin mind and body both, of the helpless youth entrusted to his charge. With an inventive refinement of cruelty unknown to ordinary demons, he feasted his ravenous appetite upon the tender sensibilities of innocent childhood. And while his masters were sending their daily sacrifice of victims to the guillotine, (that sovereign ruler of France,) which every morning made the sewers of the *Place de Revolution* run crimson with the blood of innocence, which stood in pools around the scaffold where from fifty to an hundred severed heads, with fixed and glazing eyes, were staring in the last mortal agony; — while the plow was passed over the grimmed and blackened squares of once prosperous Lyons, where jacobinical rage and vengeance had been wreaked upon the inhabitants, and a monument erected, inscribed, "Lyons resisted the Republic; Lyons is no more!" — when La Vendèe was left a blackened memorial of hatred and revenge, by ruin and devas-

tation, with scarce an inhabitant; — when Nantes and Marseilles were decimated for the slaughter, and the deadly guillotine — too moderate in the work of death, though its reeking steel rose and fell, from sunrise to twilight, and severed heads were heaped in pyramids like cannon balls in an armory — was aided by bringing whole crowds of prisoners together and pouring among them the grape and canister of loaded batteries, ranged and filled for the work of devastation, and boats and galleys filled with their living freight of old and young, male and female, young girls of sixteen and boys of twelve, were scuttled and went down in the dark waters of the Loire, and children were tost from pike to pike along the ranks of soldiers whom lust and unlicensed anarchy had turned to demons; — Simon Antoine exercised his skill in a more secret, silent way, and with a horrid zest that made him grin with triumphant exultation.

To take a child at the tender age of seven, in the midst of childhood dreams and playfulness and innocence, from the fond embrace of parental love, and confide him to the tender mercies of such a guardian, will make angels weep — should make humanity sick at heart. Compared to it, the doom of a prisoner in the hands of American savages is mercy; the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition were the benevolent effusions of essential love. True to his infernal trust, and his own base instincts, Antoine quenched the vital energy, emaciated the body, and broke the free spirit of his victim, by beatings, and fasts, and vigils, the recital of which chills the blood. And then, to dry up the deep, pure fountains of the soul, he taught his boyish lips to curse his father and mother, and blaspheme the name of his Maker, whom he

had learned to reverence and adore. He compelled him, on pain of long hunger and suspended sleep, to sing the hateful "Carmagnole," and cry "Long live the Sans-Cullottes." And yet a lower deep — more bitter still than death, more cruel than the grave — he poured down his throat the destroying, damning draught of intoxication, which consumes the heaven-infused principles and God-like attributes of the immortal mind, and blots out the last lineaments of humanity.

Thus, from his merciless rage and insatiable cruelty — the poor child died a living death of years — long years of bitter, nameless wo. But why dwell longer on this dark type of human character. His day came at last. Robespierre, that black Sun of the Revolution, with all his gloomy satellites, was cast down like Lucifer, from the culminating point of his dark, terrible dominion. On the 28th of July, 1794, Simon Antoine, with master and protector, was carried to the guillotine, where mercy, bathed in tears, stood pleading for his execution.

HANS SACHS.

This eminent man, whose poetry has gained him a high place in the esteem of his countrymen, was born in the first part of the sixteenth century, and was a resident of Nuremberg; where he followed his calling, as shoemaker, with commendable diligence. He wrote abundance of poetry during the intervals of leisure, which his severe industry enabled him to obtain. He was a man of deep thought, and quick perception, and remarkably endowed with the gift of expressing his ideas for the benefit and amusement of others — and he certainly had the merit of being one of the first poets of Germany. Hans Sachs was a cotemporary and warm friend of Luther, and cheered and aided that great reformer on his way in no stinted measure. Himself a reformer, in his own quiet way, he wrote the songs of the people — and some writer has most justly remarked, "Let me make the *songs* of the people, and I don't care who makes their *laws*."

"His poem entitled the 'Morning Star,'" says Coleridge, "was the first production that appeared in praise and support of Luther; and an excellent hymn of Hans Sachs', which has been deservedly translated into almost all the European languages, was commonly sung in the Protestant churches, whenever the heroic reformer visited them.

"Of this man's genius, five folio volumes, with double columns, are extant in print, and nearly an equal number

in manuscript; yet the indefatigable bard takes care to inform his readers, that he never made a shoe the less, but had virtuously reared a large family, by the labor of his hands."

He died in 1576, leaving a numerous circle of friends to mourn his departure, and a grateful people to cherish and embalm his memory.

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

No stronger argument against aristocractic and monarchical forms of government is necessary, than the poverty and degradation which prevail so universally among the masses, over whom such governments are established. As long as this state of things is so notorious, the fine-spun theories of tory logicians and economists, the illiberal and inconclusive reasoning of learned aristocrats, are all in vain.

In England — the proudest and mightiest power in the world — we find the people degraded to such an extreme, that one-seventh of the whole population are paupers, and two-thirds of the remainder are but little better off! They are neglected in respect to both body and mind; and if they can by hard, constant labor, get enough of something to eat, to protract life, their rulers feel safe from riots and insurrections. Without any system of education, without schools, libraries, or apparatus for the instruction of the youth, without leisure to attend to them in case these were provided, when mere children they are put to work *for life*, to get *their bread*. What a spectacle does their laboring population present — struggling with all their energies to escape starvation!

It is not surprising, therefore, that we hear of so few of the lower classes of England becoming distinguished for learning and great talents. On the contrary, it is the more surprising that we hear of so many who have distinguished themselves.

The pampered sons of fortune are pushed forward into every place of honor and emolument, and are alone destined to occupy all stations requiring genius and learning. Influential and wealthy friends secure the high position for them, and they have nothing to do, but prepare themselves for the place of their ambition, with every possible facility to aid them.

Few, then, must they be, who, from the toil-doomed ranks of the people, can break the spell, and rise to eminence. But some there are who have ascended the rugged steep, beating down every obstacle by the force of their genius, and linked their names and fame with the learning, arts and literature of their native land.

Conspicuous among these heroes from humble life, is the name of WILLIAM GIFFORD. He was born in Ashburton, Devonshire, England, in 1757. His father, a dissipated man, was a seaman, and was once second in command of an armed transport. He attempted to excite a riot in a methodist chapel, and fled from his country to escape punishment. William's mother possessed three or four small fields, and with these scanty means, assisted him to attend school where he learned to read. Says Gifford, "I cannot boast much of my acquisitions at this school; they consisted mostly of the contents of the 'child's spelling,' but from my mother, who had stored up the literature of a country town — which about a half century ago, amounted to little more than what was disseminated by itinerent ballad singers, or rather readers — I had acquired much curious knowledge of Catskin, and the Golden Bull, and the Bloody Gardener, and many other histories equally instructive and amusing."

When he was seven years old, his father returned from sea, possessed of considerable property; but he soon

squandered the most of it away, and died about four years afterwards, a victim of intemperance. About a year after the death of his father, William lost his best, and as it seemed afterwards, his only friend — his mother. She left nothing to her children but the evidence of her love and anxiety for them, and the example of her patience and forbearance towards her dissolute husband.

He was not quite thirteen when his mother died, and his little brother, the only child besides himself, was two years old. This brother was sent to the work-house, while he went to live with his god-father, named Carlile. This man sent him to school at first, but just as he began to make good progress in arithmetic, his favorite study, Carlile, unwilling to incur the expense, took him from school after he had attended only three months, intending to employ him at home as a plow-boy. His strength, however, was not sufficient for this kind of service, and his master next determined that he should be sent out to Newfoundland, to go into a store-house. But when William was presented to the man who was to fit him out, he was declared to be too small. Determined, however, to rid himself of his charge, Carlile then proposed to send him out a fishing in one of the Torkay fishing boats. Young Gifford remonstrated against this, and escaped this wretched business by consenting to go on board a coaster. At Brixham a coaster was found, and at the age of thirteen, he entered this toilsome service.

"It will be easily conceived," says Gifford, "that my life was a life of hardships. I was not only a ship-boy on the high and giddy mast, but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet if I was restless and discontented, it was not so much on account of this, as my being precluded from all possibility of reading;

as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect of seeing, during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the 'Coasting Pilot.'"

Life, doubtless, presented a gloomy prospect to the little sailor, as he ran about the beach bare-footed and ragged, at Brixham. He thought himself forgotten by all, an outcast in the world. But the severest and bitterest of all was, to be deprived the privilege of studying arithmetic, and having books to read. But he was remembered and pitied; for he was an object of commisseration. The women of Brixham, carrying fish to Ashburton, his native town, to market, represented his suffering condition to the people there, in such a manner that it excited their indignation, so that Carlile thought it prudent to send and take him home.

In a few days he returned to his "darling pursuit." as he calls arithmetic, and in a short time, he was the best scholar in school — so rapid was his progress. He assisted his master on extraordinary occasions, and received a trifle for his services. This appears to have suggested the thought to him, that he might engage with him as a regular assistant, and thereby be enabled to support himself. But he had another more important object in view. His former teacher was quite old and infirm, and he flattered himself that he might possibly succeed him.

"I was," says he, "in my fifteenth year when I built these castles; a storm, however, was collecting which unexpectedly burst upon me, and swept them all away. On mentioning my little plan to Carlile, he treated it with the utmost contempt; and told me in his turn, that as I had learned enough, and more than enough at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty

(so indeed, he had); he added that he had been negociating with a shoemaker of respectability, who had liberally agreed to take me, without fee, as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this inteiligence, that I did not remonstrate, but went in sullenness and silence to my new master, to whom, on the first of January, 1772, I was bound till I should attain the age of twenty-one."

At this time, the Bible, a black-letter romance, a few old magazines, and the Imitation of Thomas à Kempis, were the only books he had read.

The deep dislike he felt for his new occupation, prevented him from making much progress in it, and consequently he became the common drudge of the family in which he resided. He had not yet even given up all hope of succeeding Mr. Smerdon as teacher, and continued to prosecute his favorite study whenever he had an opportunity. When it became known to his master, in what manner Gifford spent his few leisure moments, fewer still were allowed him. The motive for this brutal treatment was apparent, when Gifford learned that his master designed that his son should have the same situation as teacher, which he himself desired.

A treatise on algebra, given to him by a young lady, was the only book which he possessed at this time. But this was of little use to him, as it supposed the reader to understand simple equations, and he knew nothing about it. But the treasure was at length unlocked in the following manner, given in his own words. "My master's son had purchased 'Fenning's Introduction;' this was precisely what I wanted — but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up the greater part of several nights successively, and before he suspected that

his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it; I could now enter upon my own, and that carried me pretty far into the science. This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one; pen, ink and paper, therefore, (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Oxford,) were for the most part as completely out of my reach, as a crown and scepter. There was indeed a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide to a great extent."

What an example of determined, persevering effort is here given, for the benefit of his craft, who, lack what else they may, certainly cannot lack *pen, ink and paper.* Come, reader, let this be a lesson to teach us, that poverty, the want of the privileges of education, books, teachers, &c., are no apology for our not *trying* to educate ourselves. We are always and every where *bound to try*; to be successful is another thing — yet how certain the one to follow the other!

Gifford was now fastapproaching better days. When he scarcely knew the name of poetry, some verses were composed by one of his acquaintances; this induced him to try his hand at verse-making, and he succeeded in composing about a dozen pieces of rhymes. These he recited to his associates, who were greatly delighted, and spread his fame to such a degree, that Gifford was invited to repeat them in other circles. Here he also gained great applause, and what was of more importance to him, a little money. Sometimes he received sixpence in an evening. "To me," he remarks, "who had lived

in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed a Peruvian mine. I furnished myself, by degrees, with paper, &c., and what was of more importance, with books of geometry and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed."

His master soon heard of his verse-making, and was enraged at the idleness and uselessness of such performances; but especially at the ludicrous references to himself and his workmen, which his youthful productions contained. He seized his books and papers, and positively forbade his ever again repeating his compositions. To add to his misfortunes, the master whom he was still hoping to succeed, died, and another filled his place. This was too much for him to bear; his hopes blasted, his spirits broken — even the resources of his own mind were denied him for the purpose of self-improvement! He says he sank by degrees into a sort of corporeal torpor; or if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, he wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few friends which compassion had left him.

The term of his service was now drawing toward an end, and he began to hope again, as he beheld in the distance the dawning of the day of his deliverance. Almost six long years had he toiled at a trade which he says "he hated with a perfect hatred;" about one remained, as he thought, for him to serve; but Providence had ordered otherwise. The friendless was to find a friend — a benefactor indeed!

He was found in this humble situation, in his twentieth year, by Mr. William Cookesley, "a name," says Gifford, "never to be pronounced by me without veneration." The report that was circulated among the people,

of Gifford's poetry, had reached Mr. Cookesley, and excited his curiosity to see him and ascertain the correctness of the reports. The interview awakened a deep interest in behalf of the poor shoemaker, and he resolved to help him out of his miserable condition. Miserable, indeed! a spirit longing for room and means, in and by which to enlarge itself; eager to burst its confines and dwell in the infinity of knowledge; crushed and degraded to the capacity of a menial, by unfeeling tyrants, jealous of his genius! Happy youth! the day of jubilee has come! Thou has found a benefactor worthy of thee, and hereafter thou shalt be a man!

This gentleman did not pity the shoemaker without corresponding effort for his rescue. This was not that passive sympathy, which exists but during a breath, and that breath spent in *wishing* well. He *went to work*. Having procured a few of Gifford's verses, he circulated them among his friends and acquaintances, and when they had become familiar with his name, he started a subscription for him. It ran thus; "A subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar."

Enough was subscribed to pay his master six pounds for the remainder of his time, and to maintain him at school a few months. His patrons were pleased with his progress, and renewed their subscription, so that he was provided with schooling another year. In two years and two months from the day of his emancipation, his teacher pronounced him prepared for the University. His kind-hearted and zealous patron established him at college, and pledged himself for the means necessary to support him until he should be graduated. But the good

man died, before he could safely anticipate the future celebrity of the object of his charities, or believe that the genius which he rescued from obscurity, would perpetuate his own name and that of his benefactors to future generations!

Gifford found another patron in Lord Grosvenor, more abundantly able to maintain him, but none could be more generous, none more zealous to assist him, than Mr. Cookesley.

While Gifford was at the University, he began his poetical translation of the satires of Juvenal, which were published some years afterwards, and gained him a high reputation. After he was graduated, he traveled a few years on the continent with Lord Belgrave. When he returned, he settled in London, and devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits. He published a number of works, and in 1797, was editor of the Anti-Jacobin, — a paper opposed to the democratic principles which were zealously advocated in England at that time. In 1809, he commenced the publication of the London Quarterly Review. This Review, which was devoted to the interest of the tory party, against innovation and reform, he continued to edit fifteen years, when he retired from the chair on account of his infirmities. He received a yearly income of £300, about thirteen hundred and thirty-three dollars, as paymaster of the Board of Gentlemen Pensioners; and for a time, a salary besides of £600 yearly, as comptroller of the lotteries.

He died at Pimlico, in 1826, being almost seventy years of age. He was interred in Westmister Abbey — the resting place of England's great men.

As he had no family, he left the whole of his fortune to the son of his noble-hearted benefactor, Mr. Cookes-

ley. Thus did the gratitude of his youth, which he then lacked words to express, continue active and warm long after his eyes were dim and his locks silvered; and at last, when all below was over, expired in his bosom in the grand and beautiful act of *giving all he possessed* to the representative of his friend!

Of Gifford's personal character, we cannot speak very highly. There was a coarseness in his manners, and a bitterness in his spirit, which were no honor or advantage to him. He moved in the highest circles of fashionable life, was associated with the most polished and refined classes; yet true politeness — the courtesy due to man as man, and the real dignity of a gentleman — he seems never to have learned. We can readily find an apology for the exhibition of such traits of character when he was young; for certainly his early education (if worthy the name) was directly calculated to embitter his spirit, and make him heedless and morose. But in later years, after having experienced the kindness and generous aid of his benefactors, and having been surrounded by learned and wealthy friends, enjoying amply the pecuniary and intellectual advantages of such a position; he has no excuse for not partaking in some degree of the courtesy and refinement which his circumstances rendered available.

He is open to censure on another point. He forgot the millions of his countrymen, whose origin was as humble as his own, and who were liable to sufferings as great or greater than those which he experienced. He labored for the interest of the lordly and wealthy few, to the neglect of the poor degraded millions, of whom he had been one. Indeed, he planted himself against all reform, all progress and amelioration, and savagely con-

tended for the established order of things, when he knew it bore down the mass of his brethren to the dust! He defended and supported a blind and profligate administration, while it taxed the people beyond endurance and sent the flower of the country to die on foreign shores! We do not know that he ever spoke a word for the benefit of mankind, although he had had abundant evidence that the world wofully needed his talents to aid in its reformation.

In his writings in the London Quarterly, he showed considerable talent, and great severity. He was ever true to the interests of his employers; consequently this Review presented tory wares of the rarest quality — not in the least injured by a spirit of moderation or liberality. It contained articles attacking all republics and republicanism as a system — finding it convenient, *particularly*, to assail our country and misrepresent its institutions. It advocated monarchy as the true system of government, and lauded almost every monarchy and despotism, — finding it especially *profitable* to praise and extol the monarchy of England, and to *admire* her nobility as giving strength and permanence to the government.

He was entirely subservient to the English aristocracy, and it has been more than intimated that he knew no other rule of action than self-interest — which fully accounts for this subserviency. The aristocracy were *able* to pay him for his services, and *did* pay him. His politics (says a writer) were invariably those of his interest.

We give, in addition to this sketch, an extract from one of his satires — the Mæviad. It evinces many of the qualities of the good critic — correct taste and judgment, an eye quick to detect the weak points, but he

says nothing of any *good qualities.* As a satirist he was great; because severity — the all-essential element of satire — was natural to him, in all its native *force* and *purity.*

THE MÆVIAD.

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.

INTRODUCTION.

In the INTRODUCTION to the preceding pages, a brief account is given of the rise and progress of that spurious species of poetry which lately infested this metropolis, and gave occasion to the BAVIAD.

I was not ignorant of what I exposed myself to by the publication of that work. If abuse could have affected me, I should not probably have made a set of people my enemies, habituated to ill language, and possessed of such convenient vehicles* for its dissemination. But I never regarded it from such hands, and, indeed, deprecated nothing but their praise. I respect, in common with every man of sense, the censure of the wise and good; but the angry ebullitions of folly unmasked, and vanity mortified, pass by me "like the idle wind," or, if noticed, serve merely to grace succeeding editions of the Baviad.

* Most of these fashionable writers were connected with the public prints. Della Crusca was a worthy coadjutor of the mad and malignant idiot who conducted the World. Arno and Lorenzo were either proprietors or editors of another paper. Edwin and Anna Matilda were favored contributors to several; and Laura Maria, from the sums squandered on puffs, could command a corner in all. This wretched woman, indeed, in the wane of her beauty, fell into merited poverty, exchanged poetry for politics, and wrote abusive trash against the government, at the rate of two guineas a week, for the Morning Post.

I confess, however, that the work was received more favorably than I expected. Bell, indeed, and a few others, whose craft was touched, vented their indignation in prose and verse; but, on the whole, the clamor against me was not loud, and was lost by insensible degrees in the applauses of such I as was truly ambitious to please.

Thus supported, the good effects of the satire (gloriose loquor) were not long in manifesting themselves. Della Crusca appeared no more in the Oracle, and, if any of his followers ventured to treat the town with a soft sonnet, it was not, as before, introduced by a pompous preface. Pope and Milton resumed their superiority; and Este and his coadjutors silently acquiesced in the growing opinion of their incompetency, and showed some sense of shame.

With this I was satisfied. I had taken up my pen for no other end, and was quietly retiring, with the idea that I had "done the state some service," and proposing to abandon for ever the cæstus, which a respectable critic fancies I wielded "with too much severity," when I was once more called into the lists* by the reappearance of some of the scattered enemy.

It was not enough that the stream of folly flowed more sparingly in the Oracle than before; I was determined

"To have the current in *that place* damm'd up;"

and accordingly began the present poem — for which, indeed, I had by this time other reasons. I had been told that there were still a few admirers of the Cruscan school, who thought

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* I hope no one will do me the injustice to suppose that I imagine myself another Hercules contending with hydras, &c. Far from it. My enemies cannot well have an humbler opinion of me than I have of myself; and yet, "if I am not ashamed of them, I am a soused gurnet." Mere pecora inertia! The contest is without danger, and the victory without glory. At the same time, I declare against any undue advantage being taken of these concessions. Though I knew the impotence of these literary Askaparts, the town did not; and many a man, who now affects to pity me for wasting my strength upon unresisting imbecility, would, not long since, have heard their poems with applause, and their praises with delight.

the contempt expressed for it was not sufficiently justified by the few passages produced in the Baviad. I thought it best, therefore, to exhibit the tribe of Bell once more; and, as they passed in review before me, to make such additional extracts* from their works, as should put their demerits beyond the power of future question.

I remembered that this great critic, in his excellent remarks on the Baviad, had charged the author with "bespattering *nearly* all the poetical eminence of the day." Anxious, therefore, to do impartial justice, I ran for the ALBUM, to discover who had been spared. Here I read, "In this collection are names whom genius will ever look upon as its *best* supporters! Sheridan" — what, is 'Saul also among the prophets!' — "Sheridan, Merry, Parsons, Cowley, Andrews, Jerningham, Greathead, Topham, Robinson," &c.

Thus furnished with "ALL the poetical eminence of the day," I proceeded, as Mr. Bell says, to bespatter it; taking for the vehicle of my design, a satire of Horace — to which I was led by its supplying me (amid many happy allusions) with an opportunity of briefly noticing the wretched state of dramatic poetry among us.†

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* It will now be said that I have done it *usque ad nauseam*. I confess it; and, for the reason given above. And yet I can honestly assure the reader, that most, if not all, of the trash here quoted, passed with the authors for superlative beauties, every second word being printed either in italics or capitals.

† I know not if the stage has been so low, since the days of Gammer Gurton, as at this hour. It seems as if all the blockheads in the kingdom had started up, and exclaimed, with one voice, Come! let us write for the theaters. In this there is nothing, perhaps, altogether new; the striking and peculiar novelty of the times seems to be, that ALL[1] they write is received. Of the three parties concerned in this business, the writers and the managers seem the least culpable. If the town will feed on husks, extraordinary pains need not be taken to find them any

1 I recollect but two exceptions. Merry's Idiotical opera, and Mrs. Robinson's more idiotical farce. To have failed, where Miss Andrews succeeded, argues a degree of stupidity scarcely credible. Surely "ignorance itself is a planet" over the heroes and heroines of the Baviad.

When the Mævіad, so I call the present poem, was nearly brought to a conclusion, I laid it aside. The times seemed unfavorable to such productions. Events of real importance

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thing more palatable. But what shall we say of the people? The lower orders are so brutefied by the lamentable follies of O'Keefe, and Cobbe, and Pilon, and I know not who — Sardi venales, each worse than the other — that they have lost all relish for simplicity and genuine humor; nay, ignorance itself, unless it be gross and glaring, cannot hope for "their most sweet voices." And the higher ranks are so mawkishly mild, that they take with a placid simper whatever comes before them; or, if they now and then experience a slight fit of disgust, have not resolution enough to express it, but sit yawning and gaping in each other's faces for a little encouragement in their culpable forbearance.

When this was written, I thought the town had "sounded," as Shakspeare says, "the very bass string of humility;" but it has since appeared, that the lowest point of degradation had not then been reached. The force of English folly, indeed, could go no farther, and so far I was right; but the auxiliary supplies of Germany were at hand, and the taste vitiated by the lively nonsense of O'Keefe and Co., was destined to be utterly destroyed by successive importations of the heavy, lumbering, monotonous stupidity of Kotzebue and Schiller.

The object of these writers has been detailed with such force and precision in the introduction to "The Rovers," that nothing remains to be said on that head — indeed the simple perusal of "*The Rovers*" would supersede the necessity of any critique on the merits of the German drama in general; since there is not a folly, however gross, an absurdity however monstrous, to be found in that charming jeu d'esprit, that I would not undertake to parallel from one or other of the most admired works of the German Shakspeares.[1] Why it has not been produced on the stage is to me a matter of astonishment, since it unites the beauties of "The Stranger" and "Pizarro;" and, though perfectly German in its sentiments, is English in its language — intelligible English; which is infinitely more than can be said of the translation from Kotzebue, so maliciously attributed to Mr. Sheridan.

In a word, if you take from the German dramas their horrid blasphemies, their wanton invocations of the sacred Name, and their minute and ridiculous stage directions, which seem calculated to turn the whole into a pantomime, nothing will remain but a caput mortuum, a vapid and gloomy mass of matter, unenlightened by a single ray of genius or nature. If you leave them their blasphemies, &c., you have then a nameless something, in-

1 So Kotzebue and Schiller are styled by the critical reviewers.

were momentarily claiming the attention of the public, and the still voice of the muses was not likely to be listened to amid the din of arms. After an interval of two years, however, circumstances, which it is not material to mention, have induced me to finish, and trust it, without more preface, to the candor to which I am already so highly indebted for the kind reception of the Baviad

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YES, I DID say that Crusca's* "true sublime"
Lack'd taste, and sense, and every thing but rhyme;
That Arno's "easy strains" were coarse and rough,
And Edwin's "matchless numbers" woful stuff.
And who — forgive, O gentle Bell, the word,
For it must out — who, prithee, so absurd,
So mulishly absurd, as not to join
In this with me, save always THEE and THINE?

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sipid though immoral, tedious though impious, and stupid though extravagant! — so much so, that, as a judicious writer well observes, "it becomes a doubt which are the greatest objects of contempt and scorn, those who conceived and wrote them, or those who have the effrontery to praise them." Yet "these be thy gods, O Israel!" and to those are sacrificed our taste, our sense, and our national honor.

* Crusca's "true sublime." The words between inverted commas in this and the following verses, are Mr. Bell's. They contain, as the reader sees, a short character of the works to which they are respectively affixed. Though I have the misfortune to differ from this gentleman in the present instances, yet I observe such acuteness of perception in his general criticism, that I should have styled him the "profound" instead of the "gentle" Bell, if I had not previously applied the epithet to a still greater man, (absit invidia dicta,) to — Mr. T. Vaughan.

I trust that this incidental preference will create no jealousy — for though, as Virgil properly remarks, "an oaken staff EACH merits," yet I need not inform a gentleman, who, like Mr. Bell, reads Shakspeare every day after dinner, that "if two men ride upon a horse, one of them must ride behind."

Yet still, the SOUL of candor! I allow'd
Their gingling elegies amused the crowd;
That lords hung blubbering o'er each woful line,
That lady-critics wept, and cried "divine!"
That love-lorn priests reclined the pensive head,
And sentimental ensigns, as they read,
Wiped the sad drops of pity from their eye,
And burst between a hiccup and a sigh.
Yet, not content, like horse-leeches they come,
And split my head with one eternal hum
For "more! more! more!" Away! for should I grant
The full, the unreserved applause ye want,
St. John* might then my partial voice accuse,
And claim my suffrage for his tragic muse;
And Greathead,† rising from his short disgrace,
Fling the forgotten "Regent" in my face,
Bid me my censure, as I may, deplore,
And like my brother critics, cry "Encore!"

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* St. John, &c. Having already observed in the Introduction, that the Mæviad was nearly finished two years since, and consequently before the death of this gentleman, I have only to add here, that though I should not have introduced any of the heroes of the Baviad, quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis, atque Latina, yet I scarcely think it necessary to make any changes for the sake of omitting such as have passed ad plures, in the interval between writing and publishing.

† Greathead's Regent.— Of this tragedy which was "recommended to the world" by the monthly reviewers and others, as "the work of a SCHOLAR," I want words to express my just contempt. The plot of it is childish, the conduct absurd, the language unintelligible, the thoughts false and unnatural, the metaphors incongruous, the general style groveling and base; and, to sum up all in a word, the whole piece the most execrable abortion of stupidity that ever disgraced the stage.

It is to be wished that critics by profession, sensible of the influence which their opinions necessarily have on the public taste, would divest themselves of their partialities when they sit down to the execution of, what I hope they consider as, a solemn duty. We should not then find them, as in the present instance, prostituting their applause on works that call for universal reprobation.

It is but fair, however, to observe, that Mr. Parsons has added

Alas! my learned friends, for such ye are,
As Bell will say, or if ye ask it, swear;

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his all-sufficient suffrage to that of the reviewers, in favor of Mr. Greathead.

"O bard! to whom belongs
Each purest fount of poesy!
Who old Ilyssus' hallow'd dews
In his *own* Avon dare infuse.
O favor'd clime! O happy age!
That boasts, to save a sinking stage;
A Greathead!!!"—*Gent. Mag.*

When I first read these, and other high sounding praises, scattered over reviews, magazines, newspapers, and I know not what, I was naturally led to conclude that Mr. G. had succeeded better in his smaller pieces than in his tragedy, and thus justified in some degree the cry of his "learning," &c. &c. But no — all was a blank!

Here are a few samples of the "Ilyssian dews infused by Mr. Greathead into his *own* Avon" — muddied, I suppose, and debased by the home-bred streamlet of one Shakspeare."

"In fuller presence we descry,
'Mid mountain rocks — a deity
Than eye of man shall e'er behold
In living grace of *sculptured* gold."[1]

More matter for a May morning!

"ODE ON APATHY.

"Accursed be dull lethargic Apathy.
Whether at eve she listless ride
In sluggish car by tortoise drawn —
With mimic air of senseless pride,
She feebly throws on all her withering sight,
While too observant of her sway,
Unmark'd her droning subjects lie,
Alike to her who murmur or obey."

I hope the reader understands it.

"ODE TO DUEL.

"Never didst thou appear
While Tiber's sons gave law to all the world;
Yet much they loved to desolate and slaughter.
Carthage! attest my words.

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1 "These lines (Mr. Parsons says) are not Greathead's." But they are published with his name in the Album; which, exclusive of their stupidity, is sufficient authority for me. If our doughty critic chooses to take them to himself, I can have no objection: for, after all, pugna est de paupere regno!

'Tis not enough, though this be somewhat too,
And more, perhaps,* than Jerningham can do,—

To glut their sanguinary rage,
Not citizens but gladiators fall.
Slavery and vassalage,
And savage broils 'twixt nobles are no more.
Vanish thou likewise" ——

And these are ODES, good heavens! "After the manner of Pindar," I take for granted.

Enough of Mr. Greathead. I have only to add, that I am actuated by no personal dislike; for I can say with truth, (what indeed, I can of all the heroes of the Mæviad,) that I have not the slightest knowledge of him. But the daws have strutted too long: it is more than time to strip them of their adventitious plumage; and if, in doing it, I should pluck off any feathers which originally belonged to them, they have only to thank their own vanity, or the forwardness of their injudicious friends.

* And more, perhaps, than Jerningham can do. No; Mr. Jerningham has lately written a tragedy and a farce; both extremely well spoken of by the reviewers, and both — gone to the "pastry cooks."

I once thought that I understood something of faces, but I must read my Lavater again, I find. That a gentleman with the "physiognomie d'un mouton qui reve" should suddenly start forth a new Tyrtæus, and pour a dreadful note through a cracked war-trump, amazes me. — Well, FRONTI NULLA FIDES shall henceforth be my motto.

In the pride of his heart Mr. Jerningham has taken the instrument from his mouth, and given me a smart stroke on the head with it: this is fair,

"Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis."

He has also leveled a deadly blow at a gentleman who, most assuredly, never dreamed of having our Drawcansir for an antagonist: this, though not quite so fair, is not altogether unprecedented;

"An eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at!"

There is a trait of scholarship in Mr. Jerningham's last poem, which should not be overlooked; more especially as it is the only one. Having occasion to mention "Agave and her *infant*,"[1] he subjoins the following explanation: "Alluding to Agave, who in a delirium slew her *child*. See Ovid." No, I'll take Mr. Jerningham's word for it, though I had twenty Ovids before me.

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1 See his "Peace, Ignominy and Destruction," p. 15.

'Tis not enough to dole out Ahs ! and Ohs !
Through Kemble's thorax, or through Bensley's nose,
To crowd our stage with scaffolds, or to fright
Our wives with rapes, repeated thrice a night ;
JUDGES —— Not such as, self-created, sit
On that TREMENDOUS BENCH* which skirts the pit
Where idle Thespis nods, while Arno† dreams
Of Nereids "purling in ambrosial streams;"
Where Este in rapture cons fantastic airs,
"Old Pistol new revived" in Topham stares,
And Boswell, aping, with preposterous pride,
Johnson's worst frailties, rolls from side to side,
His heavy head from hour to hour erects,
Affects the fool, and is what he affects.‡ —
JUDGES of truth and sense, yet more demand
That art to nature lend a helping hand!
That fables well devised be simply told,
Correct if new, and probable if old.
When Mason leads Elfrida forth to view,
Adorn'd with virtues which she never knew,

* When this was written, which was while the Opera House was used for plays, the "learned justices" here enumerated, together with the others *not yet taken*, were accustomed to flock nightly to this BENCH, from which the unlettered vulgar were always scornfully repelled with an *ουδεις αμουσος*.

I have not heard whether the New Theater be possessed of such a one ; I think not ; for critics are no more gregarious than spiders. Like them, they *might* do great things in concert ; but, like them too, they usually end with devouring one another.

† Arno. — The dreams of this gentleman, which continue to make their appearance in the Oracle under the name of Thespis, are not always of Nereids. He dreamed one night, that Mr. Pope played Posthumus with less spirit than usual, and it was Mr. Johnston singing Grammachree ! Another night, that the Mourning Bride might have been better cast, and lo ! it was the Comedy of Errors that was played.

This was rather unfortunate ; but the reader must have already reflected, from the strange occupations of these "self-created judges," (here faithfully described,) that sleeping or waking, they were attentive to every thing but what passed before their eyes.

‡ Pauper videri cotta vult, et est pauper !

I feel for every tear; while, borne along
By the full tide of unresisting song.
I stop not to inquire if all be just,
But take her goodness, as her grief, on trust,
Till calm reflection checks me, and I see
The heroine as she was, and ought to be;
A bold, bad woman, wading to the throne
Through seas of blood, and crimes till then unknown;
Then, then I hate the magic that deceived,
And blush to think how fondly I believed.*
Not so, when Edgar,† made, in some strange plot,
The hero of a day that knew him not,
Struts from the field his enemy had won,
On stately stilts, exulting and undone!
Here I can only pity, only smile;
Where not one grace, one elegance of style,
Redeems th' audacious folly of the rest,
Truth sacrificed, and history made a jest.

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* Mr. Parsons' note on this passage is — "Did you BELIEVE? could you possibly be so ignorant?" — Even so. But I humbly conceive that Mr. Mason, who seduced my unsuspecting youth, is equally culpable with myself. There is also one William Shakspeare, who, I am ready to take my oath, is a notorious offender in this way; having led not only me, but divers others, into the most gross and ridiculous errors: making us laugh, cry, &c., for persons whom we ought to have known to be mere non-entities.

But Mr. Parsons has happily obtained an obdurate and impassable head: let him, therefore, "give God thanks, and make no boast of it." He is a wise and a wary reader, and follows the most judicious *Bottom*, who having, like himself, too much sagacity to be imposed upon by a feigned character, was laudably anxious to undeceive the world. "No," quoth he, "let him thrust his face through the lion's neck, and say, if you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life — no, I am no such thing: I am a man, as other men are: — and then, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is SNUG the joiner."

† Edgar Atheling. — See the "Battle of Hastings," a tragedy by Mr. Cumberland.

Let this, ye Cruscans,* if your heads be made
"Of penetrable stuff," let this persuade
Your husky tribes their wanderings to restrain,
Nor hope what taste and Mason fail'd to gain.
Then let your style be brief, your meaning clear,
Nor, like Lorenzo,† tire the laboring ear
With a wild waste of words; sound without sense,
And all the florid glare of impotence.
Still with your characters your language change,
From grave to gay, as nature dictates, range;
Now droop in all the plaintiveness of wo,
Now in glad numbers light and airy flow;
Now shake the stage with guilt's alarming tone,
And make the aching bosom all your own:
Now ——— But I sing in vain; from first to last
Your joy is fustian, and your grief bombast:
Rhetoric has banish'd reason; kings and queens
Vent in hyperboles their royal spleens;
Guardsmen in metaphors express their hopes,
And "maidens in white linen," howl in tropes.
Reverent I greet the bards of other days:
Blest be your names, and lasting be your praise!
From nature's varied face ye widely drew,
And following ages own'd the copies true.
Oh! had our sots, who rhyme with headlong haste,
And think reflection still a foe to taste,

---

* Ye Cruscans!

O voi, che della *Crusca* vi chiamate,
Come quei che farina non avendo
Di *quella* a tutto pasto vi saziate!

† Lorenzo. —— "A lamentable tragedy by Della Crusca, mixed full of pleasant mirth." The house laughed a-good at it, but Mr. Harris cried sadly. Here is another instance, if it were wanted, of the bad effects of prostitute applause. Could Mr. Harris, if his mind had not been previously warped by the eternal puffs of Bell and his followers, have supposed, for a moment, that a knack of stringing together "hoar hills," and "rippling rills," and "red skies glare," and "thin, thin air," qualified a man for writing tragedy?

But brains your pregnant scenes to understand,
And give us truth, though but at second hand,
'Twere something yet! But no, they never look —
Shall souls of fire, they cry, a tutor brook?
Forbid it, inspiration! Thus your pain
Is void, and ye have lived, for them, in vain;
In vain for Crusca and his skipping school,
Cobbe, Reynolds, Andrews, and that nobler fool;
Who naught but Laura's* tinkling trash admire,
And the mad jangle of Matilda's* lyre.

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* Laura's tinkling trash, &c. — I had amassed a world of this "tinkling trash" for the behoof of the reader, but having fortunately for him, mislaid it, and not being disposed to undertake again the drudgery of wading through Mr. Bell's collections, I can only offer the little which occurs to my memory. Of this little, the merits must be principally shared among Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Cowley, and Mr. Merry;

"Et vos, O Lauri, carpam, et te, proxima Myrte,
Sic positæ quoniam suaves miscetis odores."

"— Oh let me fly
Where Greenland darkness drinks the beamy sky;"

"But Oh! beware how thou dost fling
Thy *hot pulse* o'er the quivering string!"

"Pluck from their dark and rocky bed
The yelling demons of the deep,
Who, soaring o'er the comet's head,
The bosom of the welkin sweep."

"And when the jolly full moon laughs,
In her clear zenith to behold
The envious stars withdraw their gleams of gold,
'Tis to thy health she stooping quaffs
The sapphire cup that fairy zephyrs bring!"

On considering these and the preceding lines, I was tempted to indulge a wish that the Blue Stocking club would issue an immediate order to Mr. Bell to examine the cells of Bedlam. Certainly, if an accurate transcript were made from the "darkened walls" once or twice a quarter, an Album might be presented to the fashionable world, more poetical, and far more rational, than any which they have lately honored with their applause.

"Why does thy stream of *sweetest* song
Foam on the mountain's murmuring side,
Or through the vocal covert glide?

"I heard a tuneful phantom in the wind,

But Crusca still has merit, and may claim
No humble station in the ranks of fame;
He taught us first the language to refine,
To crowd with beauties every sparkling line,
Old phrases with new meanings to dispense,
Amuse the fancy, — and confound the sense!
Oh, void of reason! is it thus you praise
A linsey-woolsey song, framed with such ease,
Such vacancy of thought, that every line
Might tempt e'en Vaughan to whisper, "This is mine!"

I saw it watch the rising moon afar,
Wet with the weeping of the twilight star ——

"The pilgrim who with *tearful* eye shall view
The moon's wan luster in the midnight dew,
Soothed by her light ——— "

This is an admirable reason for his crying! — but what! Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire. Mr. Bell is in raptures with it, and very properly recommends it to the admiration of Della Crusca, as being the production of "a congenial soul." There is also another judicious critic, one Dr. Tasker, (should it not be Dr. Trusler?) who has given a decided opinion, it seems, in favor of the writer's abilities; which may console her for the sneers of fifty such envious scribblers as the author of the Baviad.

And first you shall hear what Mrs. Robinson says of Dr. Tasker. —— "The *learned* and *ingenious* Dr. Tasker, in the third volume of his *elegant* and *critical* works, has PRONOUNCED some of Mrs. Robinson's poems superior to those of Milton on the same subject, particularly her Address to the Nightingale. The praises of so *competent* and *disinterested* a judge, STAMPS celebrity that neither time nor envy can obliterate."— *Oracle*, Dec. 10.

Next you shall hear what Dr. Tasker says of Mrs. Robinson.

"In ancient Greece by two fair forms were seen
Wisdom's stern goddess, and Love's smiling queen;
Pallas presided over arms and arts,
And Venus over gentle virgins' hearts;
But now both powers in one fair form combine,
And in famed Robinson united shine."

"This lady, equally celebrated in the polite and literary circles, has honored Mr." —— Lo! the Dr. has dwindled into plain Mr. —— "has honored Mr. Tasker's poetical and other productions with high and distinguished marks of her approbation." — *Gazetteer*, Jan. 16.

Vaughan! well remember'd. He, good man, complains
That I affix'd his name to Edwin's* strains:

Why this is the very song of Prodicus, *ἡ χειρ την χειρα κνιζει*—for the rest, I trust my readers will readily subscribe to the praises which these most "competent and disinterested judges" have reciprocally lavished upon each other.

But allons!

"—— My hand, at night's fell noon,
Plucks from the tresses of the moon
A sparkling crown of silvery hue,
Besprent with studs of frozen dew!"

"On the dizzy *height* inclined,
I *listen* to the passing *wind*,
That loves my *mournful song* to seize,
And bears it to the *mountain breeze*."

Here we find that listening to the wind, and singing to it, are one and the same thing; and that—but I can make nothing of the rest.

"When in black obtrusive clouds
The chilly moon her pale cheek shrouds,
I mark the twinkling starry train
Exulting glitter in her wane,
And proudly gleam their borrow'd light
To gem the somber dome of night."

What an admirable observer of nature is this great poetess! The stars *twinkling* in a cloudy night, and *gleaming* their *borrowed* luster, is superlatively good. I had almost forgot to observe that these and the preceding lines are taken from the Ode to the Nightingale, so superior, in the reverend judgment of Dr. Tasker, to one of a Mr. John Milton on the same subject.

"——— The lightning's rays
Leap through the night's scarce pervious gloom,
Attracted by "———(what! for a ducat?)
"Attracted by the rose's bloom!"

"Let but thy lyre impatient seize,
Departing twilight's filmy breeze,
That winds th' enchanting chords among
In lingering labyrinths of song."——

"See in the clouds its mast the proud bark laves,
Scorning the aid of ocean's humble waves!"

From this it appears, that Mrs. Cowley imagines proud barks to float on their masts. It is proper to mention that the vessel takes such extraordinary state on herself, because she carries Della Crusca!

"——— From a young grove's shade,
Whose infant boughs but mock th' expecting glade!

* See note *, p. 191.

'Tis just — for what three kindred souls have done,
Is most unfairly charged, I ween, on one.
Pardon, my learned friend! With watery eyes,
Thy growing fame to truth I sacrifice;
To many a sonnet call thy claims in doubt,
And, "at one entrance, shut thy glory out."
Yet *mewl* thou still. Shall my lord's dormouse die
And low in dust without a requiem lie?
No, *mewl* thou still: and, while thy d—s join
Their melancholy symphonies to thine,
My righteous verse shall labor to restore
The well earned fame it robb'd them of before:

Sweet sounds stole forth, upborne upon the gale,
Press'd through the air, and broke upon the vale;
Then silent walk'd the breezes of the plain,
Or soar'd aloft, and seized the hovering strain." —
Della Crusca.

The force of folly can no farther go!

* Edwin's strains. — If the reader will turn to the conclusion of the Baviad, he will find a delicious Επιταφιον on a tame mouse, by this gentleman. As it seemed to give universal satisfaction, I embrace the opportunity of laying before the public another effusion of the same exquisite pen.

It will be found, I flatter myself, not less beautiful than the former; and fully prove that the author, though ostensibly devoted to elegy, can, on a proper occasion, assume an air of gayety, and be "profound" with ease, and instructive with elegance.

Εδουιν προλογιζει.

"*On the circumstance of a mastiff's running furiously (sad dog!) toward two young ladies, and, upon coming up to them, becoming instantly gentle (good dog!) and tractable.*"

Tantum ad narrandum argumentum est benignitas!

"When Orpheus took his *lyre* to hell,
To fetch his rib away,
On that same thing he pleased so well,
That devils learned to play.

"Besides, in books it may be read,
That whilst he swept the *lute*,
Grim Cerberus hung his savage head,
And lay astoundly mute.

"But here we can with justice say,
That nature rivals art;
He *sang* a mastiff's rage away,
You look'd one through the heart."—*Fecit Edwin.*

Edwin, whatever elegies of wo
Drop from the gentle mouths of Vaughan and Co.,
To this or that, henceforth no more confined,
Shall, like a surname, take in all the kind.
Right! cry the brethren. When the heaven-born muse
Shames her descent, and, for low, earthly views,
Hums o'er a beetle's bier the doleful stave,
Or sits chief mourner at a May-bug's grave,
Satire should scourge her from the vile employ,
And bring her back to friendship, love, and joy.
But spare Cesario,* Carlos,† Adelaide,‡
The truest poetess! the truest maid!

---

* Cesario. In the Baviad are a few stanzas of a most delectable ode to an owl. They were ascribed to Arno; nor was I conscious of any mistake, till I received a polite note from that gentleman, assuring me that he was not only not the author of them, but (horresco referens) that he thought them "execrable." Mr. Bell, on the other hand, affirms them to be "admirable."

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

Be this as it may, I am happy to say that I have discovered the true author. They were written by Cesario; and as I rather incline to Mr Bell, pace Arno dixerim, I shall make no scruple of laying the remainder of this "mellifluous piece" before the reader.

"Slighted love the *soul* subduing,
Silent sorrow *chills* the *heart*,
Treacherous fancy still *pursuing*,
Still *repels* the *poison'd* dart.

"*Soothing* those fond *dreams* of pleasure,
Pictured in the *glowing* breast,
Lavish of her sweetest *treasure*,
Anxious *fear* is *charm'd* to *rest*.———

"Fearless o'er the whiten'd *billows*,
Proudly rise, sweet bird of night,
Safely through the bending *willows*,
Gently wing thy *aery* flight." — *Cesario.*

Though I flatter myself that I have good sense and taste enough to see and admire the peculiar beauties of this ode, yet n regard for truth obliges me to declare that they are not original. They are taken (with improvements, I confess) from a most beautiful "Song by a person of quality," in Pope's Miscellanies. This, though

† See note †, p. 193. ‡ See note ‡, ib.

Lorenzo,§ Reuben,¶ spare: far be the thought
Of interest, far from them. Unbribed, unbought,

---

it detracts a little from Cesario's inventive powers, still leaves him the praise (no mean one) of having gone beyond that great poet, in what he probably considered as the ne plus ultra of in genuity.

Venimus ad summum fortunæ! Mr. Greathead equals Shakspeare, Mrs. Robinson surpasses Milton, and Cesario outdoes Pope in that very performance which he vainly imagined so complete as to take away all desire of imitating, all possibility of excelling it!

"O favor'd clime! O happy age!"

† Carlos. — I have nothing of this gentleman (a most pertinacious scribbler in the Oracle) but the following "sonnet;" luckily, however, it is so ineffably stupid, that it will more than satisfy any readers but Mr. Bell's.

"ON A LADY'S PORTRAIT.

"Oft hath the poet hail'd the breath of morn,
That wakens nature with the voice of spring,
And oft, when purple summer feeds the lawn,
Hath fancy touch'd him with her procreant wing;
Full frequent has he bless'd the golden beam
Which yellow autumn glowing spreads around,
And though pale winter press'd a paly gleam,
Fresh in his breast was young description found."

I can copy no more — Job himself would lose all patience here. Instead, therefore, of the remainder of this incomprehensible trash, I will give the reader a string of judicious observations by Mr. T. Vaughan: "Bruyere says, he will allow that good writers are scarce enough, but adds, and justly, that good critics are equally so; which *reminds our correspondent* also of what the Abbé Trublet *writes, speaking* of professed critics, where he *says*, if they were obliged to examine authors impartially — there would be fewer writers in *this way*. Was this to be the liberal practice adopted by our modern critics, we should not see a *Baviad* — falling upon men and things that are much above his capacity, and seemingly for no other reason than because they are so."

A Daniel came to judgment, yea, a Daniel! This is in truth the reason; and when Mr. Vaughan and his coadjutors condescend to humble themselves to my understanding, I will endeavor to profit by their elegant strictures.

‡ Adelaide. — And who is Adelaide? O seri studiorum! "Not to know her, argues yourselves unknown." Hear Mr. Bell, the Longinus of newspaper writers.

§ See note § on page 195. ¶ See note ¶ ib.

They pour* "from their big breast's prolific zone
A proud, poetic fervor, only known

"ADELAIDE.

"He who is here addressed by the first lyric writer in the kingdom, must himself endeavor to repay a debt so highly honorable, if it *can be done* by verse! This lady shall have the praise which ought to be given by the *country*, that of first discovering and drawing out the *fine powers* of Arno and Della Crusca."

"O thou, whom late I watch'd, while o'er thee hung
The orb whose glories I so oft have sung,
Beheld thee while a *shower of beam*
Made night a lovelier morning seem," &c.

We might here dismiss this "first lyric writer of the age," who, from her flippant nonsense, appears to be Mrs. Piozzi, were it not for the sake of remarking, that, whatever be the merit of "drawing out the fine powers of Arno," (which it seems, this ungrateful country has not yet rewarded with a statue,) she must be content to share it with Julia. Hear her invocation — but first hear Mr. Bell. "A most elegant compliment, which for generous esteem has been seldom equaled, any more than the muse which inspired it."

"JULIA TO ARNO.

"Arno! where steals thy dulcet lay,
Soft as the evening's minstrel note,
Say, does it deck the rising day,
Or on the noontide breezes float?"

Mrs. Robinson (for we may as well drop the name of Julia) has been guilty of a trifling larceny here; having taken from the Baviad, without any acknowledgment, a delicious couplet, which I flattered myself would never have been seen out of that poem; but so it is, that, like Pope,

"—— Write whate'er I will,
Some rising genius *sins* up to it still."

This has nettled me a little, and possibly injured the great poetess in my opinion; for I have been robbed so often of late, that I begin to think with the old economist,

Οὗτος ἀοιδὸν λωστος ὁς ἐξ ἐμεν οισεται ουδεν.

For the rest, this "elegant invocation" called forth a specimen of Arno's fine powers in the following *dulcet* lays.

"ARNO TO JULIA.

"Sure some dire star inimical to man,
Guides to his heart the desolating fire,
Fills with contention only his brief span,
And rouses him to murderous desire.

* See note * page 196.

To souls like theirs;" as Anna's youth inspires,
As Laura's graces kindle fierce desires,

"There are who sagely scan the tortured world,
And tell us war is but necessity,
That millions by the Great Dispenser hurl'd,
Must suffer by the scourge, and cease to be."
Euge, Poeta!

§ Lorenzo.

Και πως εγω Σθενελου φαγοιμ' αν ρημα τι,
Εις οξος εμβαπτομενον, η λευκους αλας—

Says a hungry wight in an old comedy. But I know of no seasoning whatever, capable of making the insipid garbage of this modern Sthenelus palatable; I shall therefore spare myself the disgust of producing it.

¶ Reuben, whom I take to be Mr. Greathead in disguise, (it being this gentleman's fate, like Hercules of old, to assume the merit of all unappropriated prodigies,) introduced himself to the *World* by the following.

"ADDRESSED TO ANNA MATILDA.

"To thee a stranger dares address his theme,
To thee, proud mistress of Apollo's lyre,
One ray emitted from thy golden gleam,
Prompted by love, would set the world on fire!

"Adorn then love in fancy-tinctured vest,
Chameleon like, anon of various hue,
By Penseroso and Allegro dress'd,
Such genius claim'd when she Idalia drew."

Anna Matilda, what could she less! found
"This resuscitating praise
Breathe life upon her dying lays,"

like "the daisy which spreads her bloom to the moist evening!" and accordingly produced a matchless "adornment of love," to the great contentment of the gentle Reuben.

"But, bard polite, how hard the task
Which with *such elegance* you ask!"

Would you have imagined that these lines, the simple tribute of gratitude to genius, should nearly occasion "a perdition of souls?" Yet so it was. They unfortunately raised the jealousy of Della Crusca "on the sportive banks of the Rhone." One luckless evening

"When twilight on the western edge
Had twined his hoary hair with sabling sedge,"

as he was "weeping" (for, like Master Stephen, these good creatures think it necessary to be always melancholy) at the tomb of Laura, he started, as well he might, at the accursed name of Reuben.

As Henriet —— For heaven's sake, not so fast.
I too, my masters, ere my teeth were cast,
Had learn'd, by rote, to rave of Delia's charms,
To die of transports found in Chloe's arms,
Coy Daphne with obstreperous plaints to woo,
And curse the cruelty of — God knows who.
When Phœbus, (not the power that bade thee write,
For he, dear Dapper! was a lying sprite,)
One morn, when dreams are true, approach'd my side,
And, frowning on my tuneful lumber, cried,
"Lo! every corner with soft sonnets cramm'd,
And high-born odes, 'works damn'd, or to be damn'd!'
And is *thy* active folly adding more
To this most worthless, most superfluous store?
Oh impotence of toil! thou mightst as well
Give sense to Este, or modesty to Bell.
Forbear, forbear; — What though thou canst not claim
The sacred honors of a POET'S name,
Due to the few alone, whom I inspire
With lofty rapture, with etherial fire!

"Hark! (quoth he,)
What cruel sounds are these
Which float upon the languid breeze,
Which fill my soul with jealous fear?
Ha! *Reuben* is the name I hear.
For him my *Faithless* Anna," &c.

It pains me to add, that the cold-blooded Bell has destroyed this beautiful fancy-scene with one stroke of his clownish pen. In a note on the above verses, Album, p. 134, he officiously informs us that Della Crusca knew "nothing of his rival, till he *read*" — detested word! — "his sonnet in the Oracle." O Bell! Bell! is it thus thou humblest the strains of the sublime? Surely we may say of thee, what was not ill said of one of thy sisters!

Sed tu insulsa male et molesta vives,
Per quam non licet esse negligentem.

* They pour, &c.

"——— I love so well
Thy soul's deep tone, thy thought's high swell,
Thy proud, poetic fervor, known
But in thy breast's prolific zone." — *Della Crusca.*

Yet mayst thou arrogate the humble praise
Of reason's bard, if, in thy future lays,
Plain sense and truth, and surely these are thine,
Correct thy wanderings, and thy flights confine."
Here ceased the god and vanished. Forth I sprang,
While in my ear the voice divine yet rang,
Seized every rag and scrap, approach'd the fire,
And saw whole Albums in the blaze expire.

Then shame ensued, and vain regret, t'have spent
So many hours (hours which I yet lament),
In thriftless industry; and year on year
Inglorious roll'd, while diffidence and fear
Repress'd my voice — unheard till Anna came,
What! throbb'st thou YET, my bosom at the name?
And chased the oppressive doubts which round me clung,
And fired my breast, and loosen'd all my tongue.
E'en then (admire John Bell! my simple ways)
No heaven and hell danced madly through my lays,
No oaths, no execrations; all was plain;
Yet, trust me, while thy "ever-jingling train"
Chime their sonorous woes with frigid art,
And shock the reason, and revolt the heart,
My hopes and fears, in nature's language dress'd,
Awaken'd love in many a gentle breast.

* * * * * * *

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

The life of this talented and peculiar character was laid through a rough and rugged scene. Few, among the biographies of eminent men in any age or sphere, will show a more curious and interesting variety. His early life, to the twentieth year of his age, is found written by himself; and as far as is possible, we like to have him tell his own story.

"I was born in London, on the tenth day of December, 1745, and was baptized and registered in St. Martin's church, where my name is erroneously written 'Howlcroft.' Most persons, I believe, retain through life a few strong impressions of early childhood. I well remember being played with by my parents, when very young, and the extreme pleasure it gave me: and many little incidents and disasters that happened then were never afterwards forgotten.

"My father one day whipped me very severely for crying to go to school in the neighborhood, where children were sent, more to keep them out of the way, than to learn them any thing. He afterwards ordered an apprentice he had to take me to school.

"Till I was about six years old, my father kept a shoemaker's shop in Orange court; and I have a faint recollection that my mother dealt in greens and oysters. But my father was not satisfied with the profits to be

acquired by shoemaking. He was fond of horses; and having some knowledge of them, he became a dealer in them. Young as I was, he earnestly wished to see me able to ride; for this purpose, my petticoats were discarded, and as he was fonder of me than even of his horses — nay, of his pony — he had straps made, and I was buckled to the saddle; while a leading-rein was fastened to the muzzle of the pony, which he carefully held.

"About the same time, my father indulged another whim, and when I was about five years old, he put me under the tuition of a violin player. Either parental fondness led my father to believe, or he was flattered into the supposition, that I had an uncommon aptitude for the art I had been put to learn. I shall never forget the high praises I received, the affirmations that I was a prodigy, and the assurances my teachers gave that I should be heard in public. These dreams were never realized; my practice soon after ceased, and at the age of seven I had wholly forgotten what I had learned.

"Here a change took place in my father's affairs, and he left London, and I was exposed to hardships to which I had heretofore been a stranger." The family removed to a place in Berkshire, where young Thomas was lucky in getting a small share of schooling, and also in gaining the friendship of a kind-hearted lad, apprentice to his father. He continues, "This was the first remarkable era in my life. In the retired spot where my father had settled, he himself began to teach me to read. The task I at first found difficult, till the idea one day suddenly seized me of catching all the sounds I had been taught from the arrangements of the letters; and my joy at this amazing discovery was so great, that the recollection of

it has never been effaced. My progress after this was so rapid, that it astonished my father; he boasted of me to every body; and that I might lose no time, the task he set me was eleven chapters a day in the Bible.

"One day as I was sitting at the gate with my Bible in my hand, a neighboring farmer coming to see my father, asked me if I could read in the Bible already? I answered, yes; and he desired me to let him hear me. I began at the place where the book was open, read fluently, and afterwards told him that if he pleased he should hear the tenth chapter of Nehemiah. At this he seemed still more amazed, and wishing to be convinced, bade me read. After listening till he found I could really pronounce the uncouth Hebrew names so much better and more easily than he supposed to be within the power of so young a child, he patted my head, gave me a penny, and said I was an uncommon boy. It would be hard to say whether his praise, or his gift, was the most flattering to me.

"Soon after, my father's apprentice, the kind-hearted Dick, brought me two delightful histories [Perismus and Parismones, and the Seven Champions of Christendom.] It was scarcely possible for any thing to have been more grateful to me than this present; and their contents were soon as familiar to me as my catechism, or the daily prayers I repeated kneeling before my father. Oh, how I loved poor Dick!

"My father was very fond and not a little vain of me. He delighted to show how much I was superior to other children, and this propensity had sometimes a good effect. One evening, when it was quite dark, the night being cloudy, he boasted to a neighbor of my courage; and his companion seeming rather to doubt, my father

replied he would immediately put it to the proof. 'Tom,' said he, 'you must go to the house of farmer such-a-one (I forget the name, though I remember the walk), and ask whether he goes to London to-morrow.' I was startled, but dared not dispute his authority, it was too great over me; besides that, my vanity to prove my valor was not a little excited. Accordingly I took my hat and immediately obeyed. It may be proper to observe here, that although I could not have been without courage, yet I was really, when a child, exceedingly apprehensive and full of superstition. When I saw magpies, it denoted good or bad luck, according as they did, or did not cross me. When walking, I pored for pins, or rusty nails, which if they lay in certain directions, foreboded some misfortune. Many such whims possessed my brain. I went humming and whistling along, and looking as carefully as I could, now and then making a false step which served to relieve me; for it obliged me to attend to the road. When I arrived at the farm-house, I delivered my message. 'Bless me, child!' cried the people within, 'have you come this dark night all alone?' Oh yes, I said, assuming a tone of self-importance. 'And who sent you?' My father wanted to know, I replied equivocally. One of them then offered to take me home; but my whole stock of vanity was roused, and I hastily scampered out of the house and was hidden in the dark. My return was something, but not much, less alarming than my journey thither. At last I got safely home, glad to be rid of my fears, and inwardly not a little elated with my success. I afterwards found that my father and his companion had followed me all the way, at a little distance.

"My father, after a short residence in Berkshire, took me with him, and for some time traveled round the country. I remember being in London, where I have a faint notion of having been among boys with their school-books. If I was really sent to school, it must have been for a very short time; nor could I have been provided with books and other means of improvement; and, indeed, my father was so straitened in his circumstances that my mother very soon after turned pedlar, having a basket with pins, needles, tape, garters, &c., on her arm, and hawked them through the outskirts of London, while I trotted after her. I cannot say what my father's employment was, while I and my mother were, what they emphatically called, 'tramping the villages to hawk our pedlary.' It may be presumed, it was not very lucrative, for he soon left it, and they went into the country pedling their wares, and dragging me after them. We at length came to a village, which I thought remarkably clean and well built; my father said it was the handsomest in the kingdom.

"We must have been very poor at this time; for it was here that I was sent one day by myself to beg from house to house. Young as I was, I had considerable readiness in making out a story, and on this day my little inventive faculties shone forth with much brilliancy. I told one story at one house, and another at another; and continued to vary my tale, just as the suggestions arose — the consequence was, I moved the good people exceedingly. One called me a poor fatherless child; another exclaimed, 'What a pity! I had so much sense!' a third patted me on the head and prayed God to bless me, that I might make a good man. The result of this expedition was, that I brought away as much as I could

carry to the place of rendezvous appointed by my parents; there I astonished them by again reciting the false tales I had so readily invented. My father seemed greatly alarmed, and fearing that I was in danger of growing up a liar and a vagrant, declared I should never go on such errands again. It was fortunate for me, in this respect, that I had such a father.

"The reader will naturally suppose that from the time I began to travel the country with my father and mother, I had little leisure or opportunity to acquire any knowledge by reading. I was too much oppressed by hunger, cold and nakedness; still, I continued to repeat my prayers and catechism morning and evening; and on Sundays to read the prayer-book and the Bible — at any rate I had not forgot to read; for while at a house near Rudgeley, by some means or other, the song of 'Chevy Chace' came into my possession, which I read with great delight at our fire side.

"My father, who knew that my memory was retentive, and saw the great number of verses the ballad contained, said to me, 'Well, Tom, can you get that song by heart?' I readily answered, yes. I took it for my task, added to my numerous toils and labors, to accomplish in three days, upon the generous offer of half a penny. I need scarcely add that it was easily committed, and that I then had the valuable sum of half-penny at my own disposal. This made me think myself, at the time, quite a wealthy man."

Near this time, the father managed to procure two or three asses, and Thomas was set to driving them in the transportation of coal and other articles of freight, over long, dreary and miserable roads, where, in the depth of winter, and without suitable food and clothing, he suffer-

ed severe hardships and privation. Though this would seem to show a rise of circumstances on the part of his father, it did not turn much to the advantage of the son. "The bad nourishment I met with," says he, "the cold and wretched manner in which I was clothed, and the excessive weariness I endured in following these animals day after day, and being obliged to drive creatures perhaps still more weary than myself, were miseries much too great, and loaded my little heart with sorrows far too pungent ever to be forgotten. By-roads and high-roads were alike to be traversed, but the former far the oftenest, for they were then almost innumerable, and the state of them in the winter would scarcely at present be believed."

In one instance he mentions he traveled on foot thirty miles in one day; when near the end of this long journey, his little legs refused to carry him further, and he was brought the rest of the way on the back of a countryman. He was then only about ten, of small stature, and slight, frail appearance.

When about twelve, he was taken by his father to the Nottingham races. He was greatly attracted by the display there, the beauty of the horses, and especially the good condition of the well-fed, clean and comfortably clothed stable boys, which he contrasted with his own miserable situation. "At this time," he continues, "I was rather a burden than a help to my father. I believe I assisted him a little in mending shoes, but my asthma, till very lately, as well as my youth, had prevented me from making much progress. The thought now occurred to me, whether it would be possible for me to procure the place of stable-boy at Newmarket. I was at this time in a mean, not to say ragged condition. I liked

every thing I saw about them but their impudence, and thought that if I could only obtain so high a place as stable-boy, I should be very fortunate." Here he soon engaged a place, and entered, as he remarks, "on a new existence;" his pleasure was indeed unbounded. "I was delighted, full of hope and cheerful alacrity." He had the good fortune to fall into the company of a good and kind friend, who, being acquainted with the games and tricks often played upon the ignorant and confiding, warned him to be on his guard; he was thus saved a good deal of trouble and vexation.

Speaking of this subject he says, "I do not recollect one half the tricks that are played off upon new comers; but that with which they begin, if I do not mistake, is to persuade their victim that the first thing necessary for a well-trained stable boy, is to borrow as many vests as he can, and in the morning after he has dressed and fed his horse, to put them all on, take a race of two or three miles, return home, strip himself stark naked, and immediately be covered up in the warm dung hill; which is the method, they assure him, which the grooms take when they sweat themselves down to ride a race. Should the poor fellow follow these directions, they conclude the joke with pails full of cold water, which stand ready for the purpose of cooling off. Another of their diversions used to be that of hunting the owl. To hunt the owl is to persuade a booby that there is an owl found at roost in a corner of the barn; that a ladder must be placed against a hole through which, when the persons shall be pleased to hoot and hunt him, as they call it, he must necessarily fly, as the door is shut and every other outlet closed; that the boy selected to catch the owl must mount the ladder on the outside, and the

purblind animal, they say, will fly directly into his hat. The poor candidate for sport mounts to his place, thoughtless of anything but fun. The chaps within, laughing and shouting, pretend to drive the ill-starred bird nearer and nearer to the hole; when all at once they discharge the contents of tubs and pails upon the devoted head of the expecting owl-catcher, who is generally precipitated in fright and terror from the ladder into some soft, but not very agreeable preparation below. My friend warned me against these, and several other games at which I should be invited to play; and thus did me essential service."

In his new employment, he remained for about three years; and after being turned over from one master to another, on account of the slight knowledge of horsemanship he was found to have, he at length had the fortune to come into the service of one who had the consideration, not to expect a finished groom from a boy who had scarcely mounted a horse. He soon began to distinguish himself by his expertness in the management of horses, in which occupation he soon came to outrival all his associates. The language in which he speaks of his change of circumstances, forcibly paints his sense of the miseries from which he had been extricated. Alluding to the hearty meals which he and his companions were wont to enjoy at nine in the morning, after four hours exercise with the horses, he says, "Nothing, perhaps, can exceed the enjoyment of a stable-boy's breakfast; what then may not be said of mine, who had been so long used to suffer hunger, and so seldom found means of satisfying it!

For my own part, so total and striking was the change which had taken place in my situation, that I could not

but feel it very sensibly. I was more conscious of it than most boys would have been, and therefore not a little satisfied. The former part of my life had been spent in turmoil, and often in singular wretchedness. I had been exposed to every want, every weariness, and every occasion of despondency, except, that such poor sufferers become reconciled to, and almost insensible of, suffering; and boyhood and beggary are fortunately not prone to despond. Happy had been the meal where I had enough; rich to me was the rag that kept me warm; and heavenly the pillow, no matter what, or how hard, on which I could lay my head to sleep. Now I was warmly clothed, nay, gorgeously; for I was proud of my new livery, and never suspected that there was disgrace in it. I fed voluptuously; not a prince on earth, perhaps, with half the appetite and never-failing relish; and instead of being obliged to drag through the dirt after the most sluggish and despised among our animals, I was mounted on the noblest that the earth contains, had him under my care, and was borne by him over hill and dale, far outstripping the wings of the wind. Was not this a change, such as might excite reflection, even in the mind of a boy?

"The feature in my character which was to distinguish it at a later period of life, namely, some few pretentions to literary acquirement, has appeared for same time to have lain dormant. After I left Berkshire, circumstances had been so little favorable to me that, except the mighty volume of Sacred Writ, (which I always continued to peruse wherever I found a Bible,) and the two small romances I have mentioned, letters seemed to have lost sight of me, and I of letters. Books were not then, as they fortunately are now, great or

small, on this subject or on that, to be found in almost every house; a book, except of prayers, or daily religious use, was scarcely to be seen but among the opulent, or in the possession of the studious; and by the opulent, they were often disregarded with a degree of neglect which would now be almost disgraceful.

"But I did not live wholly cut off from books; several tales and romances fell in my way, among which I recollect the writings of Swift and Addison. In 'Gulliver's Travels' I was especially delighted.

"Books of piety, if the author were but inspired with zeal, fixed my attention wherever I met with them; but John Bunyan, I ranked among the most divine authors I ever read. In fact I was truly well intentioned, but my zeal was too ardent, and liable to become dangerous."

While passing the church one day, his attention was attracted by the sound of music; he entered, and found to his surprise that the persons within were engaged in singing in four parts, under the direction of a Mr. Langham. They invited him to join them; and his voice being tried, and his ear pronounced good, it was arranged that he should come into the class — the other members consenting that he should sing out of their books. His tuition was five shillings a quarter, but nothing troubled at the expense, he entered into the new diversion with great zeal and pleasure. "From the little I learned that day," he observes, "and from another lesson or two, I obtained a tolerable conception of striking intervals upwards and downwards; such as the third, the fourth, and the remainder of the octave, the chief feature of which I soon understood; but of course I found most difficulty in the third, sixth and seventh. Previously to any great progress, I was obliged to pur-

chase Arnold's Psalmody; and studious over this divine treasure, I passed many a forenoon extended in the hay-loft. My chief, and almost my only difficulty, lay in the impenetrable obscurity of such technical words as were not explained, either by their own nature, or by the author in other language. I was illiterate. I knew the language of the vulgar well, but little more. Perhaps no words ever puzzled poor mortal more, than I was puzzled by the words, 'major and minor keys.'"

It will afford an idea of the zeal with which young Holcroft devoted himself to improvement, when we mention that out of his wages (four pounds a year) he paid five shillings a quarter to his singing-master — and upon Mr. Langham's offering to give him lessons in arithmetic for the same tuition, he immediately took up with the proposal, and attended him daily for three months. In that time he went as far as Practice and the Rule of Three.

"Except what I have already related," continues he, "these three months, as far as others were concerned, may be truly called my course of education. At Newmarket I was so intent upon studying arithmetic, that for want of better apparatus, I have often got an old nail and cast up sums on the paling of the stable yard."

What happier illustration can we have of the truth of the old adage, "where there is a will there is a way?" Let those who are wont to complain of wanting the apparatus of learning, remember Holcroft at the board fence with the old nail.

"The boys all prophesied I should go mad; in which sagacious conjecture, our old maid and house-keeper joined them. While my music and my arithmetic were thus in some sort confusing my brain, I became not only

ashamed, but even alarmed at myself; for being occasionally sent on errands, I found my memory absent, and made several blunders, a thing to which I had been wholly unaccustomed. One day when my master was at home, I was sent for only two things, and forgot one of them, at which I heard him exclaim without any reproach, "God bless me, what is come to the boy!"

Being excited by wonderful stories he had heard of bold adventure and immense gain, he was induced to try his luck in betting at the race course. He entered the lists, and in one day beheld all his little savings vanish, and himself left in utter destitution. His grief was great; and he spent all his leisure time for days, in searching with eager gaze in every corner and obscure place wherever he had seen groups of people stand upon the race ground, to see if he could not, by some possibility, find a stray guinea, or even sixpence, to remunerate him for his loss; — but he was obliged to give up in despair, and resign himself to his heavy disappointment, with a heavy heart.

Not a great while after this incident took place, he determined to quit his employment and join his father, who kept a cobbler's stall in London.

"My mind," says he, "having its own somewhat peculiar bias, circumstances had rather occurred to disgust me, than to invite my stay. I despised my companions for the grossness of their ideas, and the total absence of every pursuit in which the mind appeared to have any share. It was with sneers of contempt that they saw me intent upon acquiring some small portion of knowledge. As far as I was concerned with horses, I was pleased; but I saw scarcely a biped, my master excepted, in whom I could find anything to admire.

"Having taken my resolution, I summoned up my courage to tell my master of my intention; not that I in the least suspected he would say anything more than, very well; but he had been a kind master, and relieved me in my distress — had never imputed faults to me of which I was not guilty — had fairly waited to give my faculties time to show themselves, and had rewarded them with no common degree of praise, when accident brought them to light. It was therefore painful to leave such a master.

"With my cap off, and unusual awkwardness in my manner, I went up to him; and he perceiving I was embarrassed, yet had something to say, began thus: 'Well, Tom, what is the matter now?' O sir, nothing much is the matter; only, I just — a word to say. 'Well, well, don't stand about it; let me hear!' Nay, sir, it is a trifle; I only came to tell you I think of going to London. 'To London!' Yes, sir, if you please. 'To London! What the plague has put that whim into your head?' I believe you know my father is in London. 'Well, what of that?' We have written together, and so it is resolved on. 'Have you got a place?' I don't want one, sir; I could not have a better than I have now. 'And what are you to do?' I can't tell that yet, but I think of being a shoemaker. 'Pshaw! you are a blockhead, and your father is a foolish man.' He loves me very dearly, sir, and I love and honor him. 'Yes, yes, I believe you are a good boy; but I tell you, you are both doing a very foolish thing; stay at Newmarket, and I will be bound for it you will make your fortune.' I would rather go back to my father, sir, if you please."

Young Holcroft soon left for London, according to

his determination. At this place he leaves us in his narrative. For some years he continued to make shoes with his father, till at length he became a very expert workman, and could command the highest rate of wages. But his fondness for reading and study grew upon him, so that, although an exceedingly quick workman, he would never lay up anything, and rarely had a shilling to spend except for the most pressing necessities; and when he had, it was spent at an old book stall, and his time was again "idled away in reading." Such was the complaint habitually made against him.

At the age of twenty, in 1765, having married, Mr. Holcroft attempted to open a school for teaching children to read, at Liverpool. Not being flattered with very abundant success, he was obliged to give up this scheme and return to London, where he worked at shoemaking again as before. The stooping posture required at his trade, together with the unwearied industry with which he applied himself to books during the intervals of labor, brought on a return of the old complaint of his childhood, the asthma; this, together with other considerations which made him dislike his occupation, compelled him to quit the bench, and endeavor to seek other more congenial employment.

His poverty, which had previously affected only his physical system, now began to operate on his mind — his thoughts were continually drawn to reflect on the advantages to be derived from a good education; and the consciousness that he had neither received one, nor had now the means of procuring it, constantly gave him the utmost uneasiness. He was not aware that from the slender beginning already made, he should see grow a fine and well formed structure. He occasionally committed

his thoughts to paper; and the editor of the Evening Post at this time gave him five shillings a column, for some essays which he sent to that paper.

Having abandoned his mechanical calling, Mr. Holcroft attempted again to open a day school somewhere in the vicinity of London; but after living three months on potatoes and buttermilk, and having only one scholar, he discontinued his labors in that line, and once more returned to town; — this was his last quarter. After this, he resided for a time in the family of the celebrated Granville Sharpe, in the capacity of servant and secretary. This place, gained by his literary efforts, he did not long retain. His close attendance at the reading room, and the debating club to which he belonged, occupied the major part of his time, so that his patron was induced to turn him from his employ; and he again found himself alone in the streets of the great city, without money, without friends, to whom either pride or shame would allow him to disclose his destitution, or habitation wherein to hide his head.

On the eve of embarking for British India in the ranks of the Indian army as a common soldier, one of his lyceum-going friends, seeing his bundle and woful countenance, asked him where he was going. Holcroft replied, "Had you asked five minutes ago, I could not have told you, but at present I am for the wars." At this his spouting companion proceeded to lay before him a new field of adventure — and he joined, more from the force of poverty than any other reason, a band of strolling players. With this company he traversed Ireland, where he first appeared on the stage, and every part of England, with various, but generally bad, success. At first he was betrayed, and cheated out of his wages; and then, under-

valued in his true powers, and overreached on account of his necessities, he was kept in a state of continual trial and vexation.

In this itinerant mode of life he continued for many years, not less than seven or eight, during which time he was called to endure a great deal of misery, and was often reduced almost to starvation. However, as Carlyle says, "that sharpest of human calamities, cleanness of teeth," did not overtake him. "There were better days coming," to him. He had seen the lowest ebb of his fortune, and his star was soon to be in the ascendant. In his wide-extended journeyings he had been introduced to the most celebrated characters connected with the English stage, and had gained a mass of knowledge in regard to men and manners, at once varied and extensive. The pride of the British theater, the celebrated Garrick, and Sheridan, and the beautiful and accomplished Siddons, were his companions and associates.

But his success as an actor was not commensurate with the zeal and assiduity with which he applied himself to the art. A more happy direction of his efforts, soon brought him into a field where his talents were better developed and more highly appreciated. In the midst of his travels, labors, and disappointments, his love of reading never forsook him; and he made himself extensively acquainted with English literature. He at last tried his hand at compositions for the stage; some of which were well received, and others indifferently, till finally his farce called "The Crisis" turned the tide of fortune in his favor, and changed his mode of life. He did not immediately realize great advantage from this work; but he had tried his powers, and successfully established his reputation for industry and acuteness.

From this time he continued to apply himself with untiring industry to literary pursuits, mostly in the line of plays and romance. Many of his productions contain a rich fund of amusement. We quote from one of his pieces, not because it is better and more attractive than others, but because it is at hand. He brings in, by way of satire upon some of his friends who had argued the inhumanity of eating animal food, a rich old HUNKER, who had conceived the idea of establishing an humane asylum for diseased and infirm animals. The results of the experiment are thus set forth. The old man proceeds:

"I am pestered, plagued, teased and tormented to death. I believe all the cats in christendom are assembled here in Oxfordshire; — I am obliged to hire a clerk to pay the people, and the village where I live is become a constant fair. A fellow has set up the sign of the 'three blind kittens,' and has the impudence to tell his neighbors that if my whims and my money only hold out for twelve months, he shall not care a fig for the king. I thought to prevent this inundation by buying up all the old cats, and secluding them in convents and monasteries of my own; but the value of the breeders is increased to such a degree, that I do not believe my whole fortune is capable of the purchase. Besides I am made an ass of. A rascal, who is a known sharper in these parts, hearing of the aversion I have to cruelty, bought an old one-eyed horse that was going to the dogs, for five shillings; — then taking a hammer in his hand, watched for an opportunity of finding me alone, and addressed me in the following manner: 'Look you, master — I know you don't love to see any poor, dumb creature abused; and so if you don't give me ten pounds, why, I shall just

scoop this old rip's odd eye right out with the claw of this here hammer now before your face.' Aye, and the villain would have done it, too, if I had not instantly complied: but what was worse, the abominable scoundrel had the audacity to tell me, when I wanted him to deliver the horse first, for fear he should extort a further sum from me, that 'he had more honor than to break his word.'

"A whelp of a boy had yesterday caught a hedgehog, and perceiving me, threw it into the water to make it extend its legs; then with the rough side of a knotty stick, sawed upon them till the creature cried like a child; and when I ordered him to desist, he told me he would not till I had given him sixpence. There is something worse than all this — the avaricious rascals, when they can find nothing that they think will excite my pity, disable the first animal that comes to hand, and then bring it to me as an object worthy of commiseration; so in fact, instead of protecting, I destroy. The women, too, seem to entertain the notion that I hate all two legged animals; and one of them called after me the other day to tell me I was an old rogue, and that I had better give my money to the poor, than to keep a lot of cats and dogs to eat up the village. I perceive it is a vain attempt — I cannot carry on the scheme much longer; and then my poor invalids will be worse off than they were before."

Holcroft had now regularly entered upon a life of authorship. He wrote extensively for the book-sellers, in various branches of literary labor. While engaged upon a work, that called him to attend the sittings of the courts a good deal, he had the honorable pleasure of rescuing an innocent life from the grasp of legalized assassination. During the time of the great riots of 1780,

when scores of victims were sacrificed to the Moloch of constituted authority, by sweeping judicial decisions, a poor man was brought before the court, charged with riotous conduct. The evidence against him was full and satisfactory. The penalty, upon conviction, was death. Something about the man caused Holcroft to think he had seen him before; when suddenly the whole circumstances of the case burst upon his recollection — he had seen him before, on the very night of the tumult — he knew he could save him — he at once arose and desired the judge to allow him to give in his testimony. He did so — his counter-testimony turned the balance in the prisoner's favor — he was saved. Holcroft often spoke of this afterwards, with tears of grateful remembrance. Speaking of the wholesale work carried on at the English courts at that time, he says, "Many were convicted and condemned to death, in the most disgraceful hurry and carelessness; — one man who had received a hurried examination and been convicted, as the judge pronounced the doom, was heard to mutter to himself, without any apparent intention of being heard, 'Short and sweet — Innocent, by God.'"

Extending the scope of his labors, Holcroft went into France, where he was employed in translating many rare works of that prolific country into English. With the French and German languages he possessed a thorough and intimate acquaintance; and his knowledge of the former was put to a rather severe test, in the course of his labors as procurer for the British theater. A comedy was brought upon the stage and received the unbounded commendation of the French people. Holcroft instantly resolved to procure it, and with the least possible delay, adapt it to the tastes and wants of the people across the channel. There was no printed copy, and his request to

be allowed to write one from the original, was met by a flat denial — it was no way to be had for love or money. But get it he would. So he attended at the house where it was acted for a few evenings, till finally, with the aid of a friend, he brought it away in his memory so perfectly, that it could scarcely be distinguished from the original. Considering the fact that the French was not his mother tongue, this seems a surpassing feat of memory. But he was well paid for it; for the acclamation that shook the theaters when this play was presented in England, shook something more substantial into the pocket of Holcroft.

Pursuing his course in the world of letters, he translated the works of Frederic the Great, of Prussia, in twelve large volumes; afterwards the curious and entertaining writings of Lavater, the celebrated physiognomist, of Germany. This work, successfully accomplished, had direct influence both upon his pocket and his fame. But still devoted to the stage, where his earliest efforts commenced, he brought forward several plays of his own, one of which, "The Road to Ruin," gained him a high place among that brilliant cluster of English dramatists. It was intensely and universally applauded. Another, "The School of Arrogance," though not equally well received, is certainly worthy of a high place among writings of similar character. In this our author shows up the character and pretentions of the would-be so-called nobility of the times. The epilogue to this play furnishes the following keen bit of satire:

> "Such is the modern man of high flown fashion!
> Such are the scions sprung from Runny-mead,
> The richest soil that bears the rankest weed!
> Potato-like, the sprouts are worthless found;
> And all that's *good* of them is *underground*."

Mr. Holcroft's "Road to Ruin" carried his fame as a dramatic writer, into every corner of the kingdom where there was a play-house. Nothing could exceed the effect produced by its first appearance, nor its subsequent popularity. It not only became a general favorite, but it deserved to be so. But it is useless to go into an enumeration of the works in which he was from time to time engaged — "Their name is legion." His industry was bounded only by his capacity for labor — indeed his mental activity was too great for his bodily powers, and he often suffered from over exertion.

While Holcroft was thus in the highest prosperity, a shadow passed over him and darkened the sun of his noonday. A fine boy, who had been the constant object of parental solicitude, and in whom he thought he saw the buds of a noble genius, which he had taken every pains that the most doting affection could devise to develop and cultivate, both at home and in Paris, where he was always with his father, suddenly came to a tragical end by his own hand. The father was present when the fatal deed was done. Holcroft scarce survived the shock — for days he would allow no one, not his most intimate friends, to approach him; and for an entire year he lived secluded from the world, wrapt in melancholic gloom. The freshness of his grief at length wore away, but he never fully recovered from the shock.

About the period of the great revolution that convulsed France, and through it the whole of Europe, Mr. Holcroft had imbibed more enlarged and comprehensive views on moral and political questions, than were generally received, or at least acted upon, by the people of England.

The interest he felt in these subjects may be gathered

from one of his letters written February, 1790. He says, "The great object I have in view, is not the obtaining of riches, but the power of employing my time according to the best of my genius, in the performance of some works which shall remain when I am no more — works that will promote the general welfare. This is the purpose I have so strongly at heart that I would with pleasure sacrifice ease, peace, health and life for its accomplishment; nay, accomplish it I will; unless cut off in the midst of my labors. It has been my pursuit for years, and you are my witness, I have never relaxed — never been discouraged by disappointment, to which I hold men of real strength of mind to be superior." Such were his motives of action.

In 1792, when the societies for constitutional information and parliamentary reform were agitating the British nation, Mr. Holcroft, who had from the first ardently espoused the prime principles of the French revolutionists, was an active, working member of them. But he was rather more conservative in character than most of those with whom he was associated. He was a friend of popular political reform — he had thought, written and acted for the people, whose dearest rights he saw daily, and in numberless ways, trampled in the dust by those who held no constitutional or moral guarantees too sacred to be twisted and rent asunder. His motto was, Onward! There are better days coming to England! These societies soon became very obnoxious to the dominant power, and the members were the victims of the most violent political persecution. In 1794, in the month of May, the *Habeas Corpus* was suspended. This safeguard of English liberties being broken down by the exertions and corruption of the ministry, and against the heroic devotion and matchless eloquence of Fox, Sheridan and Grey,

who stood by the cause of the people in the house of commons, the way was cleared for a fatal blow at the societies, through the persons of their leading members. The same month, informations were filed against Holcroft and eleven of his associates; and they were seized and committed to the Tower, to await their trial on the charge of high-treason. In October, the trials came on, at the old Bailey. The day had come when the great question whether the people should have any share in the government, even to speak against its abuses, or in favor of its reform, was to be settled in the verdict about to be rendered in the case of these twelve selected victims of king, ministry and judges. "This was the hour, and the power of darkness."

Thomas Hardy, whose case was one of extreme peril, was first brought to the bar. He was from among the upper rank of the lower class, and by trade a shoemaker. He was a man of great strength of purpose, a lover of liberty, of the most incorruptible integrity, and a constancy and devotion, that nothing could shake or intimidate. Always laboring for the masses, of which he was a unit, he early became interested in the absorbing questions of parliamentary reform, demanding that the people should have a voice in the legislation of the country. He believed that many of the plans so eminently successful in America, might be engrafted without danger, and with great positive advantage, upon the British government. He acted according to his convictions, and early became a member of the London Corresponding Society for Parliamentary Reform, of which he was the secretary, at the time of the arrest of himself and Holcroft, together with their associates. Had he not been marked out by the ruling powers as a victim of signal vengeance, the name of

Thomas Hardy would long ere this have been forgotten He would have remained making shoes to measure, till his sands had run out, and the grave would have devoured his memory then. But now, generations yet in the fature will speak his name. It is woven into the fabric of England's history. Whenever or wherever coming times are pointed back to the places and the days of daring contest for the rights of man, and manly resistance to the invading march of despotic power — to the great stand-points in the progressive advance of liberal principles, there they will see Hardy breasting the mad torrent of power, privilege, prerogative and corruption, combined to crush him, and through him the liberties of the masses whose cause was tried in his.

Though he was indicted for "conspiring, compassing and imagining the death of the king," yet no evidence was brought to prove his guilt, except the fact of his being an advocate of an equal and pure representation of the people in the house of commons; to be procured by peaceful public exertions, in the way provided by the English constitution. A reference to the history of England at that time, and a view of the condition of parliament and the relation of the masses to it, will show the reader the extent of necessary reform. Many boroughs, with scarce an inhabitant, sent one or more representatives; while other towns, with their thousands of citizens and millions of property, were deprived of a single voice in its deliberations. And notwithstanding the exertions of the people, which have been now and then put forth up to the present time, the construction of parliament is but little modified. The following letter, written by Hardy, we insert to show the sort of evidence upon which he was sought to be convicted; as well as to show the man of whose acts and character we are speaking. A conven-

tion had been broken up by the government in Scotland, and several of the leaders had been prosecuted for, and convicted of, misdemeanor, which called forth the letter in question.

" March 27, 1794.

" CITIZEN: I am directed by the London Corresponding Society, to transmit the following resolutions to the Society for Constitutional Information, and to request the sentiments of that Society respecting the important measures which the present juncture of affairs seems to require.

" The London Corresponding Society conceives that the moment is arrived, when a full and explicit declaration is necessary from all the friends of freedom — whether the late illegal and unheard of prosecutions and sentences shall determine us to abandon our cause, or shall excite us to pursue a radical reform, with an ardor proportioned to the magnitude of the object, and with a zeal as distinguished on our parts as the treachery of others in the same glorious cause is notorious. The Society for Constitutional Information is therefore required to determine whether or no they will be ready, when called upon, to act in conjunction with this and other societies to obtain a *fair* representation of the *people* — whether they concur with us in seeing the necessity of a speedy convention for the purpose of obtaining, in a constitutional and legal method, a redress of those grievances under which we at present labor, and which can only be effectually removed by a *full and fair representation of the people of great Britain.* The London Corresponding Society cannot but remind their friends, that the present crisis demands all the prudence, unanimity and vigor that may and can be exerted by *men* and *Britons;* nor do they

doubt but that manly firmness and consistency will finally, and they believe shortly, terminate in the full accomplishment of all their wishes.

"I am, fellow citizens, (in my humble measure,)
A friend to the rights of man,
T. Hardy, Secretary."

With such as this — bits of letters, from and to him — scraps of conversations and remote allusions from individuals whom he had never seen, and unwarrantable constructions forced upon sentiments uttered and measures proposed, under all of which they alleged lurked some covert, malicious, horrid design of undeveloped treachery, did the crown labor to fasten treason upon Hardy; and thus nip in the bud the growing plant of reform.

He was defended by the celebrated Erskine, whose name alone was a pyramid of strength. Pleading with angelic eloquence, he showed by a weight of argument that for once shook the confidence of the crown lawyers, that for an Englishman to speak and publish to his brethren what he thought of the government under which he lived, its malconstruction, and maladministration, with a view to its peaceable reform, could not be *treason*. Nothing could exceed the force of argument, the legal learning and the masterly eloquence with which he delivered himself to the jury. "He was aware that twelve good and true men stood between the Lion and his prey;" and he threw himself, body and soul, into the cause. It appeared as though he considered his own life suspended on the result of the pending trial.

"I claim no merit with the prisoner, for my zeal," says he, in his appeal to the jury; — "it proceeds from a selfish principle inherent in the human heart. I am counsel, gentlemen, for myself. In every word I utter, I feel

that I am pleading for the safety of my own life, for the lives of my children after me, for the happiness of my country, and for the universal condition of civil society throughout the world." Erskine's defence of Hardy, in which he for seven hours chained court and jury to his lips, will live while the tablets which bear the glory of England's eloquence and legal history, remain to tell that England lived.

He gained the cause. "And perhaps," says Mr. Holcroft, "this country never witnessed a moment more portentous; the hearts and countenances of men seemed pregnant with doubt and terror. They awaited in something like a stupor of amazement, for the fearful sentence on which their deliverance or their destruction seemed to depend.

"Never surely was the public mind more profoundly agitated. The whole power of government was directed against Thomas Hardy; — in his fate seemed involved the fate of the nation, and the verdict of not guilty appeared to burst its bonds, and to have relieved it from inconceivable miseries and ages of impending slavery. The acclamations of the Old Bailey reverberated from the farthest shores of Scotland, and a whole people felt the enthusiastic transports of recovered freedom."

This was indeed a great day for England. Hardy was acquitted by a jury of Englishmen. The right of speech and discussion was maintained. "The crown lost; the people won."

The old giant of reform felt a returning thrill of rejuvenated vigor wake up his palsied limbs, and rising in his might, he seized his ancient axe, and swaying aloft the gleaming steel, he brought it down upon old antiquated codes, and venerable prejudices, and time-worn systems

of exclusive privilege; then turning, knocked the fetters from the chafed and bleeding limbs of the thrallbowed, praying slave; remodeled postoffice laws and annihilated corn-laws; and now, with its flaming edge all burnished with recent work, he stands at the threshhold of parliament, and whispers with his million tongues, "We must have change in here among ye. The constitution must be mended. We want equal and pure representation in this house of commons of ours!" As one after another he has shouted his triumphs, the nations of christendom turn from their plodding labors, and look to that rock-girt island where Anglo-Saxon Liberty was born, and pray for England. A few years longer, and in the museum of antique relics, will be found the scepter and crown of Britain.

Hardy returned to his home loaded with the blessings and congratulations of the people; but alas! he found it not as six months before he left it, to pass the fiery ordeal. His wife had fallen a victim to grief and anxiety. He was alone in the world.

The verdict in the case of Hardy decided the rest. Only one or two more were tried. Mr. Tooke came next. He was pronounced not guilty — and then the Old Bailey rang again; for the people indeed felt their liberties were coming back. Disappointed and sorely vexed, the crown stayed the prosecutions here, and Holcroft and the remaining prisoners were set at liberty.

Released, Holcroft did not cease his efforts in the cause of reform; but for the most part, from here to the end of his career, he was engaged in the arduous labors of a severe literary life. He visited Hamburg and Paris, where he extended his researches in various departments of letters. While in Paris, he was engaged in collecting ma-

terials for a large work he afterwards published upon the manners, &c., of that famous capital. There he was employed about two years. This work was nobly performed, and is at once one of the most entertaining and instructive books of travel in the language. He had some work or other constantly in press. His mental powers remained unimpaired to the close of his life, which came in the sixty-ninth year of his age, in March, 1804.

In him the extremes of life had met: he had reached a good old age — seen poverty and affluence, degradation, and honor, and been associated with the lowest and highest men of his times. His literary rank brought him into the companionship of the great, the good and the wise, both in England and on the continent; born the heir of poverty and ignorance, he had worked his way, by the inherent powers of his own mind, with persevering industry and untiring energy, through all the discouragements of his situation, and in spite of the opposition of circumstances, to the front rank of genius. He illustrated the fact, that laboring with the hands does not depreciate the value of the man.

CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL.

Some are born loaded with titles, honors and nobility; cradled in the lap of luxury; the heirs of boundless wealth; surrounded by adoring friends, whose highest wish seems gratified, when the infantile Noble of the earth deigns to smile in satisfaction at their tireless attempts to please. Thus born, they work themselves down to the depths of degradation, infamy and unbefriended poverty. Perhaps the unknown and unhonored vagrant you saw quitting life in the last stages of drunken madness, or lingering out the few remaining years of his earthly pilgrimage in the alms-house or the prison, was one of them.

Others are ushered into life unnoticed and almost uncared-for but by parental love, untitled and unknown; whose only inheritance is life guarantied upon the condition, that "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread all the days of thy life." Thus born, they for a while comply, like obedient children as they are, with the hard necessity which pledged them existence; till at length, grown strong and sinewy in the giant conflict of life, and having done their part manfully, in meeting and surmounting difficulties, they dodge that hard necessity, and work their way up to titles, honors and nobility — carving out a fortune for themselves, that might well excite the jealousy of the rich old Goddess herself. They live then, and die, with the proud consciousness that they created their own nobility.

Such an one was CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL, whose name receives a prominent place in the naval history of England. He was born about the year 1650, of humble parentage. The place of his nativity and youth, though in England, we are unable precisely to point out. His parents had a relation whose name was Cloudesley, and hoping that his wealth or influence might be turned to good account, when this hopeful branch was added to the family, they lovingly put upon him the name of Cloudesley; so he was duly christened and registered as Cloudesley Shovel, and was looked upon, in his baby days, as the important recipient of some unknown and inestimable gift at the will of that rich old relation, when Death should have played his part in the game.

This arrangement, though apparently well put together and beautifully designed, did not seem to work; for in process of time, we find this same Cloudesley Shovel apprenticed to a shoemaker, for the purpose of learning his art, and thereby augmenting his chances for existence. However well young Shovel might have been pleased at first with the idea of making shoes — for he appears to have applied himself diligently for several years to his trade — upon a sober second thought, he came to the conclusion that he did not like the business, and that he was altogether averse to continuing in it any longer. Like a great many other apprentices, he ascertained that it did not agree with *him*, and likewise that he did not agree with *it*. Perhaps it *hurt* his *stomach*. Be this as it may, his "boss" found, one morning, to his sore astonishment, that this young disciple of the sainted Crispin, whom he had endeavored so many years to initiate into the mysteries of boots, was among the missing.

O Cloudesley! thou didst not know to what vexation and disappointment thou wast putting thy faithful master, who, in the midst of leather obligations, chores and family affairs, was depending upon thy assistance! But reflections of this kind did not trouble the head, nor derange the plans, of the young adventurer. He was determined upon a larger view of the great world, and a wider sphere of action. He had heard the tales of discovery and bold adventure that were recited from the lips of daring navigators, who, in that time of commerical enterprise and naval activity, had penetrated to distant and, till then, unnavigated seas, and brought back vague and startling stories of terrestrial paradises, mighty rivers and towering mountains, gigantic races of men and frightful monsters.

He had heard, too, of the brilliant naval achievements of his nation and his times. These things, with the unknown and uncertain commingled with them, made him love the sea; and he determined, come what might, he would be a sailor. He knew there was danger in it; but then, his was a stout heart, that loved to brave dangers and overcome difficulties. And besides, he was by nature of an aspiring disposition, and by this means hoped to hew out for himself a path to eminence, and fame, and fortune.

On his first voyage, he of course went in an inferior capacity; but applying himself with unwearied assiduity to the art of navigation, and joining the teachings of experience, that best of schoolmasters, to theory, he soon became an able seaman. His genius was decidedly well suited to the profession he had chosen, and as those were stirring times, in which merit always flourishes, he soon arrived at honorable preferment.

In what particular branch of service young Shovel was engaged during the early part of his seafaring life, does not appear; but at the age of twenty-four, or sooner, we find him a Lieutenant in the British Navy; and as he must have progressed step by step up to that position, it is fair to conclude, that he received his training there.

After the second Dutch war, in the maritime exploits of which he participated, was over, the seas, particularly the Mediterranean, were swarming with the armed piratical vessels of Tripoli; who, notwithstanding solemn treaties, by which she pledged herself in good faith to keep the peace of the ocean, began to commit new depredations, as soon as the power which compelled her to treat was withdrawn. The mercantile interests of England were suffering so severely, that, in 1674, a strong squadron, under the command of Sir John Narborough, was ordered into the Mediterranean, and in the spring of that year arrived before the gates of Tripoli.

Lieutenant Shovel was an officer in this fleet; and so distinguished had he become, both for courage and conduct, that the admiral, whose instructions compelled him to try negociation first, selected Shovel for the delicate commission of proposing terms of accommodation to the Dey of Tripoli, in which should be demanded "indemnity for the past, and security for the future."

The young Lieutenant gladly accepted the appointment, and at once repaired on shore, and discharged his commission with the most satisfactory promptness and ability. But the Dey, confident in the strength of his defences, and despising the youthful appearance of the British officer, treated him with marked disrespect, and sent him back with no definite answer. As for *indemnity*, it was his object to get money, either by hook or by

crook, not to pay it away in negociation; and as for *security*, he felt perfectly secure behind his fortresses of rock and iron, and had no idea of being disturbed by any one, or any intimation of insecurity.

When Lieut. Shovel returned, he laid the result of his mission, together with the observations upon the state of the enemy's defences, he had made on shore, before the Admiral. So highly was the Admiral pleased with his address and expertness, that he sent him back again with another message, and with instructions to carry his observations further, and inspect the position of the enemy more minutely. The second time, the Dey behaved worse than the first; but Shovel had learned to bear insult and neglect with patience; and he only made such treatment an excuse for staying a longer time in the city.

As the result of this visit, he came to the conclusion that it was entirely practicable, and very expedient, to burn the whole Tripolitan fleet in the harbor, notwithstanding the lines and forts by which it was defended. This well-laid scheme for cutting the Gordian knot of controversy at a single blow, he opened, on his return, to his commander. Accordingly, the Admiral, placing the utmost reliance upon the judgment and sagacity of Lieut. Shovel, placed him in command of a suitable force for the carrying of his scheme into practical execution. On the night of the 4th of March, every thing being previously arranged to his mind, Lieut. Shovel, with all the boats in the squadron loaded with combustibles, and manned by picked crews, moved through the darkness, silently but boldly, into the harbor. Distributing themselves cautiously among the Tripolitan ships, with one consentaneous action, they boarded the entire

fleet of the enemy. One fierce shriek of wild dismay went to the stars, whose light was vailed in clouds of smoke, mingled with surging billows of fire, which rose as if by enchantment from the bosom of the still waters. The splendid illumination, while it disconcerted the endeavors of the enemy to cut off their retreat by a well-timed opening of the outer batteries, aided the gallant little fleet in securing a safe return, which they did without the loss of a single man, or incurring any serious accident.

By this bold stroke he at once put an end to the difficulties of negociation, and taught that piratical nation a practical lesson, not soon forgotten, nor necessary to be immediately repeated. This brilliant and successful exploit raised the reputation of young Cloudesley so high, that he was raised to the rank of Captain. In this station he remained for several years, through variety of fortune, in a field of constant activity.

When James the Second came to the throne of England, though there were causes for great personal aversion to Capt. Shovel on his part, yet, from reasons of national policy, which required that the highest naval talent should be secured for the direction of maritime affairs, he confirmed him in the rank he had previously enjoyed. Capt. Shovel was a determined whig; while King James' sentiments were not peculiarly whiggish in their character.

In 1689, he was in the battle of Bantry Bay, in which action he commanded the Edgar, man-of-war, and showed such signal marks of coolness in maneuvering, and courage in attack, as to gain the highest expressions of commendation from his superiors in command; and as a reward for his distinguished service in that engagement,

when King William went down to Portsmouth to review his naval equipments there, and encourage his officers and seamen, he was pleased to confer upon him the order of Knighthood; and he became thenceforth, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, of the Royal Navy.

This mark of royal esteem was soon followed by further services, as they were by still further rewards. During the winter of 1690, and the following spring, after cruising off the coast of Ireland and in the soundings, he was employed in convoying the king and his army into Ireland. So highly satisfied was his sovereign, with his ability in arranging his plans, and dexterity in developing them, that immediately upon the conclusion of his gallant services, William appointed him to the place of Rear Admiral, and did him the unusual honor, to deliver the commission with his own hand.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel had now, at the age of forty, arrived at the highest rank in his profession; but still he was as active as ever in the service of his country. As the French, then at war with England, threatened to enter St. George's Channel with their fleet and burn the transport ships lying there, he was directed to cruise off the islands of Scilly, South of Ireland, and near the mouth of the Channel, and intercept the enemy in their attempts, if made; but the French fleet wisely declined the offer so freely extended. Failing of active employment here, he sailed with most of the ships under his command to the strong town of Waterford, in the southern part of Ireland, which an English army were vainly endeavoring to capture, on account of the numerous garrison in the castle, commanded by Gen. Bourk, who declared his resolution not to surrender as long as one stone remained upon another.

Sir Cloudesley, guessing that a large share of his bravery arose from the fact that the English General had not a single piece of artillery, immediately landed several pieces from his ships, which, worked by a few marines, soon brought the Irish General to terms of capitulation, before he had seen one stone knocked from another; — thus illustrating the point, that prudence is a very valuable trait, however highly courage may rank in popular estimation.

This year, 1691, Sir Cloudesley was again engaged in escorting the king, for which service he was named Rear Admiral of the '*red*,' as he had previously been of the '*blue*.' He seemed to be a man whom royalty delighted to honor.

"It was his felicity, that as his services were well-intended, so, generally speaking, they were well received; and if Sir Cloudesley Shovel any time missed of success, nobody ever pretended to fix imputations upon his conduct — his courage and sincerity were alike unquestionable; and, though this was not the most credulous age, yet there never was heard of such an infidel, as one who did not believe Shovel had both."

Next year, the fleet under his command formed a junction with that of Admiral Russel. This combined fleet, led by the most experienced commanders of the times, shaped its course so as to fall in with the French, which had recently put to sea in most formidable force, with the design of trying its strength in the mighty struggle for the empire of the ocean. This mutual desire of theirs was soon gratified, and on the 19th of May, 1692, the powerful armadas of these rival nations hove in sight of each other off Cape La Hogue, and forming their lines of battle, rapidly bore down to the conflict. After several

hours incessant cannonading, the French gave way, and drew off their dismantled wrecks, to seek refuge in the heavy mist that had settled upon the waters. This victory, though it could not be followed up on account of the dense fog, was decisive for the maritime supremacy of Britain. Towards this important victory, the skillful and energetic conduct of Sir Cloudesley contributed, in no small degree.

In 1693, the English fleet, under the command of three joint Admirals, of whom Shovel was one, added nothing to the luster acquired by the brilliant acheivements of former years. It was beaten and dismantled off Smyrna; but for some reason or other, Sir Cloudesley appears to have escaped without censure from the people at home, while his brother Admirals were condemned in no measured terms. The Dutch, who were partners with Britain in the game of war, seem to have formed the same idea, and in caricaturing the taking of the Smyrna fleet, their painters represent Sir Cloudesley aboard his ship at a distance, with his hands tied behind him, and each of his colleagues holding an end of the line; thus seeming to insinuate that he would have prevented the misfortune, if they had not prevented him. "Too many cooks, spoil the broth." Too many leaders almost invariably destroy the harmony and success of concerted action.

However fiercely and bitterly his brethren were denounced and accused by public opinion, Sir Cloudesley Shovel nobly and generously defended them at the bar of the Commons; and thereby, while he lost none of the fame which justly belonged to his past actions, he gained a widely extended reputation for disinterestedness and friendly sincerity. At the same time, he was a whig, and his colleagues were devoted tories.

During the remainder of the war, up to the peace of Ryswick, he continued actively engaged upon the water; and after that event, in the period of comparative peace that preceded the "War of the Spanish Succession," his naval duties and services, both in counsel and execution, were neither few nor small.

When subjects of maritime policy were under consideration, his Majesty always consulted Sir Cloudesley, and governed himself by the advice of that experienced and judicious seaman.

When the War of Succession broke out, at the dawn of the last century, in which the most powerful sovereigns of Europe entered the lists, in mortal conflict for a crown that neither of them expected to wear, and drove their people into the field of carnage, to fight the battles of their unrighteous cause, Admiral Shovel committed himself to the watery element, in consonance to the motto he had adopted with the profession of soldier; "My country, right or wrong."

From the first moment that he entered the naval service of *his* country, he had, in fact, though unwittingly, sold himself for a machine. Government was his will — the commands of government his duty. The greatness of the soldier seems to consist in successful obedience to the requirements of national rulers, whatever they may be, right or wrong. In this unnatural and ridiculous kind of greatness, Sir Cloudesley has a large share. And while the world suffers this to be considered the spring of fame, he will continue to be famous. With strong faith in the progress of the race, we believe there is a better day coming, when man will no longer be a machine whose crank is in the hands of governments and hierarchies — when he will yield only to those pure motive influences, which

flow out, spontaneously, from the throne of the Eternal, into the human heart.

The first exploit of note Sir Cloudesley performed in this war, was in seizing the treasure ships of Spain, in the harbor of Vigo. Rumors were afloat, that treasures of vast amount were on their way from the New World, under convoy of the French fleet — Admiral Shovel at once bore away with all speed to the Spanish main, so as to cut off, and make spoils of this precious freight. When he arrived on the coast he found the whole fleet, merchantmen and men of war, all safely sheltered in the little port of Vigo. But as Cadiz held the monopoly of this kind of trade, the unrelenting functionaries of that old despotism would not allow a "real" to be landed any where else. To Cadiz it must go. While the merchants and the board of trade were quarreling in the meshes of this intricate policy, Sir Cloudesley, at the head of the English squadron, appeared at the mouth of the harbor, knocking for admission, in a tone, as polite as it was welcome, to the astonished Spaniards, and their quondam associates, the French. The harbor was defended by two old forts, and a strong boom had been thrown across the entrance; but all to no purpose. Against the impetuosity of the assault, the fortifications were useless — the boom was broken like a line of hemp. The greater part of the Spanish galleons were taken, and the rest were sunk. The French burned their ships and retreated to the shore. The victors shared some millions of money, and in less than a month, Sir Cloudesley arrived safely at home, where he was received with the most enthusiastic greetings of applause and commendation. The court immediately resolved, that for the future, his services should be reserved for affairs of the greatest consequence.

From this time to the end of his life, his history is the history of the war; for as it was entirely foreign, the success of every enterprise depended upon the navy. In 1703, he was cruising the Mediterranean, blockading the French ports in that direction, cutting off their supplies, and preventing the embarkation of troops for the seat of war. He relieved the Protestants, then in arms in the Covernes, and neutralized such of the Italian powers, as were inclined to take sides with the French.

In 1704, he bore a prominent part in that great naval engagement that took place off the coast of Malaga, in which the French were totally defeated. This battle was fought on Sunday, the 13th of August. Sir Cloudesley Shovel, with his division of nine line of battle ships, led the van in the attack, and broke the line of the enemy with terrible slaughter — his own loss was 106 killed, and 310 wounded. Amid the carnage and destruction that fell on every hand, the Admiral's vessel escaped almost uninjured; though he remarks in a letter written at the time, he, "never took more pains to be well beat in his life."

This victory was indeed of great service to the cause of England at that juncture of affairs, and it was so regarded by the home government; and when prince George presented Sir Cloudesley to the Queen as Lord high Admiral of England, it testified in no ambiguous manner, that his gallant services were fully appreciated. Appointed to the chief command of the naval operations, Sir Cloudesley accepted a joint command with that great and singularly eccentric genius, the Earl of Peterborough, who was then general-in-chief of the English land forces in Spain. Here the Admiral found himself in a peculiarly trying situation — before the walls of the strong

fortress of Barcelona, which they were instructed to reduce. The garrison of that place was equally as numerous as the besieging army, and provisioned for an indefinite length of time. At the same time, great divisions existed in the allied army. The Earl and the Prince of Hesse were not on speaking terms. But by the almost miraculous energy and skill of Peterborough, and the judicious counsel, calmness and activity of Shovel, one of the strongest fortified places in Europe was taken by assault, the successful temerity of which, stands almost without a parallel in the annals of modern warfare.

This memorable achievement was due to the unfailing and daring genius of Peterborough; though, had he not been most ably and seasonably seconded by Sir Cloudesley, he must ultimately have failed. But the laurels to be acquired in this ill-conducted and reasonless war, were few and leafless. Every thing undertaken was marked with a carelessness and imbecility at home, that plainly showed that the hearts of the people were not in sympathy with the cause of the crown. Almost every enterprise miscarried; and had it not been for the untiring vigilance of the admiral, and the immense exertions of the fleet, England and her allies, would everywhere have suffered defeat and disgrace. What we regret is, that Sir Cloudesley Shovel could not have exhibited his splendid talents in a nobler field, and under happier auspices. England owes a deep debt of gratitude to him, for preserving her falling fortune in those ill-starred times.

In 1707, he left the shores of his native country for the last time. He transported some 10,000 troops to Alicant, in the South of Spain, sailed back to Lisbon for outfit and repairs, and thence sailed, with the major part of the fleet, for the South of France and the coast

of Italy. The plan was to lay seige to Toulon, and accomplish the reduction of that great maritime stronghold of France on the Mediterranean. To the accomplishment of this enterprise, Sir Cloudesley lent all his energies. By the latter part of June, he had effected a junction with the land forces under the command of the Duke of Savoy, near the mouth of the River Var, along the banks of which the French were strongly entrenched, and determined to dispute the passage. Notwithstanding the strength of the enemy's position, the importance of carrying it decided for immediate action. Sir Cloudesley ordered four English and one Dutch man-of-war, into the mouth of the river to storm the enemy's works, and aid the movements of the land army, while he landed with six hundred English seamen, in open boats, under cover of a heavy fire from the shipping. After a brief resistance, the French soldiers threw down their arms, and abandoned their position in the utmost confusion. In their retreat, they were met by a large detachment that was pushing on to their assistance; these, struck by the general panic, turned, and made common cause with their fugitive comrades.

The passage of the Var being forced, a council of war was immediately held on board the Admiral's ship, in which it was resolved to prosecute the march to Toulon without delay. The Duke pledged himself to be before the walls of the city in six days. Leaving ten or twelve ships to intercept the communication of France with Italy, Sir Cloudesley at once weighed anchor for Toulon. He awaited the end of six days, but no signs of the land army were visible — six days more were spent, before the tardy movements of the allied chief brought the army within sight of their destination. But the six days, which were

of decisive importance, had been better improved by the French, within the now beleaguered city. The garrison was augmented; stores of all kinds were treasured up; useless mouths were dismissed; the fortifications were put in the best possible state of defence; and every thing betokened a long and vigorous resistance.

Never did the courage and military ability of this experienced naval officer shine forth in a manner more brilliant — but all in vain. Nothing he could do was able to atone for the sluggish movements of his allies. They were a week too late. The enterprise from which so much was anticipated, and which had cost such abundant labor and sacrifice, was ingloriously abandoned. They were compelled to turn the backs of their thinned and scattered legions upon the city they came to conquer, but found impregnable.

Filled with silent grief and indignation at being foiled after such heroic devotion, Sir Cloudesley shaped his course slowly away toward England. On the 22d of Oct., he came into soundings — the lead showing ninety fathoms. At noon of the same day he lay by, but at six, the wind being fair, he made sail again, and stood away under his courses, believing he could distinguish the light of Scilly. Shortly after, his ship was perceived to hoist a signal of distress; but so difficult was her position, that it was deemed impossible to render any assistance. The foaming breakers hemmed them in; and in the dim twilight of that last night to the brave, storm-daring mariner, the ship struck upon the sunken reef, and was rent and scattered, in the fearful conflict of the surging elements. All on board perished. Several other ships met the same fate.

It is impossible to assign the reason for this fatal acci-

dent. There was a report prevalent at the time, that the crew were drunk, with drinking health to merry old England, whose blue head-lands were just descried, peering up in the dim distance. But these joyous visions of sweet home were speedily dispelled, in the wild rush of waters, as they dashed over the hidden rocks of Scilly, giving the unwilling spirit of the drowning sailor to the moaning winds.

The next morning, the body of the Admiral, which had been washed upon the beach, was found by some peasants; who, after appropriating a costly emerald ring, which was upon his finger, stripped and buried him in the sand. This ring, being shown as a splendid prize, was soon recognized, and by that means the remains of Sir Cloudesley were discovered. The day after the fatal disaster, they were conveyed aboard the Salsbury man-of-war, and in it to Plymouth — thence to London, where they were buried with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey. His friends and brethren in arms wept over him with a great and exceeding bitter lamentation. The Queen expressed very deep concern at his untimely loss, and was heard to remark, when she appointed Sir John Leake rear Admiral, that "she knew no man, so fit to repair the loss of the ablest seaman in her service."

On a beautiful monument of white marble, erected to his memory by public munificence, and a few years ago said to be the only one of its kind, may be traced the following inscription: "Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Kn't., Rear Admiral of Great Britain; Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the fleet; the just rewards of his long and faithful services. He was deservedly beloved by his Country, and esteemed, though dreaded, by the Enemy, who had often experienced his conduct and courage.

Being shipwrecked on the rocks of Scilly in his voyage from Toulon, the 22d of October, 1707, at night, in the 57th year of his age. His fate was lamented by all; but especially the seafaring part of the nation, to whom he was a worthy example. His body was flung and buried with others in the sands; but being soon after taken up, was placed under this monument, which his Royal Mistress has caused to be erected to commemorate his steady loyalty and extraordinary virtues."

In his manners and converse with men, Sir Cloudesley Shovel was kind, social and familiar; yet such was the characteristic bluntness of his ways, that he by no means acquired the reputation of being the most polite and complaisant officer in the naval service. The kindness of his heart was abundantly evinced in the tenderness he manifested towards his family and associates, in all the varied relations of husband, father and friend. His life was, indeed, mostly spent in the service of the public; yet in all the circumstances of private life, he exhibited such a share of prudence, wisdom and benevolence that few men ever lived more beloved, or died more lamented.

From so many beautiful traits of character, which circle around his memory, who can turn and look calmly, in the mild, pure light of Christianity, at the chief and chosen business of his existence, and not be struck with the incongruity of the picture — and not abhor the sanguinary customs of nations, which alienate the best affections of the human soul, and put good men upon the train of murder — which erect partition lines and barriers around a kingdom or a clan, and say to the kindly sympathies of universal fraternity, to these ye may go, but beyond them, never.

He left an honest and honorable calling, fellow-craftsmen in the trade of building shoes — one, by which he might have done good service to mankind, and done no violence to the law of God, nor the better sentiments of his own nature, to engage in the murderous, cruel trade of war; to butcher, starve and mangle Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Dutchmen, Irishmen — all kinds of men but Englishmen; — to plunder, conflagrate and waste all lands but England. This, in the low dialect of Earth, is glory. But there is a higher, purer dialect men are learning to speak on Earth; it is the same in which the finger of the Most High has inscribed in rainbow characters across the heavens of humanity, all along the pathway of the race from the beginning, that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men."

GEORGE FOX.

George Fox, the founder of the Society of Quakers, was a native of Drayton, in Leicestershire, England, where he was born in July, 1624. His father, Christopher Fox, was a weaver; a man of great uprightness and integrity, who on this account was called by his neighbors, "righteous Christer."

His mother, a woman of unusual intelligence, piety, and tenderness, early saw in him indications of an uncommon character, and labored to instill virtuous principles and sentiments into his mind, and endeavored to strengthen his impressions and cherish his good resolutions. On account of the humble circumstances of his parents, George enjoyed no other literary advantages than those of a plain English education; but the observing turn of his mind, and the grave sobriety of his deportment made his friends desirous that he should be educated for the clerical profession. This would perhaps have been accomplished but for the objections of some influential relatives, by whose interference he was placed apprentice to a shoemaker, who also dealt in wool; and George's time was divided between his trade and the care of the sheep, an employment well suited to his retiring and contemplative disposition.

When very young he was remarkably averse to those sports and amusements so common to his age in life, and would often remark when he saw any behaving themselves rudely, "If ever I come to be a man, surely I shall not do so."

"While I was a child," says he, "I was taught to walk so as to be kept pure. The Lord taught me to be faithful in all things; to act faithfully in two ways, viz: inwardly to God, and outwardly to man, and to keep to yea and nay in all things." He also speaks of receiving instruction from the same source, that he should be temperate, both in eating and drinking.

In the transaction of business for his master, much money and other property passed through his hands; but in all his dealings he acquired a great reputation for integrity and scrupulous honesty towards all. In his dealings, he frequently used the word *verily*, and such was the tried firmness with which he adhered to his word, that it became a common saying in the neighborhood, "If George says *verily*, there is no altering him."

When about nineteen years of age, on a certain occasion, as he was in company, he became deeply moved at the thoughtless levity of some, and the eager desire of riches manifested by others, though both classes were making a high profession of religion. Withdrawing in great trouble of mind from the company, he spent the night in solitude, mourning for the wickedness of the times. In this situation, these words seemed audibly addressed to him: "Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth — thou must forsake all, old and young, and be a stranger unto all." Soon after, he broke off acquaintance with his former associates, and traveled through various portions of the country, seeking out persons who were most famous for devotion and piety, that he might gain relief to his vexed and anxious spirit from their instructions and conversation. But he could find no one that

understood his case; but was more and more convinced, that the purity of Christianity was in a great measure lost among the senseless forms and superstitious rites of of the professed disciples of the simple gospel of the Savior. Among them all, he could find no response to the sentiments harbored in his own bosom. He was possessed of principles and sentiments to which they were strangers. Some proposed that he should marry to quiet the exercises of his mind, and give his feelings a more peaceful flow; others prescribed other restoratives, and one minister advised him to take tobacco and sing psalms. Such were the spiritual guides and teachers of that day.

We, of this brighter era of Christian illumination, can have but a faint idea of the corruptions of the time when George Fox commenced his ministry. England had become, under James the First and Charles the First, all that a licentious priesthood and profligate and tyrannical rulers could make it; for the people are not apt to wait for pressing invitations to follow in the steps of their guides and instructors, both spiritual and temporal. From this remark we should except the various sects of dissenters, who were rapidly increasing, in spite of the most cruel persecution, and who, in the end, subverted the house of Stuart, and broke for a season the power of episcopal domination. At this time, and long previously, the most vicious indulgences were allowed and openly cherished in the established church. James, in 1618, promulgated a decree instituting public games and sports after the regular service of the Sabbath. Charles, his successor, did not, of course, repeal such an institution so much in consonance with his own inclinations, and so pleasing to his licentious court; but, on the contrary,

he extended the license. These sports soon degenerated into noisy and tumultuous revels, continuing late into the night, which were appropriately called "wakes"; and when the disturbance finally became so great as to endanger the peace of the realm, the judges attempted to suppress them by a judicial prohibition. They were, however, immediately summoned before the king by Archbishop Laud, for invading the episcopal jurisdiction; and after receiving a severe reprimand, the prohibition was revoked.

Under such a state of things, it is no matter of surprise that a mind like that of George Fox should be deeply moved. Sensitive to every thing of a religious character, these flagrant violations of all the precepts of his most holy religion, were felt, till his whole soul was kindled into a flame of enthusiastic opposition to the tide of evil that was fast setting over the church and the nation. He felt an inspiration from above, and could not refrain from speaking. He believed he had received an immediate call from the great Head of the Church to become a minister of reformation to the people of England and the world. He saw that a formal profession of Christianity does not constitute a Christian. He believed that he was under the tuition of the Divine Spirit and illumination; and often speaks in his writings of the "openings" he had; "how he was made to see"; or, "the Lord gave him to see." "When I had openings," he observes, "they answered one another, and answered the scriptures; for I had great openings of the scriptures."

In the twenty-third year of his age, amidst the most violent political commotions, George Fox commenced his ministry. The first individual who openly embraced

the sentiments he taught, was Elizabeth Hooton, who became an active and noted preacher in the society. The success that attended his preaching was very great; and the report of his piety and zeal being spread far and wide, multitudes flocked to see and converse with him; while others were highly enraged at his doctrine of perfection, the possibility and necessity of which he enforced in so bold and startling a manner, as to bring against him the whole batteries of the dominant religion, which met the young apostle with all the terrors of spiritual infallibility, and political power.

In describing his ministry, he says, "I was sent to turn the people from darkness to light — to the grace of God, and to the truth in the heart, which came by Jesus, that all might come to know their salvation nigh. I saw that Christ died for all men; and that the manifestations of the Spirit were given to every man to profit withal. These things I did not see by the help of man, nor by the letter, though they are written in the letter; but I saw them in the light of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by his immediate spirit and power; as did the holy men of God, by whom the scriptures were written."

At this period there was a quite numerous class in England, who, dissatisfied with the existing state of things, and little inclined to the peculiar tenets of any denomination of Christians, had entirely withdrawn from all religious connection, and were earnestly engaged in searching for light and direction. Among such, the preaching of George Fox was very influential. He traveled extensively, laboring everywhere with devoted zeal, and in 1648, several meetings of Friends (the name given to the society by its founder) were settled in various parts of England. But the nature of his principles, which were opposed to all formality and outward, lifeless profession,

tending to draw men from dependence on human teaching and external ceremonies, brought upon him the most violent opposition and cruel usage. He was imprisoned, beaten, villified and traduced, and suffered all the evils and perils of public and social excommunication. His first imprisonment took place in 1648, for preaching his sentiments in Nottingham, the town where he learned and labored at his trade. How long he remained in durance is uncertain, but he says it was "a pretty long time." The moment he obtained a discharge, he traveled as before, nothing daunted by the perils that surrounded him in the work of his ministry. In the following year, in another part of the kingdom, while, on a Sabbath morning, he was speaking in a house of worship, the people fell upon him, and beat him with their hands, sticks and bibles; then put him in the stocks, where he remained for some time, and finally stoned him out of town. By this barbarous treatment he was so injured as to be scarcely able to stand or move; but through the kindness of compassionate friends, who took him in, he was soon in a condition to commence his labors with increased zeal and ardor.

About this time, "I was exercised," says he, "in going to courts to cry for justice — in speaking and writing to judges to do justly — in warning such as kept houses for public entertainment, that they should not let the people have more drink than would do them good — in testifying against wakes, feasts, may-games, sports, plays, and shows, which train people up to vanity, and lead them from the fear of God. In fairs, also, and markets, I was made to declare against their deceitful merchandize and cheating; warning all to do justly, to speak the truth, to let their yea be yea, and their nay, nay; and to do unto others as they would have others do unto them. I was

moved also to cry against all sorts of music, and against mountebanks playing tricks on their stages, for they burdened the pure life, and stirred up the minds of the people to vanity." And all who are acquainted with the writings of Fox, will witness that his testimonies and warnings were no lifeless form of words.

Among other subjects which engaged his attention, was the extravagance and love of show that prevailed among the people of his times. He believed that pure Christianity was of an opposite spirit and tendency, directing to plainness and simplicity in life and habits; and therefore inculcated, both by precept and example, a simple, frugal mode of living, free from attractive display and idle expense. He was also convinced that all compliments, and flattering titles; bowing and taking off the hat, according to prevailing custom, were inconsistent with Christian truth and equality; he accordingly never submitted to them, but preached boldly against their practice. The custom of using the plural number when addressing a single individual, likewise drew his attention, and was conscientiously opposed, as ministering to the pride of human nature, which seeks unmerited honor; — he therefore spoke strongly against its use, and taught that people should keep to the scripture language of "thou" and "thee" in speaking to one person, in accordance with the strict rules of grammar.

On account of non-compliance with the established usage, he, with his brethren, suffered severe and unmitigated persecution. "Oh," exclaims Fox, "the blows, the punchings, the beatings and imprisonments we underwent for not putting off the hat! The bad language and evil usage we received on this account is hard to be expressed; besides the danger we were sometimes in of

losing our lives for this matter; and that, too, by the great professors of Christianity."

George Fox gave a vigorous testimony against a salaried and beneficed clergy, maintaining that as the gospel was free, it should be preached freely to the people; that the system of exacting tithes and taxes for the support of religion, was most unjust and anti-Christian; and receiving pecuniary benefits for preaching the free principles of Christianity, was mercenary, and "making a trade of the word of life."

In 1650, Fox was again arrested for preaching, and committed to the house of correction, where he remained for six months. During the examination, the justices, Bennet and Barton, endeavored to draw something from him, in order to convict him of holding blasphemous sentiments and opinions; but not meeting with the success they had hoped, they in great wrath ordered him to prison, "as a person charged with holding opinions contrary to a late act of parliament." His friends then offered to become sureties that he should preach no more in that place, if set at liberty; but Fox, declaring his innocence of any crime, would purchase his freedom by no unholy compromise of conscience and duty; which so enraged Bennet, that while Fox kneeled down to pray for his tormentors, he struck him with great violence, crying out, "Away with him! take him away, jailer." It was this justice Bennet that gave the society the name of "Quakers," because Fox bid him "tremble at the word of the Lord."

When the term of his imprisonment had nearly expired, he was pressed to take a commission in the parliamentary army; but as Fox was a minister and messenger of the Prince of Peace, and opposed to all war and contention, he declined its reception. They still persuaded him to

accept it, but finding it impossible to shake the constancy of his resolution, they threw him into the common jail, among criminals of the most desperate and malignant character. Here he remained for half a year, among thirty hopeless and abandoned rogues, in a loathsome, offensive, vermin-infested den — shut out from the pure air and sunlight of heaven.

George Fox early bore testimony against the severity of judicial punishments; and during this confinement, he interested himself in the case of a young woman about to be tried for her life. He wrote to the judges and jury, showing by clear and convincing arguments, that the taking of life in any case, was contrary to the spirit of Christianity and the welfare of the race. She was, however, condemned; but being subsequently pardoned, she became a worthy and consistent Quaker. So much for the law of love, which directed his efforts.

After almost a year of close imprisonment, he was at length liberated, and immediately resumed his travels; preaching wherever he went, though often called to meet the most violent opposition. In 1652, as he was speaking on the Sabbath, the people fell upon him, and one of them, of high standing in the church, struck him in the face with a bible, so that his blood streamed upon the floor. They then dragged him out of the church and along the street, till he was all besmeared with dirt and blood; but no sooner was he able to get upon his feet, than he preached repentance and better works to his persecutors, showing them the effects of false professions, and how they disgraced the Christian name and character. So great was the effect of his faithful and mild rebuke, that the unworthy priest was seen to tremble; and the people pointing to him, said, "See how the priest shakes; he also is turned Quaker." When the outrage

came to be investigated, though the man who shed his blood was liable to a heavy penalty, George Fox forgave, and refused to appear against him.

Though he preached every where, and exposed wickedness and crime in high places and in low, exclaiming against the injustice of the courts, and the high-handed iniquity, falsehood and perversion of the church — exhorting to peace and quiet, in times of war and political confusion — to simplicity, in a time of general extravagance and sensuality — to plainness of life and manners, when ceremony and display were prominent features of society, — Fox seems to have escaped the hands of the civil power till some time in 1653; when, hearing that a warrant had been made out for his arrest, he, without waiting for it to be served, appeared before the magistrates; as was often his custom when he knew that he was wanted. After a mock examination, he was committed "as a blasphemer, an heretic, and a seducer," and cruelly confined among thieves of the basest sort. When brought to the assizes, the charges being without foundation, he was discharged; and so fully did he expose the barbarity of his confinement, that the magistrates received a severe reprimand from the court, and his cruel jailer was sentenced to the same dungeon whence Fox was taken; though his benevolence would gladly have saved the wretch from merited punishment.

The act of parliament, under which the Quakers were persecuted, was passed in 1650, in order to reach the Ranters, a set of visionaries which arose during those tumultuous times of civil and religious commotion. They ascribed the attributes of Deity to men — contended that no act, however atrocious, was sinful in the saints — that the grossest violations of the moral law were not in them-

selves sinful, and that there was no *real* difference between moral good and evil.

George Fox was accused of holding and promulgating these sentiments; and notwithstanding he denied them, and inculcated a diametrically opposite doctrine, and was known to lead a blameless life, and to be of the most devout and benevolent disposition, still he was constantly assailed with charges of this character. There were those who could not bear the stern and scathing rebukes, and high principles of morality, that emanated from this zealous apostle of reform. "Their craft was in danger."

Being now at liberty, Fox commenced his labors without loss of time; going through many counties of England. "The everlasting gospel and word of life," says he, "flourished; and the priests and professors who said that we should be destroyed within a month, and that we should eat one another out, because friends tarried at each others' houses by the way, so that sometimes there was not room enough to lodge, saw that we were blessed both in field and in basket — they also saw the falsehood of all their prophecies against us; and that it was vain to curse, where God has blessed."

Great revolutions had taken place in the government of England. Charles had been condemned and beheaded as a traitor, and the parliament, which for several years had held the reins of government with a feeble hand, had been violently dissolved by Oliver Cromwell, who, in 1653, was proclaimed Lord Protector of the realm of England, Scotland and Ireland. Though the Quakers had taken no part in these political revolutions, yet they did not escape their influence. Fox was seized for holding unauthorized meetings, and sent up to the Protector at London. He was brought before Cromwell, at White-

hall, in 1654; when they had much conversation together on the subject of religion. As George was turning to leave him, Oliver took him by the hand saying, "Come again to my house, for if you and I were together an hour of a day, we should be nearer the one to the other. I wish thee no more ill than I do my own soul."

He was discharged by order of the Protector, and received an invitation to dine at the palace, which he declined, saying, "he would not eat of his bread nor drink his drink." When Cromwell heard this, he is said to have remarked, "Now I see there is a people arisen that I cannot win either by gifts, honors, offices, or places; but all other sects and people I can." During this interview, Fox never took off his hat, nor observed the customary ceremonies of state; but conversed with the most perfect freedom and equality; and what is somewhat remarkable, it did not excite the anger of the Protector.

Fox employed this season of liberty in preaching with renewed diligence throughout the country; but not without frequent interruptions. At one time, he, with one of his coadjutors, was taken before a justice, on the charge of house-breaking. On hearing the case, the justice said "he believed they were not the men who broke into the house, but he was sorry he had no more against them." Strange, indeed, that an officer of justice should be sorry to find men innocent! They were discharged, and Fox says, "A great people were gathered to the Lord in that place."

Not long after this, Fox, with a traveling brother, was arrested by the authorities, and placed under guard of a company of soldiers, to be conducted to a jail at a considerable distance. On their journey an incident occurred,

which shows the zealous and intrepid manner in which the early Quakers followed their impressions of duty. When the sabbath came, the soldiers made ready to proceed as usual, but Fox told them that it was not customary to travel on that day; and many people being collected, he discoursed to the soldiers, while his companion addressed the crowd; and so they took turns, while a Quaker in company went to the church and preached to the people there. Thus they held them till afternoon, when the troops determined to go on; having mounted and reached the skirts of the town, Fox thought it his duty to go back and speak to the man with whom they had stayed. The soldiers presented their pistols and swore he should not go; but careless of their threats, he rode back and they followed him. Having discharged his errand, and cleared his conscience, he returned, reproving them for their rudeness. In about nine weeks they were brought to the assizes. As they stood in court with their hats on, the judge ordered them to take them off; whereupon Fox desired to be shown, either from the scriptures or the law, the propriety of doing so. As a short and conclusive answer to this, his honor commanded they should be taken back to prison.

While in the court, their attention had been attracted by the constant practice of taking oaths on every occasion. Deeming this contrary to the commands of Christ, George Fox wrote a short paper, setting forth his views, which circulated pretty freely among the justices and jurymen, till at length it fell into the hands of the judge. This soon transferred Fox from the jail to the court room. He was asked if that "seditious paper" was his. The court was crowded with people, and Fox, glad of an opportunity of speaking his sentiments, desired it might be

read, that all might hear if it contained any sedition, and if it was his, he would own it. They insisted on his reading it himself; but as he persisted in his refusal, the court was reluctantly obliged to read it aloud. He then acknowledged the paper, and proceeded to show how consistent it was with the scriptures. The judge at once dropped the disagreeable subject and ordered their hats to be removed. The jailer took them off and handed them to the two Quakers, who put them on again. Several charges were now preferred against them, which not being substantiated, the judge fined them twenty marks apiece for keeping their hats on, remanding them to prison till it should be paid.

Here they remained for six months; but not idle. Multitudes visited them, and the voice of Fox was heard as loud and convincing from within the bolts and walls of the prison, as from the pulpit, the way-side, and the woods. During this confinement, a Quaker went to Cromwell, and desired to lie in prison himself, instead of Fox. Such disinterested kindness made a deep impression on the mind of the Protector; and turning to his counsel and attendants he exclaimed, "Which of you would do as much for me, were I in the same condition?"

Once again at liberty, Fox showed the same activity as ever, and among other places visited London, where he had another interview with the Protector, before whom he laid the grievances of the Quakers in various parts of the nation. After spending considerable time in London and its vicinity, he traveled into Wales and Scotland, carrying his ministry into parts and places hitherto unreached.

That George Fox possessed a peculiar power over in-

dividuals and masses, seems evident throughout his history. At times he would make the most savage and sanguinary, mild and peaceful — those who came to harm or destroy, would go away disarmed of their hatred, or utterly incapable, on account of his words of persuasive love, to execute their malignant intentions. Several of his jailers, and those who had been instrumental in injuring him, were led to see the error of their conduct, embrace the opinions of, and identify themselves with, the Quakers. A few, out of an ample list of kindred anecdotes, will show this.

While he was traveling through Wales, he was overtaken by a man of note, who had maliciously determined to arrest him as a highwayman; but before they had reached the town, Fox spoke to the man in a manner so affecting as to reach the better feelings of his nature, and he invited him to his house, where he was treated with great hospitality and respect. In the event, both the man and his wife became public and consistent converts to the doctrines of Fox.

During one of his imprisonments, he received very harsh and cruel treatment at the hands of the jailer, which he always bore with patience, and repaid with kind words and good and wholesome instruction, after praying with and for his tormenter. A short time after his release, he received a letter from this jailer, written in the most humble and affectionate language, signifying his reformation and union with the Quakers.

Hearing, on a certain occasion, that an officer had been dispatched by one Col. Kirby, to take him, Fox at once repaired to his house, and being introduced to the Colonel, he observed that "Understanding you was desirous of seeing me, I have come to visit you, to know

what you have to say, or whether you have any thing against me." The Colonel seemed taken by surprise, and protested before the company, that he had nothing against George Fox; and after a friendly conversation they parted, shaking hands in apparent good will.

A company of soldiers that had been sent thirty miles to break up the meetings of the Quakers, found Fox preaching by the way-side to a large and attentive audience. The captain immediately rode up and commanded him to come down, and the assembly to disperse; but after being reasoned with a moment by Fox, who showed him the hardness of the case, he led his band away, and suffered them to continue the meeting as long as they chose.

On getting into Scotland, it is said, "he found the people under the influence of the dark doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation. George preached the universal love of God to all mankind; and proved that reprobation was the consequence of sin committed, and not of a personal decree of irremediable perdition — that the Savior died for all, and enlightens all by the manifestations of his Spirit; but those who vex and grieve the Spirit are the reprobates, while those who receive and obey Christ, become elected in him."

Such doctrines alarmed the Scottish clergy; and to deter the people from embracing them, they drew up a list of curses to be read in the public assemblies, and to which all the people should answer, amen. Here Fox found little hinderance from the civil authorities, being but once brought before the magistrates, who ordered him to leave the country within a week. But he continued without further molestation, till such time as he found it in his mind to depart; when he returned into England.

Till 1660, Fox continued preaching and writing with incredible diligence; attending to all the multiplied and multiform wants of a great and growing society, in and out of prison; for the jails, prisons and penitentiaries were filled with Quakers, whose comfort and enlargement was the constant object of his exertions, and in whose behalf he appeared before dignitaries, parliaments, protectors and sovereigns.

During this year he was seized and charged with being a seditious and dangerous person; together with a long catalogue of minor offences, upon which, without attempting to adduce the proof, he was committed to prison.

The multiplied falsehoods that were circulated in regard to Fox, produced some curious notions of his powers and character among the people. At the house where he was kept, the night after his arrest, they set a guard of sixteen men to watch him, several of whom sat in the fire-place, to prevent his taking leave through the chimney. One of the fellows said "he did not believe a thousand men could have taken him."

At the earnest solicitation of several prominent members of the society, who waited upon the king, he was brought before the court of king's bench for examination. When sent up to London, those who apprehended him wished to convey him by the cheapest possible method. Fox told them, "if he was such a man as they said, they ought to send a few companies of horse to guard him;" but this would cost too much. They then proposed to send him up attended by a few baliffs; but this was likewise abandoned on account of the expense. They then proposed that he should find bail for his appearance. This, asserting his entire innocence, he refused to do; and finally, on his simple word that he would appear before

the court, they were glad to set him at liberty. When the charges came to be read before the high court of England, the judges held up their hands in astonishment, and, especially as no accuser appeared against him, he was discharged by order of the king.

In 1661, parliament revived the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, by an act pointed directly at the Quakers. Foreseeing the sufferings this would bring upon his brethren, Fox sent in a paper to the king, setting forth the evils to which they had been, and were still exposed, and praying that they might be exempted from taking the prescribed oaths, as they could not conscientiously swear in any case. He urged that they were willing to be dealt with for breaking their solemn affirmation, the same as others were for breaking their oaths. According to his statement it appears, that there had been, up to that time, no less than 6236 Quakers committed to the prisons of England, where 32 had died "through cruel and hard imprisonment upon nasty straw, and in dungeons."

Among other troubles, the marriages of Quakers were called in question, and wills were attempted to be nullified in order to deprive their children of a rightful inheritance. The question, long in dispute, was at length settled by the decision of judge Archer, who thus sums up the case. "There was a marriage in Paradise, when Adam took Eve, and Eve took Adam; and it was therefore the consent of the parties which made the marriage. And as Quakers married as Christians, he considered the marriage was lawful, and the child lawful heir." As Fox had taught the form of marriage adopted by the society, he was deeply interested in the decision of this question.

From London, Fox journeyed, in the prosecution of his ministerial labors, with his usual diligence, meeting

with many narrow escapes, and being detained in custody on many groundless charges; till at length, in 1663, he again fell under the power of persecution. When they would take him, being among a numerous body of friends, the officer asked which was George Fox. With characteristic frankness and intrepidity he answered, "I am the man." Declining the oath, the justices bound him over to the next session; but upon his word to appear at the specified time he was allowed to depart.

Agreeably to his word, Fox appeared before his judges, saluting the assembly with, "Peace be among you," according to his custom. As he stood covered in presence of the court, the chairman asked him if he knew where he was? He replied, "Yes, I do; but may be my hat offends you. That is a low honor. It is not the honor I give to magistrates, for the true honor is from above. I hope it is not the hat you look upon as the true honor." The obnoxious hat was removed; and being unable to sustain the charges brought against him, they tendered the oath of allegiance and supremacy, refusing to take which, he was committed to prison. On the 14th of March, 1664, he was again brought to the assizes; when a dialogue, of which the following is an extract, took place.

Fox. Peace be amongst you all.

Judge. What! do you come into court with your hat on?

Fox. The hat is not the honor which comes from God.

Judge. Will you take the oath of allegiance?

Fox. I never took an oath in my life.

Judge. I ask you again — will you swear, or no?

Fox. I am neither Turk, Jew, nor Heathen, but a Christian. Dost thou not know that Christians in the primitive times, and also some of the martyrs in Queen

Mary's time, refused to swear, because Christ and the Apostles had forbidden it? You have had experience enough how many first swore for the king, and then against him. But as for me, my allegiance does not lie in swearing, but in truth and faithfulness. Dost thou own the king?

Judge. Yes, I do own the king.

Fox. Then why dost thou not observe his declaration from Breda, and his promises since he came into England, that no man should be called in question for matters of religion, so long as he lived peaceably?

Judge. Sirrah! Will you swear?

Fox. I am none of your sirrahs — I am a Christian; and for thee, an old man, to sit there and give nicknames to prisoners, does not become either thy gray hairs or thy office.

Judge. Well, I am a Christian, too.

Fox. Then do Christian works.

Remaining firm, he was remanded to prison, where he employed his time in spreading the faith, by writing and otherwise, as occasion offered, till the sitting of the next court. In the meantime he had several warm religious disputations, from which his opponents went away some sorer, and a great deal wiser, for having tried their weapons against such keen-tempered steel.

Again in court, the indictment was read, and witnesses heard; whereupon Fox addressed the jury, urging that they could not find him guilty on that indictment, as it was wrongly laid, and full of errors. Here the judge interrupted him, saying he would speak to the jury; and accordingly he instructed them to bring in a verdict of guilty against the prisoner. Before receiving sentence, the judge asked him what he had to say why judgment

should not be pronounced; when a conversation, in part as follows, took place.

Fox. I have much to say; but have patience to hear me — is the oath to be tendered to the king's subjects, or to the subjects of foreign princes?

Judge. To the subjects of this realm.

Fox. Look into the indictment, and you may see that you have left out the word subject.

Judge. It is an error.

Fox. I have something else to stop judgment. Look what day the indictment says the oath was tendered to me at the sessions.

Court. On the 11th day of January.

Fox. On what day of the week was the sessions held?

Court. On a Tuesday.

Fox. Look at your almanacs.

They accordingly looked, and found that the 11th day was Monday. When they could not get around this blunder, the judge exclaimed, "this is a great mistake, and an error."

Justices (in a furious passion). Who hath done this? Somebody hath done this on purpose.

Fox. Are not the justices who have sworn to this indictment, forsworn men in the face of the country? But this is not all. In what year of the king was the last assize holden here, in the month called March?

Judge. In the 16th year of the king.

Fox. But the indictment says it was the 15th.

The judge, in overflowing wrath, acknowledged the error, and cried out, "Stop! Enough!" and notwithstanding the extreme hardness and injustice of the thing, he put the oath to him again. The clerk gave him the

book (the bible) as directed, and the oath being read, the judge asked him whether he would take it or not. Fox replied, "Here you have given me a book to kiss and to swear on; and this book says, 'Kiss the Son'; and the Son says, in this book, 'Swear not at all'; and so says the Apostle James. I say as this book says; yet you imprison me. How chance do ye not imprison the book for saying so? How happens it that the book is at liberty among you, which bids me not to swear, and yet ye imprison me for doing as the book bids me." This argument put his honor somewhat out of temper, and he replied, "Nay, but we will imprison George Fox!" Then telling the court and jury that "it was for Christ's sake that he could not swear" — that he followed the dictates of conscience and the impulse of duty, he went back to prison, where for the long period of six years he was shut out from the sunlight, the beauties and the society of nature. It seemed as though they had conspired, in all the malignity of perfect hatred, to kill him by lingering torment. Exposed to summer's heat and winter's piercing cold, amidst noisome vapors and corrupting filth — with no friend to greet him with a kindly smile — allowed no visitors but his ferocious jailers, or still more barbarous priests, who came to mock and rejoice over his wretchedness — he lingered out the weary days and lonely nights of his imprisonment, with firm reliance and unwavering faith in that Savior in whose cause he suffered. His limbs had become swollen to an unnatural size, and his health was greatly impaired. But he lived through it; and when he was at last released, continued as before, his mission of love to his fellow men.

While in confinement, the conduct of Fox worked a salutary change in the character of the officers and guards

of the prison; so that, during the last few months of his detention, he was treated with comparative kindness; and they were heard to say, speaking of his firmness and integrity, "He is as stiff as a tree, and as pure as a bell, for we never could bow him."

In 1669, Fox married his wife Margaret, who was a highly gifted and influential preacher among the Quakers, and withal a woman of great virtue, energy and intelligence. At the time of their marriage, he was 45, and Margaret 55 years of age. They lived together but little, but labored separately in the work of their ministry, being frequently imprisoned in different parts of the kingdom, and laboring for each other's liberty.

At one time he was convicted, upon an indictment full of errors, of twice refusing the oath of allegiance and supremacy, and sentenced to the penitentiary for life, with a confiscation of all his property. Application being made to the king in his behalf, he offered and even pressed him to accept a pardon; but as he believed the acceptance of a pardon involved the admission of wrong he declined to receive it. Finally, he was brought by 'habeas corpus,' before Sir Matthew Hale, Chief Justice of King's Bench, where the indictment upon which he was convicted being examined, it was declared void; and thus after an unjust imprisonment of more than a year, he was honorably acquitted.

From this time forward to the end of his career, he continued the same laborious activity which had thus far marked his course. Ever building and enlarging in England, he promulgated his belief in other countries. He journeyed into Scotland, Wales and Ireland. He twice visited Holland and a part of Germany, where his preaching was followed by "great convincement," and multi

tudes joined the society. The years 1671–2 he spent in British West Indies and the colonies of America, where he traveled extensively, preaching and instructing. In New England, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, he made considerable stay. Returning to England, he labored to complete that admirable system of Quaker discipline, which exists to the present day, a noble ornament of that great Christian fraternity. He continued his public ministrations till within two days of his death, which came on the 13th of November, 1690, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. His death was no doubt hastened by the rigor and hardship of persecution, which greatly impaired his once vigorous and robust constitution. For more than forty years he had been a devoted apostle of a detested religious system, through a scene of uninterrupted persecution, which would seem to be enough to crush out the last vestige of the hated faith, and wash its very memento from the crimson fields of England, in blood and tears. He had been seized, and dragged before magistrates and courts, times unnumbered, and more than *eight* years had he spent in unjust imprisonment for conscience sake.

George Fox was above the ordinary size, of graceful and engaging manners beyond the ordinary forms of politeness; and with an eye of such piercing brilliancy, that many who were disputing with him were unable to bear it. In short, his appearance was manly, dignified and commanding. In his living he was temperate; ate sparingly, and avoided all intoxicating drinks as a beverage. He allowed himself but little sleep. As a minister, his success demonstrates his power. Beginning alone, he lived to see the faith and practices he preached take root, and spread their healing branches far and wide; and had

he remained six years longer, he would have seen all the claims of his society fully recognized by the English parliament. In prayer, he is said to have chiefly excelled; here he rose into impressive and awful sublimity. "His presence," says William Penn, "expressed a religious majesty." He believed he had received his commission directly from on high; and filled with a deep and abiding inspiration, he poured his whole soul into the work of his consecration. No threats could intimidate his fervent zeal — no obstacles impede his progress. He never shrunk from the practical duties of Christianity; nor was he ever known to revenge an injury; "smitten on one cheek he turned the other also."

It seemed, at times, that he was endowed with a more than human foresight; and it is true that he predicted some events with strange accuracy. The fall of Cromwell's government, together with other political changes, was foretold by him with remarkable precision. At the time when the Grand Turk was carrying his invading arms into the heart of Europe, and the fears of many were excited lest he should overrun Christendom, Fox said "he had suddenly seen him turn backward." Within a month, the news reached England that he had been defeated. He also had remarkable foresight of the terrible plague and fire which desolated London — of which he says: "As I was walking in my chamber, with my eye to the Lord, I beheld an angel of the Lord with a glittering drawn sword in his hand, stretched southward towards the city." At the time that the Quakers were undergoing such severe persecution in New England, though no news had been received from them, Fox observed to his friends that he felt the intense sufferings of the brethren across the ocean, as perfectly as though the

halter were around his own neck. The next ships brought tidings that several Quakers had been hung at that time in the colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts.

We mention these, as facts related of the man, not as the characteristics by which he is commonly known, and which are to perpetuate his remembrance beyond the boundaries of time. His *great* feature was that world-wide philanthropy in which he grasped the whole human race. He saw a brother in every member of the human family; and no narrow boundaries of states, or difference of dialect or complexion, could alienate his affections from any being who bore the impress of his Maker's image. In the person of the ermined emperor, the mitred priest, and the purse-proud aristocrat, he could see *only a man;* and beneath the homely garb of the peasant, in the form of the houseless, famine-mortgaged mendicant, and the robbed and trampled slave, he saw the *same,* in all his noble, God-given attributes. He believed that the gospel of Christ, carried out in practice, would fuse all nations and tongues, into one common, harmonious brotherhood — all loved, and loving all.

JAMES WOODHOUSE.

The individual who bore this humble name was born near Birmingham, of respectable parents, some time in the year 1736; and was a village shoemaker in the town of Rowley. Like most of the sons of labor, he was from that class whose chief characteristic is any thing but wealth. An heir to toil by the preördination of necessity, his genius for intellectual employments was left to be developed late in life, by that innate force of impulsive energy which drives the hidden powers of the soul outwards to the view of the world, and upwards to high attainments. All men have powers of mind capable of vast and indefinite expansion: none are so weak in original mental endowments as to justify despair of improvement; and none ever undertook in earnest, to sound deeper the mysteries of his own being, and the busy, wonderful world around him — to go farther in pursuit of knowledge — and failed. The road is open to all.

No biographical sketch we have been able to find, seems to do justice to this man's memory, or to us who are inquiring into his history. Mr. Southey tells us that he lived, made shoes, mended old boots, married a wife, reared up a fine family of little Woodhouses, and wrote poetry — good poetry, which was published in several editions before he died. But this is not enough: we want to follow him along the road of his journeyings, and see the way and manner of his progress — how, in the midst

of labor and privation, his mind succeeded in liberating and expanding itself — how he met obstacles and surmounted difficulties, for his path was no path fringed with roses and carpeted with flowers, but a rough and rugged highway, where multitudes had traveled before him; where multitudes are now traveling, and will again. We would like to hear a few of those little stories and incidents of life that always linger about the spot where a noted character has lived and gone down, and which are passed from mouth to mouth, to recall and commemorate the name of one departed, but still living in the memory of his friends. These more than all else show the disposition, character and capacities of an individual. In these, we seem to see him as he acted out himself.

Southey introduces Mr. Woodhouse, with others, as an "uneducated poet," — but, methinks, he does not comprehend the true idea of education. — As if that man who wends his toilsome way through the halls of learning, or is drawn, or driven by external power, through his reluctant course of mathematics, literature, divinity, or law, and finds out a thing or two, must, per fatality, be an educated man; while he who, by the strong impulse of an internal, struggling power, emancipates his own mind without outward aid, from the shackles of ignorance, tries and learns the strength of his own innate abilities — who treasures up, with laborious exertion, knowledge for knowledge's sake, and at last arrives at a point in the vast wilderness of human learning that tens of thousands of college-graduated dunces never dreamed of — is minus an education! Thought — intense, vigorous thought, more than books and instructors, is the great elevator and educator of the mind. Not that books and instructors are to be despised, or cast aside as vain; but,

without mental exertion on the part of the individual, these are of but little use. Indeed, the man, the mind itself, is the greatest study that can command our attention — its powers, its origin, its duties and its destiny, are all subjects, the solution of which will place the mind far above the highest point ever reached by the oldest and most gigantic created intelligence, during its earthly pilgrimage. The unfolded book of Nature, which constantly lies before us, the thousandth part of whose leaves have not yet been cut open by human investigation, can be read by all ; and he who reads the most diligently, carefully, and truly, in this book, is acquiring an education of unrivaled value and importance, though he may never have learned to decline *bonus*, or conjugate *sum*.

The idea has long enough possessed the minds of the people, that a college is a necessary prerequisite to the acquiring of an education. It is time this notion were exploded ; for if the history of the past and the present teaches anything, it is the fact that many of the strongest minds — the real Samsons of the race, who have guided and given character to the age in which they have lived, and shed an influence that must be felt through all periods to the end of time, — have been men destitute of what, in the dialect of the times, is denominated a *liberal* education.

Look at Shakspeare, and Franklin, and Davy, and Hunter, and Henry ; — if the education which these men, together with a cloud of others who might be named, received was not liberal, it must be because they did not acquire it within the walls of the college and among the professors. No matter what may be his condition and circumstances in life, every individual who is learned at all, must be so in a great measure by his own exertions.

Let him throw himself upon his own resources, and vow, in the omnipotence of a noble self-reliance, that he will be something, and accomplish something for himself and the world. A few ideas added daily to one's stock of information, will, in the course of a common life-time, amount to a splendid treasury of knowledge.

One idea, gained by an individual's own labor, is worth a dozen that have been driven into his head by force of external agents and appliances. Self-culture is the province of every man gifted with mental endowments; and his fortune, his destiny, is thus placed in his own hands — he may make or mar it, as he wills. The fatality of fate is subject to the determination of individuals. Some are forever complaining that fortune, luck is always against them. Strange that intelligent beings should thus allow themselves to be humbugged and befooled. The fault is in themselves; for all history has shown that fortune is the most pliant and obsequious of all the genii of human adoration. Meet her with a resolute, determined confidence in your own powers, and she is yours — you may carry her where you list. Did you ever see a man enter into any scheme, however unpromising, with diligence, earnestness, perseverance, and faith in its practicability and his own powers, and continue on for a reasonable length of time, and fail? Did'nt he prove to be a *lucky* fellow? Such persons have always been the winners in the game of life. In nothing is this more true than in laboring to accumulate knowledge. Luck always makes the lazy man ignorant; while the active, enterprising, persevering man becomes learned in spite of luck. Fortune is the condition, not the cause.

But this is straying from our subject. We were going to say a word or two about Woodhouse.

The only school advantages our poet ever had, he re-

ceived previous to his seventh year; and these were of that kind England is wont to give to the children of her honest laborers, who toil for her national prosperity, and pay taxes to support her privileged and petted nobility of title, wealth and letters. Being composed of the *coarser* human material, for he had no *noble* blood in his veins, at the age of seven he was *big* enough to *work*. He was therefore withdrawn from school before he had begun to reap the first fruits of study, and curled up over the last, and taught to wield the awl and draw the thread, according to the inflexible law of hungry poverty — work, or die! However, the little opportunity he had enjoyed, had created in him a love of learning; and he continued his application to books, as best he might, till at length he enjoyed the high satisfaction of teaching the urchins around him to read the language in which their laws, religion and history were written.

The first we hear of him as a poet, is when he was about twenty-three years of age, though doubtless he had exercised his powers to some extent previous to this. At this period, his talent was called out by one of "the upper ten thousand," who lived in the neighborhood, and owned a spacious park. (He was a nobleman, and of course had a natural and indefeasible right to a park, no matter if the "common herd" did'nt have room to stand.) To this park the people were accustomed to resort for amusement, and to refresh themselves under its cooling shade, fancying, in the innocence of their untutored minds, that nature had caused the trees to grow for the benefit of common men. But the man of *fine* material discovered that some little depredation had been committed on his grounds, and found it convenient to forbid general access to the premises. This prohibition interdicted

one of the chief pleasures of Woodhouse, who used to enjoy the shady recesses of the forest alone; and in a few appropriate verses, he asked the proprietor to be still permitted to enter his beautiful enclosures, and enjoy the pleasures of solitude and imagination, as he had been accustomed. He gained his request, and the noble lord became the friend and patron of the humble village shoemaker, not only opening his park, but his library, to his entrance.

It is said that his lordship found that "the poor applicant used to work with pen and ink by his side, while the last was in his lap — the head at one employ, and the hands at another; and when he had composed a couplet or stanza, he wrote it on his knee," and then resumed his work till thought favored his desire for another.

In this way he kept himself above want, and wrote some fine specimens of native poetry; of some of which Southey remarks, "these verses were pointed out to me for their feeling and truth, by the greatest poet of the age." In 1764, a quarto volume of his poems was published, which added both to the reputation, and to the pecuniary means of the author.

Many years later, Mr. Woodhouse issued another edition of his works; and in his old age he again called the attention of the British public to his humble name, by appearing before them in a new form with the modest motto, "Sutor ultra crepidam."

He was at this time sixty-eight years of age. When he died, we have not been able to ascertain; but he spent his last days among those who had befriended him in his literary career; and who had the consolation of seeing that their kindness had been well bestowed.

The following extract from his writings, will serve to

show up the style and manner of the man, though from a very small point of view.

" WHAT ! cannot he who formed the fount of light,
And shining orbs that ornament the night;
Who hangs his silken curtains round the sky,
And trims their skirts with fringe of every dye,
In sheets of radiance spreads the solar beams,
With softened luster o'er the tranquil streams;
Or, o'er the glittering surface softly flings
The whispering winds, with gently waving wings,
While every kindled curl's resplendent rays
Quick dart and drown in bright successive blaze;
Who dipt in countless greens the lawns and bowers,
And touched with every tint the faultless flowers,
With beauty clothed each beast that roams the plain;
And birds, rich plumed, with ever-varied strain,
Each fair scaled fish in watery regions known
And insect's robe, that mocks the colored stone;
Doth he not form the peasant's visual sphere,
To catch each charm that crowns the chequered year;
Construct his ear to seize the passing sound
From wind, or wave, or wing, or whistle round;
From breathing breeze, or tempest's awful roar,
Soft lisping rills, or Ocean's thundering shore,
Unnumbered notes that fill the echoing field,
Or mingled minstrelsy the wood-lands yield,
The melting strains and melodies of song,
That float impassioned from the human tongue?
Or fondly feel each sound, that sweetly slips
Through ear to heart, from favorite lover's lips;
And trace the nicer harmony that springs
From puny gnats' shrill-sounding, treble wings;
Light flies' sharp counter, bees' strong tenor tone;
Huge hornets' bass, and beetles' drowsy drone;
Grass-hoppers' open shake, quick twittering all the day,
Or crickets' broken chirp, that chimes the night away?"

JACOB BEHMEN.

This great mystical philosopher of Germany, whose works have been the study and meditation of the learned and sagacious in intellect, who have succeeded him, was a child of poverty. His parents were peasants of the poorest class. He was born at Alt Seidenberg, in Lower Lusatia, in the year 1575, and spent the early part of his life in tending cattle in the fields, where, no doubt, that deep, meditative cast of mind, which was an inborn inheritance of his, was cherished and made to grow, till he was enabled, nay, *compelled*, in after years to write those immense volumes of profound speculations and mysterious conceptions, which have since been read, only to be wondered at.

He had reached his eleventh year, before he received the least instruction from books, and then only from the Bible, the ability to read which, was the limit of his school education; and the fruits of subsequent years indicate the nature of the seed sown, and witness to the truth of the proverb, that "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Nature was, indeed, his instructor — and the teaching he received was emphatically spiritual.

In course of events, he adopted the trade of shoemaker, and practiced the craft at Gorlitz, a place not far from where he was born. Behmen was a young man then; but the strong inclination of his genius to the profound and unsearchable, the unseen and spiritual, in con-

tradistinction from the visible, tangible and material, was sufficiently apparent in his character, actions and conversation. The idea of utility, which is the pole-star of modern philosophy, and the test of every speculation and theory, seems not to have dawned upon his mind. It was not to be found on the catalogue of his conceptions. The word had no place in his vocabulary of language. Though engaged in a hard and laborious avocation, his mind was free from its busy cares and endless vexations. He must *live*, like the rest of us, and therefore he *worked* from day to day with his hands, — his thoughts, far away in the deep regions of unfathomable nature, sounding, on the wings of imagination, the hidden secrets of the univ erse, or endavoring to scale "the dangerous heights of God," and explore the inmost temple of Omnipotence. "He was one of those to whom, under ruder or purer form, the Divine Idea of the Universe is pleased to manifest itself, and across all the hulls of ignorance and earthly degradation, shine through, in unspeakable awfulness, in unspeakable beauty on their souls."

"Established in his calling at Gorlitz, sitting in his stall, working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swines'-bristles, and a nameless heap of rubbish," he continued to see visions and dream dreams; and believed himself the recipient and medium of divine revelations. At three different times, according to his own account, he was environed with supernatural light, which attended him, in one instance, for seven successive days. Replenished with heavenly knowledge, he went out into, the fields, and viewing the herbs and the grass, he saw into their essences and properties, which were discovered to him by their lineaments, figures and signatures.

Under the effects of this spiritual illumination, he pro-

duced his first work, entitted "Aurora," or "The Morning-redness in the East." He did not write this with the intention of publishing it to the world, but merely as a simple record of his passing thoughts — a kind of log-book of his mental course.

He doubtless thought those ideas, which appeared so great and glorious to him, were too good to perish unrecorded. So he wrote; but at length "it became public without his consent, and was seized and condemned as heretical by the Senate of Gorlitz, at the instigation of a clerical persecutor. The author was admonished to write no more books, but to confine himself to his proper calling. Behmen meekly promised obedience, not doubting in his simplicity, that he had committed an error."

For seven years he heeded the kind admonitions of his spiritual judges, and preserved an unbroken silence. During this time he had removed from Gorlitz to Dresden; and the Spirit coming upon him again, he felt impelled to write, and publish, which he delayed not to do, as he found utterance.

The spirit of prophecy continuing with him, he continued to write, putting forth volume after volume, in the most prolific abundance. In these he sought to reveal to the world the hidden mysteries of the universe, "struggling painfully with want of culture and of language, in his attempts to express ideas so far beyond the range of that experience which had furnished the only dialect he knew. Latin words and scientific terms, picked up in conversation with scholars, without any clear understanding of their import, are brought in to eke out his slender vocabulary; and serve only to enhance the obscurity, by the unusual and illegitimate sense in which they are employed.

"'Art,' says he, 'hath not written here, neither was there any time to consider how to set it punctually down, according to the right understanding of the letters, but all was ordered according to the direction of the Spirit, which often went in haste .And though I could have written in a more accurate, fair, and plain manner, yet the reason was this, that the burning fire did force forward with speed, and hand and pen must hasten directly after it, for it cometh and goeth as a sudden shower.'—'I can write nothing of myself, but as a child which neither knoweth nor understandeth, but only that which the Lord vouchsafeth to know in me.'

"Never since the days of the Apostles, has such defective scholarship been united with such intellectual fecundity, and such important results. Jacob Behmen has been a guide and a prophet to men of the profoundest intellect, of the most exalted station, and the most distinguished piety.

"Religious sects have been founded on his doctrine, and called by his name. William Law, the most devout of English mystics, was his disciple, and published an English edition of his works. Schelling, the most cultivated of German Transcendentalists, author of the "Philosophy of Identity," bears witness to the depth and wealth of his intuitive wisdom, and reflects it in his Ontology. Gœthe, in his youthful speculations, seems to have borrowed from him the leading idea of his cosmogony. (The idea that the material universe was created out of the ruins of a fallen spiritual world.)

"King Charles I., of England, is said to have sent a special messenger to Gorlitz to learn of Behmen, and after reading in English, the 'Answers to the forty Questions of the Soul,' to have declared, that 'if, as he had been

informed, the author was no scholar, it was evident that the Holy Ghost yet dwelleth in men.' "

It would be difficult to give a lucid exposition of the strange philosophy of this wonderful man; spread as it is, through eight huge quarto volumes, and written in a style and dialect which it would take a sorcerer in language to decipher well. But, however hard it may be to understand aright the speculations he advanced, the fact that they were highly influential upon the age in which he lived, and subsequent periods, is indisputable. His cotemporaries, indeed, held him in high estimation, which was manifested by the significant title of "Teutonic Philosopher," which they put upon him. "He belongs," says Hedge, (to whom we are deeply indebted in preparing this article,) "to the Platonic family of philosophers, by virtue of the triune nature which he ascribes to Being. His system supposes three Principles, in which all Being is comprised. The first Principle, or the Father, the eternal Darkness, is destitute of intelligence, in itself, although the father of intelligence. It is not so much God as the source of God. From the first Principle proceeds, by eternal generation, the second Principle, the Son, 'the eternal Light.' And from these two proceeds, by eternal generation, the third, 'the Outbirth,' which is the immediate cause of the material creation. These three Principles are undivided in God; but, through the fall of Lucifer and his angels, they have become separated in Nature, and in man. Man in his natural state, partakes of the first Principle, and of the life which proceeds from the third. He becomes possessed of the second only by the regeneration in Christ. Furthermore, these three Principles are manifested in seven Elements, or 'Fountain Spirits,' as they are denominated by Beh-

men. The first is called Astringency; the second, Attraction; the third, Anguish; the fourth, Heat. These four constitute the first Principle. The fifth is the Light; the sixth, Sound. The two constitute the second Principle. The seventh is the Body generated by the other six, in which they live and work, and which represents the third Principle."

To enter more at length into this system of Behmen's would be to exceed the design of this sketch, and perhaps will be found unnecessary, as we subjoin a few extracts from his writings, for the *special entertainment* of the lovers of *light* reading.

Though Behmen accomplished such a vast amount of mental labor, while at the same time he was dependent upon his daily toil at the work-bench for sustenance, yet he scarcely reached the fiftieth year of his age. When he felt his final sickness coming on, he had a presentiment that it would terminate his earthly existence. He caused himself to be removed to his old residence, Gorlitz. Here he made all needful arrangements for his last, great removal; and having calmly and confidentially foretold the hour of his departure, he went, saying, "Now I go hence into Paradise." He died in 1624.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF BEHMEN.

Of God and the Divine Nature.

The soul, which has its original out of God's first principle in creation, and was breathed from God into man in the third principle, (that is, into the sidereal and elementary birth,) is capable of seeing further than any other creature into the first principle of God, out of, and in, and from the essence of which,

it proceeded. And this is not marvelous, for it does but behold itself in the rising of its birth, out of which it came originally, and by the power of its light, can see the whole depth of the Father in the first principle, by which he manifested himself in the creation.

This the devils also see in a degree; for they also are out of the same first principle; they also wish that they might not see nor feel it; but it is their own fault that they separated themselves from the second principle, which is called, and is God, one in essence and three-fold in personal distinction, which is shut up to them.

When I consider what God is, then I say, He is the One! in reference to the creature, as an eternal nothing. He has neither foundation, beginning, nor abode; he needs not either space or place; he begetteth himself in himself, from eternity to eternity; and the outgoing out of the will in itself is God. He is neither like nor resembleth any thing, and has no peculiar place where he dwells: The true heaven where God dwells is all over and in all places, for wheresoever he was before the creation there he is still, namely, in himself, the essence of all essences; all is generated from him, and is originally from him.

God, without nature and creature, has no name, but is called only the eternal Good, that is, the eternal One! the Profundity of all Beings! There is no place found for him, therefore can no creature rightly name him; for all names stand in the formed word of power, but God is himself, the root of all power, without beginning and name; therefore said he to Jacob, "Wherefore askest thou what is my name?"

Of God's first Manifestation of Himself in the Trinity.

God is the will of the wisdom; the wisdom is his manifestation. In his eternal generation we are to understand three things; namely, 1. An eternal will. 2. An eternal mind of the will. 3. The egress, efflux, or effluence from the will and mind, which is a spirit of the will and mind. The will is the Father; the mind is the conceived comprehension, or re-

ceptacle of the will, or the center to something; and it is the will's heart, that is the Son of God; and the egress of the will and mind is the power and spirit.

And as we perceive that in this world there is fire, air, water, and earth, also the sun and the stars, and therein consist all the things of this world; so you may conceive, by way of similitude, that the Father is the fire of the whole holy constellations, and that the Son, namely, his heart, is the sun which sets all the constellations in a light, pleasant habitation; and that the Holy Ghost is the air of the life, without which neither sun nor constellation would subsist.

Of Eternal Nature after the Fall of Lucifer, and the Creation of this World and of Man.

Reader, understand and consider my writings aright. We have no power or ability to speak of the birth of the Deity, for it never had any beginning from all eternity, but we have power to speak of God our Father, what he is, and how the eternal geniture is, and of the nativity, birth and working of nature. And though it is not very good for us to know the austere, earnest, strong, fierce, severe, and original birth of nature, as it came to be separated, and first manifested by the apostacy of Lucifer, and into the knowledge, feeling and comprehensibility of which our first parents brought upon themselves, and upon us their posterity, through the poisoning venom and infection they received, by the instigation and deceit of the devil, who dwells in the most strong, severe, and cruel birth of all, and to know our own enemy, SELF, which our first parents awakened and roused up, and we carry within us, and which we ourselves now are.

I know very well, and my spirit and mind shows me, that many will be offended at the simplicity and meanness of the author, for offering to write of such high things, and will think he has no authority to do it, and that he sins, and runs contrary to God and his will, in presuming, being but a man, to go about to speak and say what God is. For it is lamentable, that since the fall of Adam, we should be so continually cheated

by the devil, as to think that we are not the children of God, nor of his essence, or offspring.

Your monstrous, outward, beastial form or shape indeed is not God, nor of his essence; but the hidden man, which is the soul, is the proper essence of God, for as much as the love in the light of God, is sprung up in your center, out of which the Holy Ghost proceeds, and wherein the second principle of God consists. How then should you not have power and authority to speak of God, who is your Father, of whose essence you (the regenerated) are, as a child is the Father's own substance? The Father is the eternal power, or virtue; the Son is the heart and light continuing eternally in the Father; and all regenerated souls continue in the Father and the Son; and now seeing that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son, the eternal power of the Father is in you, and the eternal light of the Son shines in you.

If you lift up your thoughts and minds, and ride upon the chariot of the soul, and look upon yourself, and all creatures, and consider how the birth of the life in you takes its original, and what the light of your life is, whereby you can behold the sun, and also look with your imagination beyond the sun into a vast space to which the eyes of your body cannot reach, and then consider what the cause might be that you are more rational than the other creatures, seeing you can, by the operations of your mind, search into every thing; you will, if you be born of God, attain to what God and the eternal birth is; for you will see, feel, and find, that the creation must yet have a higher root, from whence it proceeded, which is not visible, but hidden. Now if you further consider what preserveth all thus, and whence it is, then you will find the Eternal, that has no beginning — the Original of the eternal principle, namely, the eternal, indissoluble band of Father, Son and Holy Spirit. And then, secondly, you will see the separation; in that the material world, with the stars and elements, are out of the first principle of creation, which contains the outward and third principle of this world. For you will find in the elementary kingdom or dominion, a cause in every thing wherefore it gen-

erates and moves as it does; but you will not find the first cause whence it is so; and that therefore there must be two several principles, for you find in the visible things a corruptibility, and perceive that they must have a beginning, because they have an end, and these two principles are the first and the third. You find in all things a glorious power and virtue, which is the life growing and springing of every thing, and that therein lies its beauty and pleasant welfare. Now look upon an herb or plant, and consider what is its life which makes it grow, and you will find in the original, harshness, bitterness, fire, and water, whence proceeds the pleasant smell and colors; for if it be severed from its own mother, that generated it at the beginning, then it remains dead. Thus you see that there is an eternal root which affords this, and must be a principle, which the stock itself is not, and that principle has its original from the light of nature.

But what do you think was before the times of the creating of this world? For out of that proceeded the root of this earth and stones, as also the stars and elements. But of what consists the root? You will find therein nothing but bitterness, harshness, astringent sourness, and fire, and these are but one thing, namely, the pure, eternal element, and from which all outward, natural things were generated after the fall of Lucifer; for, before his fall, there was but one pure element. Now in these forms you cannot find God; the pure Deity being incomprehensible, unperceivable, almighty and all-powerful. Whence is it then men may find God?

Here open your noble mind, and search further. For seeing God is only good, whence comes the evil? And seeing also that he alone is the life, and the light, and the holy power, as is undeniably true, whence comes the anger of God? Whence comes the devil, and his evil will? And whence has hell-fire its original? Seeing there was nothing, before God manifested himself in the creation, but only God, who was, and is a spirit, and continues so in eternity. Whence then is the first matter of evil? Here blind reason gives this judgment — that there must needs have been in the Spirit of God, a will to generate the source and fountain of anger and evil.

But the scripture says the devil was created a holy angel; and further says, "Thou art not a God that wills evil;" and by Ezekiel, God declares, "that as sure as he lives, he wills not the death of a sinner;" and this is testified by God's earnest and severe punishing of the devil, and all sinners, that he is not pleased with death.

What then is the first matter of evil in the devil? And what moved him to anger, seeing he was created out of the original, eternal Spirit of God? Or whence is the original of evil and of hell, wherein the devils shall remain forever, when this world with the stars, elements, earth, and stones, shall perish in the end of time?

Beloved reader, open the eyes of your mind here, and know, that no other anguish or source of punishment will spring up in Lucifer than his own quality, or working property; for that is his hell which he himself formed; and because the light of God is his eternal shame, therefore he is God's enemy, because he is no more in the light of God. Now, nothing can be here produced by reason, that God should ever have used any matter out of which to create the devil, for then the devil might justify himself, that he was made evil, and created of evil matter. But God created him out of nothing, but merely and entirely out of his own divine essence, as well as the other angels; as it is written, "Through him, and in him are all things." And his only is the kingdom, the power, and the glory; and all is in him, as the holy scriptures witness. And if it were not thus, no sin could be imputed to the devil, nor to men, if they were not eternal, and had their being out of God himself.

If, therefore, you speak or think of God, you must consider that he is All.

And seeing that he himself witnesseth, that his is the kingdom and the power, from eternity to eternity; and that he calls himself Father, (and the Son, the Second Person in the Trinity, begotten of his Father,) therefore we must seek for him in the original of his manifesting himself in the triune One; namely, Father, Son, and Spirit; from whom all creation pro-

ceeded; and we can say no otherwise, but that the first principle in the creation is God the Father himself, as the source, or fountain of life.

Yet there is found in the original of life the most fierce and strong birth, namely, harshness, bitterness, anguish, and fire; of which we cannot say that it is God; and yet is the most inward first source of all light, and that *is* in God the Father; according to which he calls himself an angry, zealous, or jealous God, and a consuming fire. And this source is the first principle, and that is God the Father, in the originality, or first manifestation of himself, at the beginning of the creation.

And in this first principle, prince Lucifer at the extinguishing in himself the light of the second principle, continued; and is ever the same abyss of hell; wherein the soul also continues which extinguishes that light which shines from the heart of God, (into every man that cometh into the world,) being then separated from the second principle. For which cause also, at the end of time, there will be a separation or parting asunder of the saints of light from the damned, whose source of life will be without the light of God, and the working fountain of their condition as a boiling, springing torment.

I will now write of the second principle, of the clear, pure Deity; namely, of the heart of God; that is, the power, glory, or luster of God the Father, in the Son. In the first principle, I have mentioned harshness, bitterness, anguish, and fire, yet they are not separate, but are one only thing, and they generate one another in the first source of all creation. And if now the second principle did not break forth, and spring up in the birth of the Son, then the Father would be a dark valley; and the Son, who is the heart, the love, the brightness, and the sweet rejoicing of the Father (in whom the Father is well pleased) opens another principle.

This is now what the evangelist John says, chap. 1, "In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God; and the Word was God; the same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made. In him was life." And he is another per-

son than the Father, for in his center there is nothing else but mere joy, love and pleasure.

The evangelist says further, "And the life was the light of men." Here, O man, take now this light of life, which was in the Word and is eternal; and behold the Being of all beings, and especially thyself; seeing thou art an image, life, and derive thy being of the unsearchable God; and a likeness as to him. Here consider time and eternity; heaven and hell; this world; light and darkness; pain, and the source; life and death. Here examine thyself, whether thou hast the light and life of the Word in thee; so shalt thou be able to see and understand all things; for thy life was in the word, and was made manifest in the image which God created; it was breathed into it from the Spirit of the Word. Now lift up thy understanding in the light of thy life; and behold the formed Word! Consider its generation, for all is manifest in the light of life. Although here the tongue of man cannot utter, declare, express nor fathom this great depth, when there is neither number nor end; yet we have power to speak thereof, as children talk of their father.

Now being to speak of the holy Trinity, we must first say that there is one God, and he is called God the Father and Creator of all things, who is almighty, and all in all; whose are all things, and in whom and from whence all things proceed, and in whom they remain eternally.

And then we say, that he is three in persons, and has, from eternity, generated his Son out of himself, who is his heart, light and love; and yet they are not two, but one eternal essence. And further we say, the scripture tells us there is a Holy Ghost, which proceeds from the Father and the Son, and there is but one essence in Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

But the Holy Ghost is not known or manifested in the original of the Father before the light or Son [break forth], but when the soft fountain springs up in the light, then he goes forth as a strong, almighty spirit, in great joy, from the pleasant source of water and the light; and he makes the forming [shaping, figuring] and images [a species], and he is the cen-

ter of all created essences ; in which center the light of life, in the light of the Son or heart of the Father, takes its original. And the Holy Ghost is a several person, because he proceeds [as a living power and virtue] from the Father and the Son ; and confirms the birth, generating or working of the holy Trinity.

Thus God is one only undivided essence, and yet three-fold in personal distinction, one God, one will, one heart, one desire, one pleasure, one beauty, one almightiness, one fullness of all things, neither beginning nor ending; for if I should go about to seek for the beginning or ending of a small dot, or puncture, or of a perfect circle, I should be confounded. And although I have written here of the springing of the second principle, and the birth of the Divine essence in the Trinity, as if it took a beginning, yet you must not understand it as having any beginning, for the eternal manifestation of the pure Deity is thus, without beginning or end ; and that in the originalness in creation ; for I am permitted to write as far as of the originalness, to the end that man might learn to know himself, what he is, and what God in the Triune One, heaven, angels, devils, and hell are. And also what the wrath of God and hell fire is, by the extinguishment of the divine light.

Of the Creation of Angels, and of Lucifer ; describing how he was in the Angelical form, and how he is now in his own proper form, by his rejecting, and thereby extinguishing the Divine Light of the Second Principle in Himself.

Behold, O child of man, all the angels were created in the first principle, and by the flowing forth of the Holy Spirit were formed, and bodied in a true angelical and spiritual manner, and enlightened from the light of God, that they might increase the paradisiacal joy, and abide therein eternally ; but being they were to abide eternally, they must be formed out of the first principle, which is an indissoluble band ; and they were to look upon the heart or Son of God, to receive his light and to feed upon the word, which food was to be their holy preservation, and to keep their image clear and light ;

even as the heart or Son of God in the second principle, manifests and enlightens the Father, namely, the first principle; and in those two principles, the divine power, the pure elements, paradise and the kingdom of heaven spring up.

Thus it is with those angels that continued in the kingdom of heaven in the first paradise; they stand in the first principle in the indissoluble band, enlightened by the Son in the second principle; their food is the divine word; and their thoughts and mind is in the will of the Trinity in the Deity. The confirming and establishing of their life, will, and doings, is the power of the Holy Ghost: whatever the Holy Spirit does in the regenerating of paradise, and the holy wonders, the angels rejoice at, and sing the joyful hallelujahs of Paradise, concerning the pleasant saving and eternal birth. All they do is an increase of their heavenly joy, delight, and pleasure in the heart or Son of God; and they sport in holy obedience in the the will of the eternal Father; and to this end their God created them; that he might be manifested, and rejoice in his creatures, and his creatures in him; so that there might be an eternal spirit of love, in the center of the multiplying of the pure eternal nature, in the indissoluble band. But this sport of love was spoiled by Lucifer himself, who is so called, because of the extinguishment of the light of the Son of God in him, and his being cast out of his throne.

Describing what he then was, and also what he now is.

He was the most glorious prince in heaven, and king over many legions of angels, and had he introduced his will into the divine meekness, and the light of the Son of God, and continued in the harmony wherein God created him, then he would have stood, and nothing could have cast him out of the light. For he, as well as the other angels, was created of the pure eternal nature, out of the indissoluble band, and stood in the first Paradise. He felt and saw the generation of the holy Deity in the birth of the second principle, namely, of the heart or Son of God, and the out-flowing of the Holy Ghost;

his food was the word of the Lord, and therein he should have continued an angel of light.

But he saw his own great beauty and glory, and that he was a prince standing in the first principle, and in his own desire went into the center, and would himself be God. He despised the birth of the Son and heart of God, and the soft, and very lovely influence, working and qualification thereof. He entered with his will into SELF, and meant to be a very potent and terrible Lord in the first principle, and would work in the strength of the fire, in the center of nature; he therefore could no longer be fed from the word of the Lord, and so his light went out by the heart or Son of God departing from him; for thereby the second principle was shut up to him; and presently he became loathsome in Paradise, and was cast out with all his legions that stuck to and depended upon him. And so he lost God, the kingdom of heaven, and all paradisiacal knowledge, pleasure and joy; he also presently lost the image of God, and the confirmation of the Holy Ghost; for because he despised the second principle, wherein he was an angel and image of God, all heavenly things departed from him, and he fell into the dark vale, or valley of darkness, and could no more raise his imagination up to God, but remained in the anguishes of the four first forms of the original of nature.

For he is always shut up in the first principle, (as in the eternal death,) and yet he raises himself up continually, thinking to reach the heart of God, and domineer over it; for his bitter sting climbs up eternally in the source or root of the fire, and affords him a proud will to have all his pleasure, but he attains nothing. His food is the source or fountain of poison, namely, the brimstone spirit: his refreshing, is the eternal cold fire; he has an eternal hunger in the bitterness; an eternal thirst in the source of the fire. His climbing up is his fall, and the more he climbs up in his will, the greater is his fall, as one standing upon a high cliff would cast himself down into a bottomless pit, he looks still further, and he falls in further and further, and yet can find no ground. Thus he is an

eternal enemy to the heart or Son of God, and to all the holy angels; and he cannot now frame any other will in himself.

His angels or devils are of very many several sorts; for, at the time of Lucifer's creation, he stood in the kingdom of heaven in the point, locus, or place, where the Holy Ghost in the birth of the heart of God in Paradise, did open infinite and innumerable centers in the eternal birth of pure eternal nature; and therefore their quality was also manifold, and all should have been, and continued angels of God, if Lucifer had not corrupted, and thereby destroyed them: and so now every one in his fall continues in his own essences, excluded from the light of the second principle, which they extinguished in themselves: and so it is with the soul of man, when it rejects the light of God, and it goes out of that soul.

Of Paradise.

Moses says, that, when God had made man, he planted a garden in Eden, and there he put the man, to till and keep the same; and caused all manner of fruits to grow, pleasant to the sight and good for food; and planted the tree of life also, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil in the midst.

Here lies the veil before the face of Moses, in that he had a bright shining countenance, that sinful Israel cannot look him in the face; for the man of vanity is not worthy to know what Paradise is: and albeit it be given us to know it according to the inward, hidden man, yet by this description we shall remain as dumb as the beast, but yet be sufficiently understood by our fellow scholars in the school of the great Master.

Poor reason, which is gone forth with Adam out of Paradise, asks where is Paradise to be found? Is it far off, or near? Or, when the souls go into Paradise, whither do they go? Is it in the place of this world, or without the place of this world above the stars? Where is it that God dwells with the angels? And where is that desirable, native country, where there is no death? Being there is no sun, nor stars in it, therefore it cannot be in this world, or else it would have been found long ago.

Beloved, reason; one cannot lend a key to another to unlock this withal; and if any have a key, he cannot open it to another, as Anti-Christ boasts that he has the keys of heaven and hell; it is true, a man may have the keys of both in this life time, but he cannot open with them for any body else; every one must unlock it with his own key, or else he cannot enter therein; for the Holy Ghost is the key, and when any one has that key, then he may go both in and out. Paradise was the heavenly essentiality of the second principle. It budded in the beginning of the world through the earthly essentiality, as the eternity is in the time, and the divine power is through all things; and yet is neither comprehended nor understood of any earthly thing in selfhood. In Paradise the essence of the divine world penetrated the essence of time, as the sun penetrates the fruit on a tree, and effectually works it into a pleasantness, that is lovely to look upon, and good to eat; the like we are to understand of the garden of Eden.

The garden of Eden was a place upon the earth where man was tempted; and the Paradise was in heaven, and yet was in the garden of Eden; for as Adam before his sleep, and before his Eve was made out of him, was, as to his inward man, in heaven, and, as to the outward, upon the earth; and as the inward, holy man penetrated the outward, as a fire through heats an iron, so also the heavenly power out of the pure, eternal element penetrated the four elements, and sprang through the earth, and bare fruits, which were heavenly and earthly, and were qualified, sweetly tempered of the divine power, and the vanity in the fruit was held as it were swallowed up, as the day hides the night, and holds it captive in itself, that it is not known and manifest. The whole world would have been a mere Paradise, if Lucifer had not corrupted it, who was in the beginning of his creation an hierarch in the place of this world; but seeing God knew that Adam would fall, therefore Paradise sprung forth and budded only in one certain place, to introduce and confirm man in his obedience therein. God nevertheless saw he would de-

part thence, whom he would again introduce thereinto by Christ, and establish him anew in Christ to eternity in Paradise, therefore God promised to regenerate it anew in Christ, in the Spirit of Christ in the human property.

There is nothing that is nearer you than heaven, Paradise, and hell; unto which of them you are inclined, and to which of them you tend or walk, to that in this life-time you are most near. You are between both; and there is a birth between each of them. You stand in this world between both the gates, and you have both the births in you. God beckons to you in one gate and calls you; the devil beckons you in the other gate and calls you; with whom you go, with him you enter in. The devil has in his hand power, honor, pleasure, and worldly joy; and the root of these is death and hell-fire. On the contrary, God has in his hand crosses, persecutions, misery, poverty, ignominy, and sorrow; and the root of these is fire also, but in the fire there is a light, and in the light the virtue, and in the virtue the Paradise; and in the Paradise are angels, and among the angels, joy. The gross, fleshly eyes cannot behold it, because they are from the third principle, and see only in the splendor of the sun; but when the Holy Ghost comes into the soul, then he regenerates it anew in God, and then it becomes a paradisiacal child, who gets the key of Paradise, and the soul sees into the midst thereof.

But the gross body cannot see into it, because it belongs not to Paradise; it belongs to the earth, and must putrefy and rot, and rise in a new virtue and power in Christ, at the end of days; then it may also be in Paradise, and not before; it must lay off the third principle, namely, this skin or covering which father Adam and mother Eve got into, and in which they supposed they should be wisely wearing all the three principles manifested on them. Oh! that they had preferred the wearing two of the principles hidden in them, and had continued in the principle of light, it had been well for us.

Thus now, in the essence of all essences, there are three distinct properties, with one source of property free from one another, yet not parted asunder, but are in one another as one

only essence ; nevertheless the one does not comprehend the other, as in the three elements, fire, air and water; all three are in one another, but neither of them comprehended the other. And as one element generates another, and yet is not of the essence, source, or property thereof, so the three principles are in one another, and one generates the other ; and yet none of them all compehends the other, nor is any of them the essence or substance of the other.

The third principle, namely, the material world, shall pass away, and go into its ether, and then the shadow of all creatures remain, also of all growing things (vegetables and fruits) and of all that ever came to light; as also the shadow and figure of words and works; and that incomprehensibly, like a nothing or shadow in respect to light, and after the end of time there will be nothing but light and darkness ; where the source or property remains in each of them as it has been from eternity, and the one shall not comprehend the other.

Yet whether God will create more after this world's time, that my spirit doth not know ; for it apprehends no farther than what is in its center wherein it lives, and in which the Paradise and the kingdom of heaven stands.

NOAH WORCESTER, D. D.

The biography of all illustrious men is interesting and instructive. Though many of them have been great in error and wickedness — distinguished for great crimes and great talents — still their history is valuable and impressive. There are occasions, indeed, on which they appear to have triumphed *by* their vices — their fame is so splendid and captivating, and that, too, without the least spark or semblance of virtue! But follow them to the end of the chapter, and if vice conquers them, virtue triumphs over both. From the grave even of Napoleon Bonaparte, the mad and mighty warrior, or of Byron, the gifted but licentious poet, comes a silent yet awful voice in attestation of the worth and power of Virtue.

"Virtue, like God, whose excellent majesty,
Whose glory Virtue is, is omnipresent.
No being once created rational,
Accountable, endowed with moral sense,
With sapience of right and wrong endowed,
And charged — however fallen, debased, destroyed,
However lost, forlorn and miserable;
In guilt's dark shrouding wrapp'd however thick,
However drunk, delirious and mad
With sin's full cup; and with whatever damned,
Unnatural diligence it work and toil,
Can banish Virtue from its sight, or once
Forget that she is fair.
* * * * * * *
So God
Ordains; and lovely to the worst she seems,

And ever seems: and as they look and still
Must ever look upon her loveliness,
Remembrance dire of what they were, of what
They might have been, and bitter sense of what
They are — polluted, ruined, hopeless, lost —
With most repenting torment rend their hearts."

But in the study of the characters of men who were great because they were *good*, we have not this voice of warning, but the more pleasing and alluring voice of invitation — a beckoning on to truth and duty, by the influence of a noble and excellent example — the example of men who lived to do the world good — who labored to remove the difficulties in the way of our elevation and happiness — who endeavored to make earth beautiful and life pleasant to you and to me. They loved your interest and my interest, and thought themselves well employed, could they but do us good service. Hard, deep, and constant study, in devising some more excellent way for us to walk in, where more flowers grow — where more enchanting music delights our souls — where dignity and honor await us — where friendship is, with her ever-open, ever-true heart — where truth and virtue purify the soul — where God smiles and blesses — this was their labor, their devotion to our welfare! Honored, *exalted* names! What a repulsive scene would the world present, were it not for your labors, your sacrifices, and your example! Despite the Alexanders, the Cæsars, the Attillas, Tamerlanes and Napoleons, who have bled and scourged the world, honor, eternal honor to your immortal names, — it is yet a beautiful abode for us!

It is the life and character of one of these preëminently good men — one who lived and labored for the

welfare and happiness of mankind, that we propose, briefly but faithfully, to contemplate; and we would add, that should the harmony, the imperishable grandeur of this great man's character inspire the heart of one of our readers, and impel him to a like noble fame, we shall be amply rewarded for our labor.

Noah Worcester was the eldest of five sons of Noah Worcester, Esq., of Hollis, N. H. The latter was the son of Rev. Francis Worcester, whose great-grandfather came from England, and was the first minister of Salisbury, Mass. His pastorship began in 1638. The ancestors of the subject of this memoir were distinguished for their ability and integrity, in their various spheres of life. His father possessed vigorous powers of mind and sterling virtues; was one of the framers of the Constitution of New Hampshire, and filled many responsible stations. Three of his four brothers were ministers, one of whom was a distinguished theologian. Here we find a family of five sons, and four of them ministers of the gospel — a striking indication of the virtue and piety of their parents, and the purity and seriousness of their own minds.

When Noah was twelve years old, he was accustomed, in the absence of his father, to lead in family prayer. Once before he was five years old, he felt deeply distressed at the thought that he had told a falsehood in stating as true what had been told him as such, without positively knowing it to be so. His little heart was light again, when he was told that this was entirely different from an intentional falsehood.

His advantages at school were very limited, attending only a few weeks in the winter; but he was one of the first scholars in his school, and was remarkably fond of

reading. His privileges at school ceased entirely when he was sixteen years old — in 1775.

At the breaking out of the Revolution, the sound of the spirit-stirring drum filled the breast of many a noble youth with patriotic ardor, and impelled them to the standards of their country. Young Worcester caught the enthusiasm, joined the army and remained in it eleven months. He came very near being captured in the retreat at Bunker Hill.

In the campaign of 1777, he did service as fife-major a short time — long enough, however, to be engaged in the battle of Bennington. He disliked war — it was not his chosen occupation; his nature was too tender and sympathetic to witness its horrors and miseries, and he quitted the business forever. He did not wholly escape the deleterious influences of the camp and field, for on returning again to private life, he was shocked to find his sensibilities less susceptible than before he entered the service.

The young soldier had already plighted his love to a respectable young lady — Hannah Brown — to whom he was fondly attached. He taught school during the winter of 1776–7, then eighteen years of age, and it appears that this employment served to show him the importance of learning, and his great lack of it. He accordingly set about acquiring it by every means in his power, and found, as every one will find, that his labors were crowned with success. In 1778, he took up what he supposed would be a permanent residence in the town of Plymouth. The following year he was married, on his twenty-first birth-day.

He had not yet attempted to write a piece of composition of his own, except letters, notes and bonds, but he

was soon to be called upon to write, not only for his own improvement, but for the benefit of the public. A Constitution had been framed, and circulated among the several towns, that individuals might examine for themselves, and send in such amendments and alterations as should be suggested, to the Convention. Mr. Worcester examined it, and finding some objections, wrote them out and showed them to a neighbor. In consequence of this, he was chosen one of the town committee to consider the Constitution and report thereon. The writing of the report was assigned to him, which he did to the satisfaction of all. This was his first attempt, and he was much encouraged by the result, and it is quite probable that after this he assiduously practiced original writing.

In 1782, he changed his residence from Plymouth to Thornton, soon after which he made a public profession of religion, and became a member of the Congregational church under the care of Rev. Experience Estabrook. After this, his mind was deeply impressed with religious subjects, and he began immediately to examine such, by writing short dissertations. He was compelled to labor constantly to support his growing family; still he found time, by improving the little intervals which people generally throw away, and Sundays, to make considerable progress. He was now a shoemaker; and how could a shoemaker educate himself? — an important problem, truly, to most of our readers. Well, he had pen, ink and paper, and, unlike poor Gifford, he had no unfeeling master determined that he should be forever a poor, ignorant artizan. He had a lap-board — what shoemaker has not? These four utensils were placed at the end of his bench, while he was at work. Now Mr. Worcester was a thinker, and, what is peculiar to real thinkers,

always had a subject uppermost in his mind for special consideration. After selecting his subject, he dwelt upon it with earnest thought, until he discovered something worth writing down: he then took his lap-board, pen and paper, and *wrote that thought down*. Again he plies his hands to his work and his thoughts to his subject — and again puts down the next valuable thought. This is the way he got his education. His mind was active, and he concentrated its whole power upon one point at a time — the Bonapartean method in military tactics — much more honorably adopted in the intellectual field. Thus he exercised and improved his powers.

The minds of most men — a lamentable truth — resemble a noble stream, whose waterfalls are unappropriated. The mighty current sweeps down the rocks in confused and broken fragments. So with them — the current of thought, never-ceasing, ever-flowing, is broken, divided and confused, by the continual jargon of life, and its powers are lost to the man and the world.

Thus we find that the mass of mankind make but little progress during their lives. Men, whose minds were made especially and *solely for progress* — whose thoughts, rushing with all the rapidity and constancy of Time, might raise them higher and still higher in the enchanting regions of knowledge, where their mental vision would be almost as clear and far-reaching as angels' — how little true advancement (we speak of the multitude) do they make, after they attain to the years of manhood! As far as intellectual powers or even mental acquirements are concerned, the last thirty or fifty years is little better than lost!

We often hear it remarked, by young men, too, that they regret they had not better advantages for learning in

their youth — they would give anything could they have gone to school as much as A, B and C; then they might have made something; but they had only six weeks schooling in a year, and *that*, they went two miles to obtain. Now, therefore, they must be content to remain ignorant. Thus do they deliberately consign themselves to the ignorance which they pretend to deprecate! Look at Noah Worcester, on his work-bench. He never went to school, as a scholar, a single day after he was sixteen years old, and never studied grammar or geography when he did attend!

He made a study of his shop, and a table of his lap-board. Those thoughts which he there committed to paper were just as valuable as if they had occurred to him while sitting in a stuffed chair, at a mahogany table, in a well-fashioned library, surrounded with all the lore of ancient and modern times. There is nothing more fatal to the interests of the minds of men, than the idea that the acquisition of knowledge is necessarily confined to academies and colleges, and that ignorance is the sure inheritance of the laboring man. In this country, books are cheap, and Nature — that precious volume, more valuable than all the books of the British Museum and the Royal Library of France — is free as air to the humblest student.

This is not their manner of reasoning in pecuniary matters. Who thinks that because his parents had no fortune to bestow on him when he became of age, therefore he must *live poor* and *die poor?* No one. The young man goes to work with the energy of an earnest soul, and accumulates what his father could not give him. *This is common sense.*

The truth is, those who neglect the cultivation of their

minds, at this late day, *do not desire knowledge;* they prefer to go to the market and there offer for sale, to the highest bidder, a birthright akin to that of angels.

The first book which Mr. Worcester composed was occasioned by a sermon to which he listened, on the "Origin of Evil." This sermon contained some singular propositions, which were not self-evident truths. Mr. Worcester examined them carefully in his mind, and was satisfied of their error. The result of his thoughts on the subject, he published in form of a "Letter" to the author of the sermon. This Letter was thought to be a sound and conclusive argument, and a total refutation of the doctrines of the sermon.

Whenever he undertook the examination of a subject, he was singularly unbiassed and independent. He seemed to have but one object, and that was *the truth* on the subject under consideration. Truth, or at least what appeared such to his mind, he followed faithfully — even when it led him *where there was no bread.*

He had, previously to this, fixed his attention on the ministry as a very interesting field for those who were prepared for its duties, but did not yet dare to hope to enter it himself. At length, through the influence of a valued friend, he consented to think seriously of the step; and he found by reflection that he was more and more inclined to enter the work. In 1786, he was regularly examined, and received into the ministry.

Soon after this he was settled as pastor of the church in Thornton, of which he was a member. This parish was small and poor — not able to support a minister but partially, paying him only two hundred dollars annually. Many were unable to pay their small share of this scanty salary; of such persons he was accustomed to abate the

whole tax. He was therefore compelled to labor for his support, which he did, as a farmer and shoemaker.

Notwithstanding this small return for his pastoral services, he faithfully performed the duties of that responsible relation, — as much so as if he received a thousand dollars per annum; and in addition to this, he often taught the children of his parish, when no other school teacher was provided.

In 1797, he lost his wife, which was a heavy stroke upon him. Eighteen years they had lived in peace and love — had become the parents of eight children, and shared together the cares and anxieties of their various relations in life. Mrs. Worcester was an excellent woman — a fond and tender mother, intelligent and pious. In the following year he was married to Miss Hannah Huntington, of Norwich, Conn. In 1802, he preached as missionary in the northern towns of New Hampshire, in the employ of the N. H. Missionary Society, and also at subsequent times.

In 1806, he received very serious injury in the legs — the tendons being partially separated from the muscles. This caused much suffering, and he never entirely recovered the natural powers of these limbs. Before this, he had been a man of uncommon muscular powers — so that he was noted for his capacity of labor on a farm; but he was now very feeble and infirm, and in middle age he had become, *physically*, an old man.

His reputation as a minister had been gradually extending in his own State, and he was accounted one of the first in piety and talents; yet his society were unable to support him without his own aid in manual labor. This he was no longer able to perform, on account of his infirmities. For this reason, he accepted an invitation to

supply his brother's desk in Salisbury for a time. His brother was obliged to suspend his labors by reason of ill health. He had ministered to his people in Thornton about twenty-three years, faithfully and acceptably, and the bonds of fraternal love between him and them were peculiarly strong. The church were not willing that the pastoral relation should be severed, but consented to his leaving, hoping that at a future time he might return to them.

He removed to Salisbury in 1810, and remained there about three years, when he was unexpectedly called to a different field of employment.

At the time of his removal, he was engaged in the publication of a work, containing his views on the doctrine of the Trinity, and showing an entire change in his sentiments on that subject. For many years his mind had been in a state of inquiry respecting the personal character of Christ; the result of his investigations he gave to the world in this book, entitled "Bible News; or Sacred Truths relating to the Living God, his only Son, and Holy Spirit." This work, written in a perfectly candid and Christian spirit, without the least bitterness or censoriousness towards his brethren of the ministry who differed from him, was the occasion of much coldness and alienation on their part. This he severely felt, as it was entirely unexpected to him. His frank and generous spirit knew nothing of that too common disposition, which makes an honest difference of opinion a reason for neglect and intolerance.

Mr. Worcester, in this book, preceded the spirited discussion which shortly after resulted in a separation between the Trinitarians and Unitarians.

He had been reflecting on the subject many years in the retirement of his study, and knew not that so many

minds were already prepared to sympathize with him in his honest conviction. The work excited much interest and attention, and was greatly influential in producing the animated controversy which followed. In this controversy, Mr. Worcester was regarded as the pioneer, and was, as is usual in such cases, the object of warm sympathy and attachment. A journal was about to be started, to advocate the sentiments of the Unitarians, both on the doctrines and spirit of Christianity. In selecting an editor, the patrons of the journal desired a man combining talents and decision, with great candor and true Christian liberality. Such a man Mr. Worcester was known to be, and accordingly he received and accepted an invitation to become its editor. He expressed himself as sincerely grateful to Divine Providence, for this call to engage in a work so suited to his habits of thought and his desires of usefulness. His brother, whose place he had been filling, was now recovering, and was soon able to resume his labors. This seasonable and agreeable opening, therefore, he was at liberty to improve. He moved to Brighton, the place where the periodical was to be published, in 1813, and took the editorial charge of it, under the name of the Christian Disciple. He conducted this journal until 1818. During these five years he breathed through its columns the very spirit of Christian love. He opposed with all the power of his strong mind, every manifestation of intolerance and bigotry. This he could not endure. He saw that this infernal spirit stands in the way of all progress — that it prevents impartial investigation, by its denunciations and anathemas, its neglect and its enmity — all of which threaten the sincere inquirer, if perchance he should find in his searchings aught that militated against the existing order of things.

Never, since Satan entered the garden of perfect bliss to tempt and to destroy, did a more malignant enemy — a fouler spirit come up from the dark abodes into the precints of mankind. Without freedom of thought, there is no progress — no advancement; and without progress — without the ascending principle — without a promising future and an impelling of the soul to attain it, what is the hope of man! Not a single glowing, burning thought, not a single noble effort of the mind, not the discovery of a single principle, but speaks of *progress;* yet the monster Intolerance — the tyrant Bigotry, would shut up the mind in darkness, stifle every progressive impulse of the soul, and hide, with the pall of ignorance, the animating prospect of a glorious *future.*

It was this that tormented and burnt the early Christian heroes! It was this that desolated the beautiful provinces of Languedoc and Provence, and exterminated the refined and Christian Albigenses, for a difference of religious creed! It was this that uttered its terrible anathemas in the ear of the lion-hearted Luther, to prevent him from exposing the iniquities of consecrated despots and debauchees. This dragged innocent men to the infernal tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, for difference of opinion! It summoned Galileo, the immortal discoverer of the true theory of the solar system, from his scientific retreat, grey with years of glorious study, to the papal tribunal, and there compelled him to abjure his own discoveries, and deny the light of his own mind on pain of imprisonment!

"The supplicating hand of innocence
That made the tiger mild, and in his wrath,
The lion pause — the groans of suffering most
Severe — were naught to her: she laughed at groans,

No music pleased her more; and no repast
So sweet to her as blood of men redeemed
By blood of Christ. Ambition's self, though mad,
And nursed with human gore, with her compared,
Was merciful. Nor did she always rage:
She had some hours of meditation set
Apart, wherein she to her study went,
The Inquisition, model most complete
Of perfect wickedness, where deeds were done —
Deeds! let them ne'er be named — and sat and planned
Deliberately, and with most musing pains,
How to extremest thrill of agony
The flesh and blood and souls of holy men,
Her victims, might be wrought; and when she saw
New tortures of her laboring fancy born
She leaped for joy, and made great haste to try
Their force, well pleased to hear a deeper groan."

Those days are past, and we believe, forever. Bigotry has lost its terrible clutch of the sword, which has fallen, we trust, beyond her reach hereafter. But it is not many years since, in our own country, the bitter spirit was rife among those who professed to seek the truth! Christian sects attacked each other with a fierceness resembling more that of contending armies than the love of inquiring Christians. This was the case when Mr. Worcester wrote against intolerance in the Christian Disciple. He had a full and comprehensive view of the genius of Christianity — its universal liberality — its overpowering love. These, he knew, were incomparably more important than tenets, dogmas, and human creeds. He could not silently see them sacrificed to that which was comparatively of little value. He knew well how sincerely people might differ on doctrinal topics, for he had differed with himself, and still was conscientious and obedient to his convictions of truth in both cases. And

was he to be denounced for his sincere opinions in either instance? He felt the deep injustice of such treatment, as but few *can* feel it; his benevolence and sense of justice were so strong. He therefore wrote on this subject freely and earnestly, for his journal. Its pages breathed the sentiments of charity and fraternal love. In his attacks upon what he considered errors — and they were frequent — he manifested the kindliest spirit towards those with whom he differed; showing thereby his consistency and sincerity.

There was also another subject, that of war, which greatly interested him, and which finally engrossed his whole attention. For years the good man had deliberated upon this momentous subject with solemn earnestness — surveyed it in all its bearings — examined its cause and effects — its influences on both conquered and conquerers — its expense and its profit — in a word, he had mastered it as thoroughly, seemingly, as it was capable of being mastered. He had also some experience in the matter, having been engaged in two of the bloodiest battles of the Revolution, Bunker Hill and Bennington. He had been an eye witness to the terrible carnage of battle, and could describe it with the ghastly picture spread out before him.

He had long been convinced of the folly — the dreadful folly and wickedness of war. The more he dwelt upon it, the worse and more inexcusable it appeared to him, until his convictions pressed upon his mind with all the certainty of demonstration, and the power of inspiration; and he felt bound to proclaim to the world his sublime and truthful views. This he did in various ways, in sermons, conversation, and in the Christian Disciple. On the breaking out of the war with Great Britain in

1812, his mind became fully established on the firm basis of peace, and convinced of the sinfulness and impolicy of war.

He observed the means used to excite the prejudices of the people, by making the question of the war a party issue, together with other corrupting measures; and he saw at a glance that the war was the result of any thing but good feelings and correct principles. The president of the United States had called upon all ministers of the gospel to pray for the success of our arms. This Mr. Worcester could not conscientiously do; and on the national fast day, gave his reasons for declining to comply with the president's request, calmly, clearly and kindly, in a sermon of much power, which gave offence to the war-men. He could not pray for the success of our arms, for that was praying that we might *out-slaughter* our enemies. How could he do this? He was a disciple of Christ, who commanded him (and to him the commands of Christ were paramount to all human authority) to *love* his enemies, and pray for those who despitefully used him. This he did, by praying that the lives of the poor soldiers on both sides might be preserved, and the war speedily terminated.

In 1814, his mind being deeply and increasingly interested in the subject, he sat down to write an article for the Disciple, to show that war is the effect of popular delusion; but so absorbed was his whole soul on that occasion, that writing only increased his fervor, and the more he wrote, the more urgent and copious were his thoughts. When this article was finished, instead of a short paper for his journal, it was the celebrated "SOLEMN REVIEW OF THE CUSTOM OF WAR." This was a great and successful effort. It appealed to the judgments

of men, to their consciences — their sense of right and duty. It came in good time. Almost the whole civilized world had been convulsed and desolated with war, for more than twenty years. The bones of the sons of France were bleaching on the fields of every nation from the frozen regions of Muscovy to the sunny plains of Spain. Every mother of that bewildered nation was in mourning, and almost every nation in Europe had been ravaged and plundered by the merciless hordes of war. Our own country had also in the mean time sipped the crimson chalice. All had drunk enough. The wearied nations longed for repose. There was therefore a willingness on the part of the more thoughtful, at least, to listen to the solemn warning of wisdom. Accordingly, the "Solemn Review" attracted public notice, and was soon extensively circulated. Immediately after its publication, (so great was the interest in the subject of which it treated) the Massachusetts Peace Society was formed; and simultaneously in this country and England similar societies arose, the design of which was to call the attention of the public to the subject, by addresses and publications. These movements were the result of Mr. Worcester's pamphlet, and they were formed upon the first matured plan of Peace Reform in modern times.

This "Review" is now stereotyped for the American Peace Society, as "Tract No. 1," and has been published in several foreign languages. It commences in the following calm and philosophical manner:

"'SHALL THE SWORD DEVOUR FOREVER?' We read with horror the custom of the ancient heathens in offering their children in sacrifice to idols. We are shocked with the customs of the Hindoos, in prostrating themselves before the car of an idol, to be crushed to death;

in burning women alive on the funeral piles of their husbands; in offering a monthly sacrifice, by casting their children into the Ganges to be drowned. We read with astonishment of the sacrifices made in the Papal crusades, and in the Mahometan and Hindoo pilgrimages. We wonder at the blindness of Christian nations who have esteemed it right and honorable to buy and sell Africans as property, and reduce them to bondage for life. But what is fashionable and popular in any country is esteemed right and honorable, whatever may be its nature in the views of men better informed.

"But while we look back, with a mixture of wonder, indignation and pity, on many of the customs of former ages, are we careful to inquire whether some customs which we deem honorable, are not the effect of popular delusion? and whether they will not be so regarded by future generations? Is it not a fact that one of the most horrid customs of savage men, is now popular in every nation of Christendom? What custom of the most barbarous nations is more repugnant to the feelings of piety, humanity, and justice, than that of deciding controversies by the edge of the sword, by powder and ball, or the point of the bayonet? What other savage custom has occasioned half the desolation and misery to the human race? And what but the grossest infatuation could render such a custom popular among rational beings?

"When we consider how great a part of mankind have perished by the hands of each other, and how large a portion of human calamity has resulted from war, it surely cannot appear indifferent, whether this custom is or is not the effect of delusion. Certainly there is no custom which deserves a more thorough examination than that which has occasioned more slaughter and misery than all the abominable customs of the heathen world."

He then proceeds with the same spirit of candor to examine the pleas for war, on account of its advantages, its unavoidable necessity, &c. He also considers the objections to the peace reform, such as the magnitude of the change required, — the exposure to insult and aggression which the carrying out of its principles would occasion. On the character of its wofully corrupting tendency, its diabolical, absolutely anti-Christian spirit, he speaks boldly and earnestly.

In reference to the character of military heroes, and their praise and glorification by mankind, he says:

"May we then plead for the custom because it produces such mighty robbers as Alexander? Or if once in an age it should produce such a character as Washington, will this make amends for the slaughter of twenty millions of human beings, and all the other concomitant evils of war?

"If the characters of such men as Alexander had been held in just abhorrence by mankind, this single circumstance would probably have saved many millions from untimely death. But the celebrity which delusion has given to that desolating robber, and the renown attached to his splendid crimes, have excited the ambition of others, in every succeeding age, and filled the world with misery and blood.

"Is it not then time for Christians to learn not to attach glory to guilt, or to praise actions which God will condemn? That Alexander possessed talents worthy of admiration, will be admitted. But when such talents are prostituted to the vile purposes of military fame, by spreading destruction and misery through the world, a character is formed which should be branded with everlasting infamy. And nothing, perhaps, short

of the commission of such atrocious deeds can more endanger the welfare of a community than the applause given to successful military desperadoes. Murder and robbery are not the less criminal for being perpetrated by a king or a mighty warrior."

Such were the sentiments of this wise philanthropist, thirty years ago; during the lapse of which, the wise, considerate and good of all civilized nations have learned them to be correct sentiments, and of the greatest importance.

How many hundred times have we heard distinguished orators, statesmen, and intelligent men, speak of war as "a necessary evil!" It is blasphemy against our Creator! Were it true that He has placed us in relations that render the horrid crimes of war necessary and unavoidable, it would impeach His wisdom and goodness. But we know it is not so. A few lines from the Review of Mr. Worcester, shows its falsity:

"That there is nothing in the nature of mankind, which renders war necessary and unavoidable — nothing which inclines them to it which may not be overcome by the power of education, may appear from what is discoverable in sects already mentioned. The Quakers, Shakers and Moravians are of the same nature with other people, "men of like passions" with those who uphold the custom of war. All the difference between them and others results from their education and habits. The principles of their teachers are diffused through their societies, impressed on the minds of old and young; and an aversion to war and violence is excited, which becomes habitual, and has a governing influence in their hearts, their passions, and their lives.

"If then it has been proved to be possible, by the force

of education, to produce such an aversion to war, that people will not defend even their own lives by acts of violence; shall it be thought impossible, by similar means, to destroy the popularity of offensive war, and exclude the deadly custom from the abodes of men?"

We have given enough of this "Review" to show its spirit and ability. These truths which are now so familiar to our ears, were then fresh and new, and full of interest to the reader.

In 1818, Mr. Worcester relinquished the Christian Disciple, and in the following year commenced the publication of a quarterly magazine called the Friend of Peace. This he continued to publish ten years, and furnished with his own pen, almost the whole matter of every number. Yet so full was every number, of interest — so abounding in new arguments and different methods of applying them — so ingenious were they in presenting the question as connected with every great interest of man and society, that they furnish a vast Peace Reform Repository; embracing facts and sketches, historical and biographical — selections from writers of all nations and times, all bearing directly or indirectly upon the one great object of his labors. He seems to have surveyed the whole ground, collected every variety of material and treasured up a full magazine of truths on the subject, so that nothing was left for his successors to do, but to present and apply anew the arguments he produced. So far as discussion is concerned, he is the David and Solomon of this God-like reform. He laid the foundation and raisthe superstructure.

In the midst of almost universal war, desolation and commotion — in an era of *blood* and *carnage*, this Christian hero opened a new era — that of Peace and Love.

To the nations mustered on the tented field, with their death-implements around them, he spake again the sentiments of his divine Master — "Peace, — put up the sword forever, and be brothers." And he spake with authority, as the sequel will prove. Not many generations, nay, not many years shall pass, ere the command of this philanthropist will be generally obeyed. He spake in faith — not thinking that the world would listen in a day; he had the hope of a great soul — the world was its object, and he could afford to wait for "the good time coming." He saw that time, the Golden Age, not far distant in the future, when the nations should learn war no more — when the sweet and quiet reign of Peace would give a new energy and direction to the faculties of man, and crown him with new dignity and worth — when kings should not consider him a machine for their own use and aggrandizement. Already do hundreds of pulpits advocate the principles of Peace; and hundreds of presses give to the world millions of peace-distilling messages, scattering them "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa," all over the civilized world! Nations seek as eagerly to *avoid*, as formerly they sought *for*, war; and when war at last comes, each endeavors to show to the world that the other is the aggressor, and that at its door lies the whole charge. Almost every individual in enlightened communities is a deprecator and despiser of war, and an advocate of peace, while a *Christian* who advocates *war* has become an anomaly and a wonder! Surely then may we hope that the blissful era of Peace has dawned upon us! And who does not wish to assist in hastening its development. Reader, in the eloquent language of another, "To this work let me summons you. That future which filled the lofty visions of Greece and Rome, which was

foretold by the prophets, and heralded by the evangelists, when man in Happy Isles, or in a new Paradise, shall confess the loveliness of Peace, may be secured by your care, if not for yourselves, at least for your children. Believe that you can do it, — and you can do it. The true golden age is before you, not behind you. If man has been driven once from Paradise, while an angel with a flaming sword forbade his return, there is another Paradise, even on earth, which he may form for himself by the cultivation of the kindly virtues of life, where the confusion of tongues shall be dissolved in the union of hearts, where there shall be a perpetual jocund spring, and sweet strains borne on 'the odoriferous wing of gentle gales,' more pleasant than the vale of Tempe, richer than the garden of the Hesperides, with no dragon to guard its golden fruit."

As has been remarked, Dr. Worcester* published the Friend of Peace ten years. At the expiration of this period, being seventy years of age, he thought he ought to be relieved of some of his cares, and enjoy that repose so desirable and so sweet in the autumn of life. Accordingly he discontinued the publication of the Friend of Peace and also resigned his office of Secretary of the Peace Society.

About this time, his attention was attracted to another subject — the Atonement. This continued to become more interesting to him, and finally, as was the case with all his subjects of investigation, so absorbed his mind that he found it difficult to write for the Friend of Peace. For two years, he gave his undivided powers to the study of the nature of the Atonement. In 1829, he

* In the early part of his ministry, the degrees of A. B. and M. A, were conferred on him by Dartmouth College, and that of D. D. in 1818, by Harvard University.

published his conclusions upon it, in a small volume entitled, "The Atoning Sacrifice a display of Love, not of Wrath." This book was read with great interest, and the demand for it quickly exhausted two editions. It has been likewise several times republished in England. Its arguments have doubtless been attacked, but its spirit has been universally admired, as a perfect example of Christian discussion. In 1831, he published another book, entitled "The Causes and Evils of Contention among Christians." It was his earnest desire to promote harmony and love among Christians of different sects, and, in his own words, "to correct some injurious opinions, and abate the heat of party passions." This book was but the expression of his long cherished and practiced opinions on the subject of which it treats; consequently it did not detain him long. No sooner was this disposed of, than this indefatigable septuagenary again gave his whole soul to the investigation of another subject — Human Depravity. This long and oft-discussed doctrine, apparently so uninviting, completely engrossed his mind, and presented him a new and delightful field of inquiry. "Immediately," he observes, "I took my pen to sketch the thoughts which had occurred, that nothing might be lost; and I wrote with such freedom and delight as I had seldom before experienced. I seemed to myself to have entered a new world of thought and reflection. At every advancing step, the character of God, like the path of the just, seemed to shine brighter and brighter, and the guilt and inexcusableness of sin, was more and more manifest."*

* The above quotation is from Ware's Memoirs of Worcester, a book to which the author is indebted for much of his knowledge of this excellent man, and which he would recommend to his readers, as more minute and full, than this sketch was designed to be.

In this field, whose walks were so refreshing, and the flowers of which were so captivating to his mind, this venerable student gathered matter sufficient to fill a duodecimo volume of more than three hundred pages, which he published with the title of "Last Thoughts on Important Subjects, in three parts: 1. Man's Liability to Sin; 2. Supplemental Illustrations; 3. Man's Capacity to Obey."

While this book was in course of publication, his ever active mind again went forth in search of truth on another subject — the character of Christ. He made extensive inquiries and wrote many chapters on this question, but did not finish them, nor leave them in a state which rendered their publication advisable. The old man had now finished his public labors, and they had indeed been arduous. Nothing but *his* industry and *his* application could have accomplished them. The writing of his books might, of itself, be thought no easy task for even a long life; but he was engaged, besides all this, more than forty years as minister and editor — situations which generally demand the whole time and attention. Such was the ceaseless industry of this self-made man.

In looking back upon his Christianand peaceful, yet active and laborious life, we find exhibited many very excellent and lovely traits of character, one of which is peculiarly striking and worthy of remark. This is his love of the *truth*. Of all the men of whom we have read, none ever manifested more zeal in searching for this treasure, or more readiness in receiving it when found. While most men are satisfied with sentiments and opinions which were received in early life, *he* wanted a better reason for his opinions, than that they were *taught* him while young. While others shrink from the examination of their own

adopted principles, he *demanded* it, spurning to hold any opinion which would not bear the light of candid investigation. What he considered truth, he followed, wherever it led him; and it generally led him, as it ever has others, counter to popular sentiment and customs. He seemed always suspicious of old, established ideas — he was disposed to examine such for himself. He spent almost his whole life in such occupation, and in the eightieth year of his age, when the mind is prone to fixedness — to cling to the past and its opinions, death found *him* literally searching for truth, with all the energy of earlier days!

Many examples of such devotedness to the right — such submission to the convictions of the mind, and such earnestness and sincerity in obtaining those convictions, we shall look in vain to find.

Dr. Worcester's infirmities were so severe, that he was obliged to pass the last years of his life in retirement and seclusion from the world. He especially found it very difficult to walk. He had been long afflicted with a disease of the heart, and had also been once entirely prostrated by a stroke of paralysis. He recovered, however, from these attacks, in his later years, but the difficulties at the heart, troubled him seriously through life. At length, his lungs, which had appeared sound, became much diseased, and the philanthropist died in 1837, in his eightieth year.

His death was such as might have been expected from his life — calm and peaceful — enduring his pains without a murmur, and choosing rather to depart, which for him was far better. Thus died Worcester — eminent in learning and Christian attainments — eminent, as a minister and divine — and as a philanthropist in the cause of Peace, *preëminent*.

As long as an ardent love of knowledge, and perseverance in acquiring it, are commended, as long as humility, integrity and exalted Christian kindness are practiced and admired, as long as originality of thought and fearlessness of expression challenge the respect of mankind, so long will the memory of this Christian hero be cherished and preserved. As long as benevolence, wide as the earth and deep as the soul, shall call forth the glad and irrepressible approbation of the virtuous and the good, so long shall this *world's* benefactor have a seat in the purest affections of men. And when the world learns wisdom — when nations learn their true grandeur and glory — when the mind — the soul — the *man* — is universally considsidered of more value than the diamonds of Golconda, the mines of Peru, or the territories of Mexico; and the ruling of one's own spirit, and the subjugation of the evil passions, a more glorious dominion than that of the northern Autocrat, and a more splendid triumph than Napoleon's at Austerlitz, or Wellington's at Waterloo — when the ties that bind man to man, wherever found, are like the bonds of the virtuous and intelligent family, every man a brother and friend — when music shall no longer mock at mourning, and call brethren to the slaughter — when Peace, with her attendant, smiling train, shall come and take up her abode among men and dwell with them forever; — then will the name of Worcester be a household word, and the story of his deeds be told around the hearth-stone of every dwelling. Young men and maidens will gather around his tomb, and sing to his memory the songs of Peace, and wreath his monument with garlands of roses. Then will the luster of his name be beautiful and eternal!

Over his grave, in that beautiful resting-place, Mount Auburn, a monument stands with the following inscription:

(On one side.)

To

NOAH WORCESTER, D. D.

Erected by his Friends,

In commemoration of zealous Labors

In the Cause of Peace:

And of the

Meekness, Benignity, and Consistency

Of his Character,

As a

Christian Philanthropist and Divine:

"Speaking the Truth in Love."

(On the other side.)

NOAH WORCESTER,

Born at Hollis, N. H., Nov. 25, 1758:

Died at Brighton, Mass., Oct. 31, 1837:

Aged 79 years.

"Blessed are the Peacemakers,
For they shall be called
The Children of God."

Extracts from Dr. Channing's "Tribute to the Memory of Noah Worcester, D. D."

"Dr. Worcester's efforts in relation to war, or in the cause of peace, made him eminently a public man, and constitute his chief claim to public consideration; and these were not founded on accidental circumstances or foreign influences, but wholly on the strong and peculiar tendencies of his mind. He was distinguished above all whom I have known, by his comprehension and deep feeling of the spirit of Christianity; by the sympathy with which he seized on the character of Jesus Christ as a manifestation of Perfect Love; by the honor in which he held the mild, humble, forgiving, disinterested virtues of our religion. This distinguishing trait of his mind was embodied and brought out in his whole life and conduct. He especially expressed it in his labors for the promotion of Universal Peace on the earth. He was struck, as no other man within my acquaintance has been, with the monstrous incongruity between the spirit of Christianity and the spirit of Christian communities; between Christ's teaching of peace, mercy, forgiveness, and the wars which divide and desolate the church and the world. Every man has particular impressions which rule over and give a hue to his mind. Every man is struck by some evils rather than others. The excellent individual of whom I speak was shocked, heart-smitten, by nothing so much as by seeing that man hates man, that man destroys his brother, that man has drenched the earth with his brother's blood, that man, in his insanity, has crowned the murderer of his race with the highest honors; and, still worse, that Christian hates Christian, that church wars against church, that differences of forms and opinion array against each other

those whom Christ died to join together in closest brotherhood, and that Christian zeal is spent in building up sects, rather than in spreading the spirit of Christ, and enlarging and binding together the universal church. The great evil on which his mind and heart fixed, was War, Discord, Intolerance, the substitution of force for Reason and Love. To spread peace on earth became the object of his life. Under this impulse he gave birth and impulse to Peace Societies. This new movement is to be traced to him above all other men; and his name, I doubt not, will be handed down to future time with increasing veneration as the 'Friend of Peace,' as having given new force to the principles which are gradually to abate the horrors, and ultimately extinguish the spirit of war." * * *

"On the subject of war, Dr. Worcester adopted opinions which are thought by some to be extreme. He interpreted literally the precept, 'Resist not evil'; and he believed that nations, as well as individuals, would find safety as well as 'fulfil righteousness,' in yielding it literal obedience. One of the most striking traits of his character, was his confidence in the power of love, I might say, in its omnipotence. He believed, that the surest way to subdue a foe was to become his friend; that a true benevolence was a surer defence than swords, or artillery, or walls of adamant. He believed, that no mighter man ever trod the soil of America than William Penn, when entering the wilderness unarmed, and stretching out to the savage a hand which refused all earthly weapons, in token of brotherhood and peace. There was something grand in the calm confidence with which he expressed his conviction of the superiority of moral to physical force. Armies, fiery passions, quick

resentments, and the spirit of vengeance, miscalled honor, seemed to him weak, low instruments, inviting, and often hastening, the ruin which they are used to avert. Many will think him in error; but if so, it was a grand thought which led him astray.

"At the age of seventy, he felt as if he had discharged his mission as a preacher of peace, and resigned his office as secretary to the society, to which he had given the strength of many years. He did not, however, retire to unfruitful repose. Bodily infirmity had increased, so that he was very much confined to his house; but he returned with zeal to the studies of his early life, and produced two theological works, one on the Atonement, the other on Human Depravity, or the moral state of man by nature, which I regard as among the most useful books on these long-agitated subjects. These writings, particularly the last, have failed of the popularity which they merit, in consequence of a defect of style, which may be traced to his defective education, and which naturally increased with years. I refer to his diffuseness, to his inability to condense his thoughts. His writings, however, are not wanting in merits of style. They are simple and clear. They abound to a remarkable degree in ingenious illustration, and they have often the charm which original thinking always gives to composition. He was truly an original writer, not in the sense of making great discoveries, but in the sense of writing from his own mind, and not from books or tradition. What he wrote had perhaps been written before; but in consequence of his limited reading it was new to himself, and came to him with the freshness of discovery. Sometimes great thoughts flashed on his mind as if they had been inspirations; and in writing his last book, he seems

JOHN POUNDS.

A FEW centuries ago, who ever thought of schools? In those glorious old days of Feudal Chivalry, the idea of schools for the instruction of the common people, or even of colleges and universities for the education of the rich and powerful, would have been as much out of place as a Frenchman at home, or pumpkins in Nova Zembla. But since then, colleges and the higher institutions of learning, have multiplied and extended the range of their influence, till now they are thought no more of than the atmosphere we breathe, and the bread we keep from moulding. And not only have these multiplied and increased all over the civilized world, but school-houses, which a few hundred years ago would have been as curious as cotton-factories in Greenland, have been built in every village and neighborhood throughout our country, and many countries in the old world, for the instruction of the children of the common people, at public expense.

These are all very well, and speak loudly of progress; but when we go into our cities and larger towns, what do we find? True, we find the school-house, and the school-master; and we find multitudes of boys and girls, who are taught the rudiments of science and literature. Let us go out into the streets and by-lanes, and see what we can find. Here are the sons and daughters of poverty. Ask one of these little children, half covered with rags, and crusted over like the hide of a rhinoceros with dirt,

"Do you go to school?" "No." "Why not?" "Cause I hain't no clothes." "But you don't want clothes to go to school; you can learn to read without." "I went once, and they laughed at me so, I run home." "If I would come every day and teach you, would you come then?" "Yes, yes, we'd come then all the time; but we can't go to the big school, and we hain't no books neither; our folks is poor, and hain't no money to buy books."

Now there are hundreds and thousands of little children, of that plastic age, when impressions are most easily made, and are made deep and enduring, who cannot, on account of the broad gulf Poverty has fixed between them and others, avail themselves of the privileges extended by the public schools. Should they go there in their rags, and dirt, and uncouth manners, they would be like frogs in a dry sand heap. They cannot live there. If it is so in a measure in this country, how much more so must it be in England, where a regular system of common school education is still a dream of reformers, and where poverty, which is here an exception, is the general rule among the lower and most numerous classes, in the cities and manufacturing districts.

But there are bright signs of advancement there, which speak good words of hope for England, and for the poor all over the world. We refer to the so called "Ragged Schools," which have lately attracted so much attention. It is, indeed, a scheme full of encouragement, full of benevolence, full of hope. As by the glorious mission of Christianity, the *poor* are having the gospel preached to them, so are the *children* of the poor having education carried to them, even in their rags.

Ragged Schools! It sounds strangely; and yet there is something familiar, after all, and hopeful, in the name. Thousands are thus, by the exertions and self-sacrifice

to have felt as if some extraordinary light had been imparted from above. After his seventy-fifth year he ceased to write books, but his mind lost nothing of its activity. He was so enfeebled by a distressing disease, that he could converse but a few moments at a time; yet he entered into all the great movements of the age, with an interest distinguished from the fervor of youth only by its mildness and its serene trust." * * *

"I have thus given a sketch of the history of a good man, who lived and died the lover of his kind, and the admiration of his friends. Two views of him particularly impressed me. The first, was the unity, the harmony of his character. He had no jarring elements. His whole nature had been blended and melted into one strong, serene love. His mission was to preach peace, and he preached it not on set occasions, or by separate efforts, but in his whole life. It breathed in his tones. It beamed from his venerable countenance. He carried it, where it is least apt to be found, into the religious controversies which raged around him with great vehemence, but which never excited him to a word of anger or intolerance. All my impressions of him are harmonious. I recollect no discord in his beautiful life. And this serenity was not the result of torpidness or tameness; for his whole life was a conflict with what he thought error. He made no compromise with the world, and yet he loved it as deeply and constantly as if it had responded in shouts to all his views and feelings.

"The next great impression which I received from him, was that of the sufficiency of the mind to its own happiness, or of its independence on outward things. He was for years debilitated, and often a great sufferer; and his circumstances were very narrow, compelling him

to so strict an economy, that he was sometimes represented, though falsely, as wanting the common comforts of life. In this tried and narrow condition, he was among the most contented of men. He spoke of his old age as among the happiest portions, if not the very happiest, in his life. In conversation his religion manifested itself in gratitude more frequently than in any other form. When I have visited him in his last years, and looked on his serene countenance, and heard his cheerful voice, and seen the youthful earnestness with which he was reading a variety of books, and studying the great interests of humanity, I have felt how little of this outward world is needed to our happiness. I have felt the greatness of the human spirit, which could create to itself such joy from its own resources. I have felt the folly, the insanity of that prevailing worldliness, which, in accumulating outward good, neglects the imperishable soul. On leaving his house and turning my face toward this city, I have said to myself, how much richer is this poor man than the richest who dwell yonder! I have been ashamed of my own dependence on outward good. I am always happy to express my obligations to the benefactors of my mind; and I owe it to Dr. Worcester to say, that my acquaintance with him gave me clearer comprehension of the spirit of Christ, and of the dignity of a man."

One of his amusements was that of rearing singing-birds, jays and parrots, which he so perfectly domesticated, that they lived harmoniously with his cats and guinea-pigs. Often, it is said, he might be seen seated on his stool mending shoes, with a canary-bird perched on one shoulder and a cat upon the other.

John was a good natured fellow, and his mind was always running on some scheme of benevolence ; and, like all benevolent, self-helpful people, he got enough to do. While still a young man, and entirely dependent upon the hard labor of his hands, he was favored with the charge of one of the numerous children of his brother ; and to enhance the value of the gift, the child was a feeble little fellow, with his feet overlapping each other and turned inwards. This poor child soon came to be an object of so much affection with John, as thoroughly to divide his attention with the birds and pet animals, which before had received the whole. Ingenious as well as kind-hearted, he did not rest till he had made an apparatus of old shoes and leather, which untwisted the child's feet, and in time, set him fairly upon his legs. The next thing was to teach his nephew to read ; and this, too, he undertook, as a labor of love. After a time, he thought the boy would learn much better, and be happier, if he had a companion ; so he obtained one, the son of a wretchedly poor mother ; then another and another were added, till John acquired a passion for gratuitous teaching, which nothing but the limits of his booth could restrain.

" His humble workshop," to follow the language of his memoir, a small pamphlet published in London, " was about six feet wide, and about eighteen feet in length; in the midst of which he would sit on his stool, with his

last or lapstone on his knee, and other implements by his side, going on with his work, and attending at the same time to the pursuits of the whole assemblage; some of whom were reading by his side, writing from his dictation, or showing up their sums; others seated around, on forms or boxes on the floor, or on the steps of a small staircase in the rear. Although the master seemed to know where to look for each, and to maintain a due command over all, yet, so small was the room, and so deficient in the usual accommodations of a school, that the scene appeared to an observer from without, to be a mere crowd of children's heads and faces. Owing to the limited extent of his room, he often found it necessary to make a selection from among several subjects or candidates for his gratuitous instruction; and in such cases always preferred, and prided himself on taking in hand, what he called the little blackguards, and taming them. He has been seen to follow such to the town quay, and hold out in his hand to them the bribe of a roasted potato, to induce them to come to school. When the weather permitted, he caused them to take turns in sitting on the threshhold of his front door, and on a little form on the outside, for the benefit of fresh air. His modes of tuition were chiefly of his own devising. Without having ever heard of Pestalozzi, necessity led him into the interrogatory system. He taught the children to read from handbills, and such remains of old school books as he could procure. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing, yet a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and in ciphering, the Rule of Three and Practice were performed with accuracy. With the very young, especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious. He

of private individuals, male and female, instructed in the elements of practical knowledge, who otherwise must grow up in ignorance, and almost by consequence, in vice. There is not an example on record of an industrious and educated people, who ever became vicious, — and no idle and ignorant people was ever yet found, that were not, at the same time, openly immoral and shamelessly brutish. And, till this great elevating engine was put in operation, the mutual action and reaction of causes and effects went on, with a fearfully augmenting ratio of increase; — poverty producing ignorance and idleness, and ignorance and idleness producing poverty. That "the destruction of the poor is their poverty," is no more true nor apparent, than that "an idle brain is the devil's workshop."

Nor are these ragged recipients of gratuitous instruction, slow to avail themselves of it, when offered. An American writer, speaking of a visit to one of these schools, says, (I quote entirely from memory) "We went to the place where the school is held, where we found several teachers collected. I was told that the pupils were not admitted till a specified time. When that hour arrived, the doors were thrown open — and such a rush of children, and scramble to get in, and secure a place in the school! The room was soon filled to overflowing, and many were turned away for want of space to arrange them for instruction. The little urchins went away with rueful faces and downcast looks of disappointment. Those that remained, in all their rags and wretchedness, showed faces sparkling with happiness, that indicated a joyous, grateful heart." We think he said further, that a policeman was stationed at the door, to prevent the outsiders from effecting an entrance, at any rate.

Newton first applied the principle of gravitation to the solution of great natural problems, which had dodged the investigations and inquiries of philosophers for a score of centuries. Robert Fulton applied the mighty energies of steam to purposes of navigation. Morse has applied the electric principle to the social intercourse of nations, and made the untamed lightning of heaven, the docile news-carrier of mankind. They have done these for the benefit of their race, and thereby secured a first place in the affections of posterity, to the last hour of time. But the higher, holier achievement of first applying the principle of love to the education of the ragged sons and daughters of poverty, without money and without price, was left for JOHN POUNDS, the cobbler of Portsmouth. He did this for the love of God, and the happiness of man; and has gained thereby an eternity of fame.

The following sketch of his life, we have taken, for the most part, from Chambers' Miscellany:

John Pounds was born in a humble rank of life, in Portsmouth, England, in the year 1766. In early life, while working with a shipwright in the royal dock-yard, he had the misfortune to have one of his thighs broken, and so put out of joint as to render him a cripple for life. He was then at the age of 15. Compelled, from this calamity, to choose a new means of subsistence, he betook himself to the shoemaking craft. The instructions he received in this profession, however, did not enable him to make shoes, and in that branch of the art he was diffident in trying his hand. Contenting himself with the more humble department of mending, he became the tenant of a small weather-boarded tenement in St. Mary's street, in his native town.

would ask them the names of the different parts of their bodies, make them spell the words, and tell their uses. Taking a child's hand, he would say, 'What is this? Spell it.' Then slapping it, he would say, 'What do I do? Spell that.' So with the ear, and the act of pulling it; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a more strict discipline with them as they grew bigger, and might have become turbulent; but he invariably preserved the attachment of all. In this way some hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they ever had, and which has enabled them to fill useful and creditable stations in life, who might otherwise, owing to the temptations attendant on poverty and ignorance, have become burdens on society, or swelled the calendar of crime."

As the number of his scholars increased, the domestic animals which had formerly occupied his attention, were one by one crowded out, till in the end, his school numbered as many as forty, including about a dozen little girls. He gave them book-learning, and taught them also to cook their own victuals and mend their own shoes. He was not only frequently their doctor and nurse, but their play-fellow. Will the reader credit the fact, that this excellent individual never sought any compensation for these labors, nor did he ever receive any! Of no note or account, his weather-boarded establishment was like a star radiating light around; but of the good he was doing, John scarcely appeared conscious. The chief gratification he felt was the occasional visit of some manly soldier or sailor, grown up out of all remembrance, who would call to shake hands, and return thanks for what he had done for him in his infancy. At times, also,

he was encouragingly noticed by the authorities; but we do not hear of any marked testimony of their approbation. Had he been a general, and conquered a province, he would doubtless have been considered a public benefactor, and honored accordingly; but being only an amateur school-master, and a reclaimer from vice, John Pounds was allowed to find the full weight of the proverb, that virtue is its own reward. And thus obscurely, known principally to his humble neighbors, did this hero — for was he not a hero of the purest order? — spend a long and useful existence; every selfish gratification being denied, that he might do the more good to others.

On the morning of the first day of January, 1839, at the age of seventy-two years, while looking at the picture of his school which had lately been executed by Mr Sheaf, he suddenly fell down and expired. His death was severely felt. The abode of contentment and peaceful frugality became at once a scene of desolation. The children wept; and some even fainted when they heard of their sudden and unexpected bereavement; for they had hoped, in the expectancy of childhood, that their kind old grey-headed friend would live always, to instruct, cherish and love them. On the little mantel-piece remained, uncooked, a mugfull of fresh sprats, on which he and his nephew were to have regaled themselves in honor of the New Year; for it was to them a luxurious repast. The next day, some of the little ones came to the door, where they had been welcomed so often, and cried because they could not be admitted; and for several succeeding days, the younger ones came two or three together, looked about the room, and not finding their friend, went away disconsolate. John Pounds was, as he had wished, called away without bodily suffering, from

his useful labors. He has gone to await the award of Him who has said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

A few years before, on a desolate island in the midst of the broad Atlantic, far away from his childhood-home, and the scenes and associations around which all the sympathies of his nature were clustered, there died a being, whose fame filled the earth; whose voice had stirred the fears and hopes of continents; whose brow had been pressed by the coronet and the crown; whose victorious legions, led by the star of his genius as by the decree of Destiny, had passed from conquest to conquest, till prostrate kings, and kneeling emperors, and suppliant pontiffs, bent in the audience-chamber of his power, and asked to hold as vassals of his will, their crowns and miters, palaces and dominions. Napoleon died, and was buried amid waving trees, and the deep, gloomy responses of the heaving Atlantic — and who mourned the loss? None wept for friendship's sake, to think his days were numbered and finished. The widow, his bloody waywardness had made, smiled again; for she thought the plea she had entered at Heaven's Chancery, long years before, was being heard. The grave of the warrior was never garlanded with the affections of childhood — the grass which waved over it, was never wet with the tears of innocence. No sympathetic cord had bound him to the good, the beautiful, the lovely of the earth — and Death had broken none. He had lived for himself alone; and all he had lived for, had descended with him to the eternal stillness; leaving none to mourn, in sincerity of heart. Not so with the noble founder of the first Ragged School. He was the benefactor of his race. He had not lived for himself alone. There was a sympathetic cord that bound

him to the good, the beautiful, the lovely of the earth, and twining round his heart, was fastened among the flowers of Paradise, close by the throne of God. Death severed this cord of affinity between him and earth; and there were wounded hearts and blasted hopes; and little children came in the greatness of their grief and wept.

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